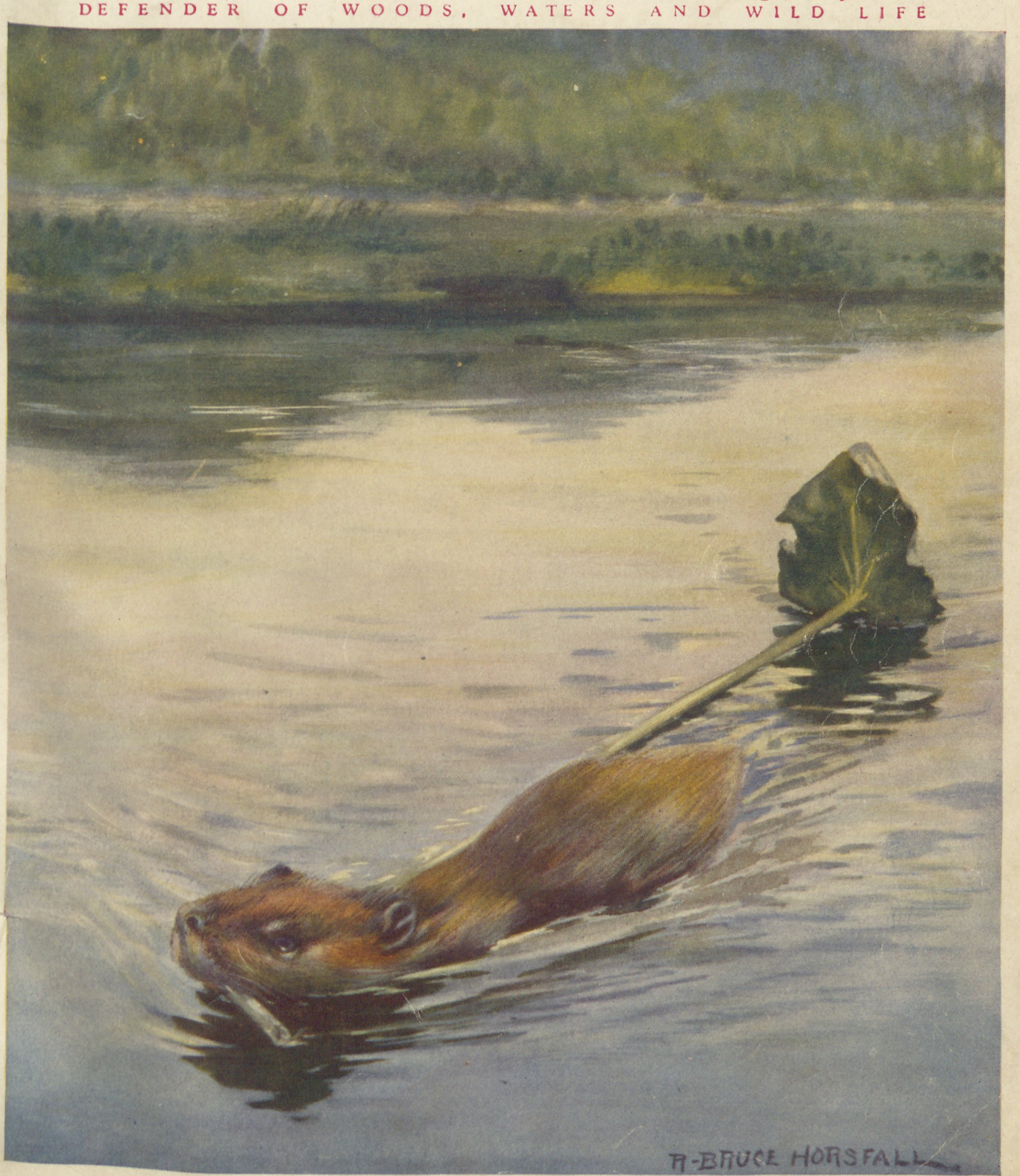
Outdoor America

AUGUST, 1925

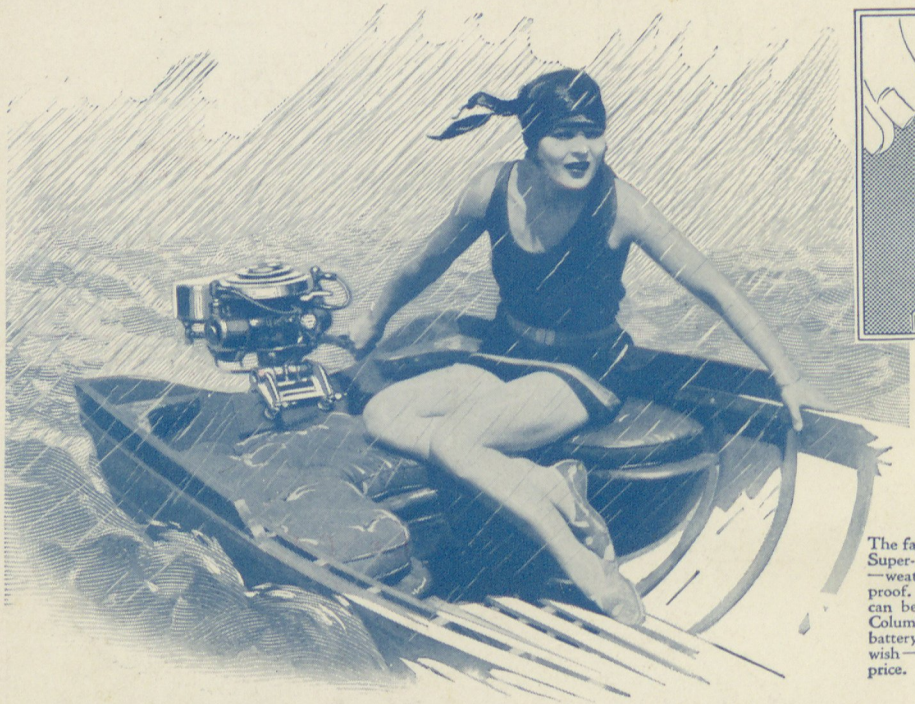
Price 15 Cents

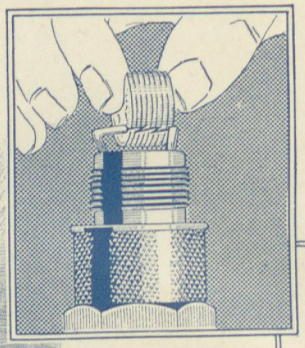
Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

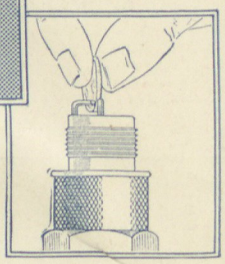


Mary Roberts Rinehart ~ Zane Grey





The correct distance between spark plug points is the width of a dime, as shown below. To the left, points have been spread eight times this distance to show how wide a gap Evinrude magneto current can jump.



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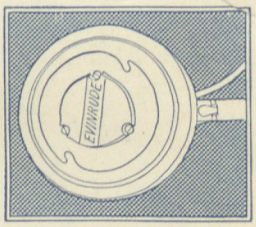

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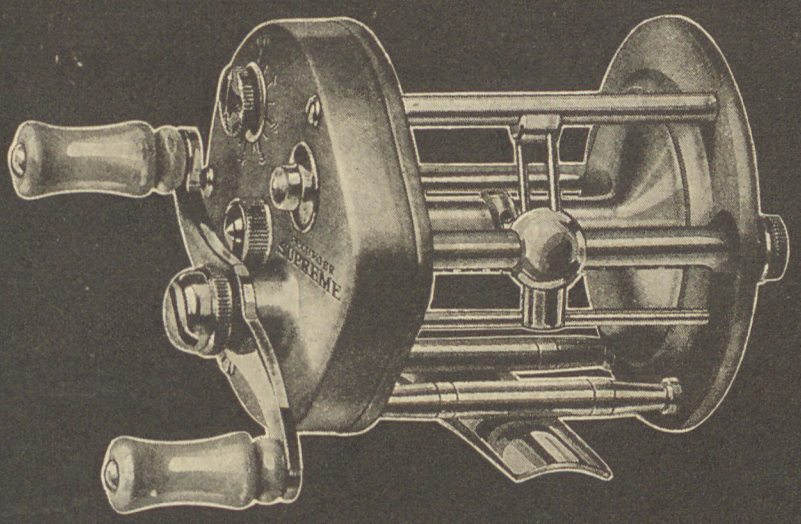

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Outdoor America

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

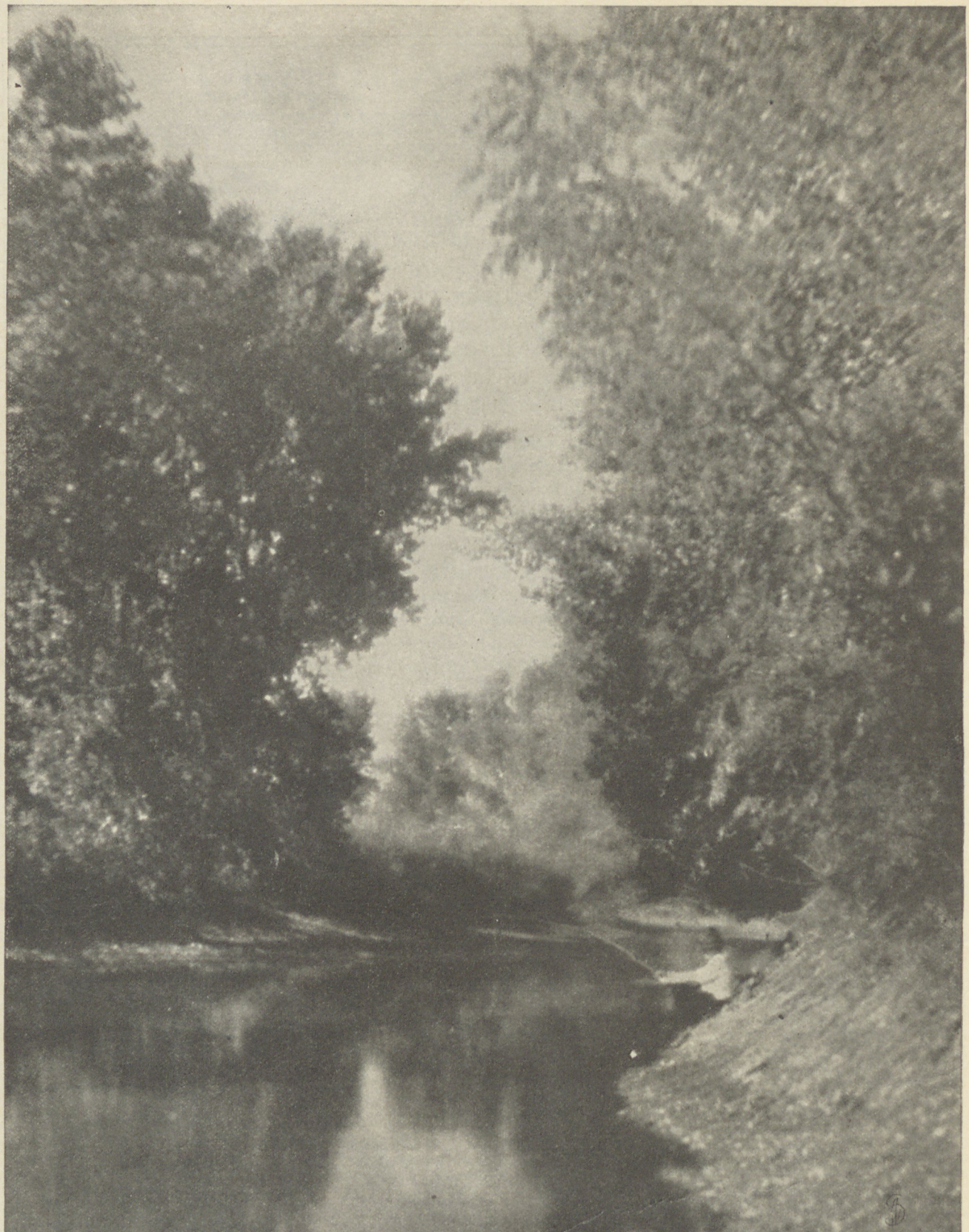
11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restors
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors



Photograph by A. S. Workman

The School Boy's Soliloquy

By E. G. Shell

Corn-stalk cork and hickory pole,
Big fat bait and a good deep hole;
Fish on my stringer and fish in the pool,
Do you think for a minute I'd go to school?

Just suits me, such fishing, I swear,
S'pose I'll get licked, but I don't care;
Fish on my stringer and fish in the pool,
Do you think for a minute I'd go to school?

Outdoor America
Dedicated to the Sportsmen of our Nation
OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

The BIG TROUT *in Lake De Smet*

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Mary Roberts Rinehart needs no introduction to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Her novels and short stories are known throughout the civilized world. She is an enthusiastic lover of the out of doors and her heart is with the Izaak Walton League—not only is she a great writer, but a great sportswoman, as this short story clearly shows.*

JUST how large can a trout grow, left undisturbed and under favorable conditions? No one seems to know. And of course the matter of size is comparative. Once I caught a ten-pound "bull" trout with light tackle, and was proudly photographed with it, only to be accused of holding it toward the camera and thus magnifying it!

As a matter of fact, it has been known for some time that cut-throat trout will grow very large in certain lakes and reservoirs. But these large trout seldom, if ever, rise. I have myself tried flies of all sorts on them; have trolled with various shiny and attractive lures; have even—but this only as a desperate final resort—used a weighted line and an angle-worm. The very conditions which have contributed to their size make them impossible to get. They are too well-fed, too secure in their cool green depths.

Now Lake DeSmet, in Wyoming, has always been considered more or less fishless. Once in a year or so someone secured a rise, but nothing more. And, after all, why should there be fish there? A brackish lake without an outlet, lying at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, its only feeder a small creek and certain springs which bubbled up in the lake bed itself, its banks dry and treeless and covered with sage-brush, and its brackishness constantly increasing through evaporation, Lake DeSmet gleamed in the sunlight seven miles of total loss from any fisherman's point of view.

And for seventy years it thus had gleamed, when, three years ago, things began to happen to Lake DeSmet. One Joseph Leiter, who owned a large ranch in the Buffalo district, had dreamed a dream, and was in process of making his dream come true; and as a result a truly extraordinary condition of affairs was revealed to the fisheries men in this part of the world.

Mr. Leiter's dream, by the way, was no small matter. He proposed digging a ditch from Piney Creek and diverting its spring flood waters into Lake DeSmet, thus using it as a reservoir. And from the lake itself he set to work to dig an irrigation ditch to his own ranch near Buffalo, incidentally benefitting the country it must pass to reach him. It was a fine dream, and it has come true. Only Mr. Leiter and his associates know what a heart-breaking task it must have been. Sixty miles runs the great ditch; there are cuts seventy feet deep. He brought up one of the great steam shovels that helped to build the Panama Canal and it fought its way through earth and rock, in a dreary country, until it reached its goal.

There is a great epic in the search for grass, but only the West knows the stories behind the hunt for water.

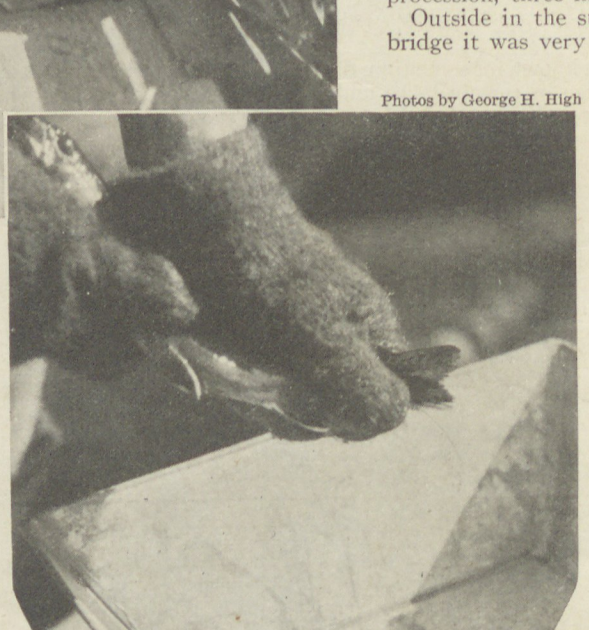
But what bears on the matter in hand is that fish were suddenly discovered in Lake DeSmet; rainbow, cut-throat and steel-head trout of a number and size unequalled heretofore. I have no record of the discoverer; I do not know who it was who stood, one March three years ago, at the head-gate of the ditch from Piney Creek and looking down suddenly saw a mass of great spawning trout beneath him. I only know his name should go up on something, if only on the old wooden bridge beneath which I sat bent double yesterday to watch the hatcheries men at work.

Anyhow, he must have run and told somebody; must have told them that the long-buried trout, finding a new stream pouring fresh water into the old home grounds, were fighting to get up it to lay their eggs. And the Fish and Game Commissioners must have got out their rubber hip-boots and thrown them into their cars and come a-running. For it was fish history, that attempted exodus of the children of Lake DeSmet into the promised land of Piney Creek. They ran in size as high as sixteen pounds; some of them were thirty-six inches long and twenty-two inches in circumference. And

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Removing trout spawn.

Photos by George H. High



A close-up of the operation—note the eggs in receiving pan.

today they are still there. They come up at spawning time, are picked out by the hatchery men under the wooden bridge by the head-gate, stripped of their roe and milt, and are returned unharmed after their exciting experience, once more to lie by their under-water springs, and drive the fishermen to despair!

But the time will come when Lake DeSmet will be a fisherman's paradise. Restocking the lake is being consistently done, and soon they will be too many for the feed and will be obliged to rise to fly or troll, or even to the angle-worm.

Too often the fisherman is entirely ignorant of the efforts which stock his streams and provide him with his sport; we accept our fish, for its sporting or its food value, take the credit for its capture, and are quite unaware that in about nine cases out of ten it has been deliberately planted for us. Taken in the egg, hatched, cared for and finally shipped in large tin cans, the hatcheries of the country provide us fish for both food and sport, and get mighty little credit for it.

Take this matter of the Lake DeSmet trout. Running as they do from three to sixteen pounds, with eight and ten-pound fish too common for comment, their roe become exceedingly valuable. But how many people in the years to come, catching great rainbow or cut-throats in this part of the world, will give a thought to the men who, for three months each year for the last three years, have sat on a rough platform under a bridge in the Leiter flood-water ditch, and made this possible for them? The run begins in March.

March out here is bitterly cold. So indeed is April. The waters of Piney Creek are snow-waters from the range above, and it is the waters from Piney in which they work. They are never warm and never dry. They cannot even stand erect. They net the fish out of the icy flood, and strip them of their roe into flat trays; over these trays the milt from the male fish is passed, and the trays set, one on another, in a carrier. When the day's take is over the carrier is transported to the hatchery at Story, and from there later on the young fish are shipped to various streams.

It was almost impossible to get under the bridge when I arrived there. Mr. Carl Lund and Mr. Richard Bard, assistant Game and Fish Commissioners, and Mr. Horace Dillon, superintendent of the Story Fish Hatchery, were at work there, and had been since early morning. It was the twenty-second of May then, and they had already been working since the nineteenth of March.

The fish were in large nets, and out of the nets an assistant carefully lifted a large roe fish. She wiggled and fought; her great body, heavy with eggs, was cold and slippery. But by some miracle she was held, squeezed, and then safely released. The roe floated in the tray; no ray of sunlight must touch them, and coverings were placed over the cracks in the old bridge overhead. The fish, released, was off with a mighty plunge into the water to be succeeded by another and yet others. An endless procession, three months long!

Outside in the sun it was warm, but under the bridge it was very cold. Nothing was dry. Mr. Lund sat on a board, his legs in their rubber boots dangling in the water. Mr. Bard was no better off. But they were smiling and cheerful. It was a part of the game, that game which stocks our fields and rivers, that we may both eat and play.

There are people who do not believe in the gamey quality of the cut-throat trout. They claim that, ounce for ounce, the eastern brook trout will outfight him. And this may be true. But the trout is always a trout, and I have had many as hard a battle with a cut-throat as I have been able to manage.

Once I remember fishing here in the mountains not far from Piney Creek. I lightly hooked a cut-throat, and he got away. With my next cast he attacked the fly, not taking it but leaping at it and striking it. So great was his fury that he leaped entirely out of the water.

He made seven different and equally furious attacks on the fly, as counted by the gentleman with me, who was nervously trying to balance our portable canvas canoe. And the battle only ended when we moved to another spot, being of the opinion that he was too good for the frying pan.

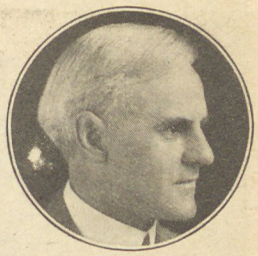
When, therefore, one couples the fighting quality of the cut-throat with from eight to sixteen pounds of weight, the real value of the DeSmet trout find becomes apparent. I myself intend, when the time comes, to take a tarpon outfit and a pair of water-wings!

The September issue of Outdoor America will open with a splendid dog story by Archibald Rutledge, noted writer, whose stories appear each month in the leading magazines of the country.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

On Insanity

by George W. Wood



Judge George W. Wood

I WAS trying a lawsuit involving the question of the sanity of a poor, unfortunate old man who had died, and left his children nothing but money, over which they were fighting. His neighbors told of his actions and conduct during the past years, and queer, fat little doctors, with bald shining heads, wide rimmed glasses, and small peaked beards were drawing conclusions, from the facts given in the testimony, as to his sanity. It was dull and uninteresting, for, through the smoke covered window at the back of the court room, between the corner of a brick building, and a high pair of chimneys, one could catch just a glimpse of "the little river."

There was just a touch of frost in the air, and just the right amount of sunshine to mellow it into an assurance that along the bank somewhere, they would rise to a fly. So it was difficult to keep one's attention on the long scientific terms the little doctor was using, and one could not well become interested in determining whether the testator was sane or insane. He never had gone fishing and probably never would, so he surely was insane, and why worry about him?

Suddenly, from out of the haze of words, came an idea. The doctor was explaining that the tendency of this diseased person to insist, without rhyme or reason, that all of his possessions were just a bit better than the possessions of anyone else, at all times, and on all occasions, was a sure indication of an impaired mentality. I wondered whether this could, by any possibility, be true? Could it be possible that the two friends whom I heard argue so strenuously about "their river," and insist that it was the best only, could have been touched with the sort of mental impairment the doctor was so glibly describing with the terms no one could understand?

I was taken back to the president's luncheon, at the last Convention, where I sat between Bruce Ramsey, of St. Louis, and Guy Guernsey, of Chicago. Ramsey made an unfortunate remark about the Current River, the size, ferocity and agility of the bass which inhabited its swift reaches, and claimed his own little river as the only one of pure enjoyment. Before he had finished his sentence, I saw the light of battle come into Guernsey's eyes, and his jaw set. I knew the type. I had seen just such expressions come to other lawyers of ability, skill, and courage, when they went wholeheartedly into battle. At the conclusion of Ramsey's sentence, we heard a moving tale of the wonders and enchantments of the Manistee, of how a bass raised in the swift cold Northern waters had it all over the bass of any other river, and the battle was on. Argument met argument. Opposed to the practice and skill of an able advocate, was Ramsey's exuberant enthusiasm, and as tale matched tale, and the weight of the argument shifted from time to time, I realized something was wrong with them, for their own description of waters, scenery and wonderful bass were merely weak attempts to picture my own little river, but not until the lawsuit and listening to the little doctor, did I realize what was really the matter with them.

Guernsey's impetuous attack seemed at last to have silenced Ramsey. He sat silent a moment and then came back with a tale of how, when you reached your camp site on the Current, away from all signs of human habitation, and as the dusk commenced to fade and the campfire commenced to throw long wavering shadows into the woods, there would come silently drifting into camp, as noiselessly as a ghost, a bootlegger, with as fine a product as corn cob cork ever held into a jug. It was an unanswerable argument, and the advocate whom I am sure never stopped or lost heart in a court room, could only weakly dare Ramsey to come and go fishing on the Manistee, and be convinced.

While I had taken no part in the debate, I

(Continued on page 66)

"—what shall we compare to this mighty element—or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul."—John Ruskin.

Are you doing your share in helping?

Fishing Virgin Seas

by Zane Grey

A marine Iguana.

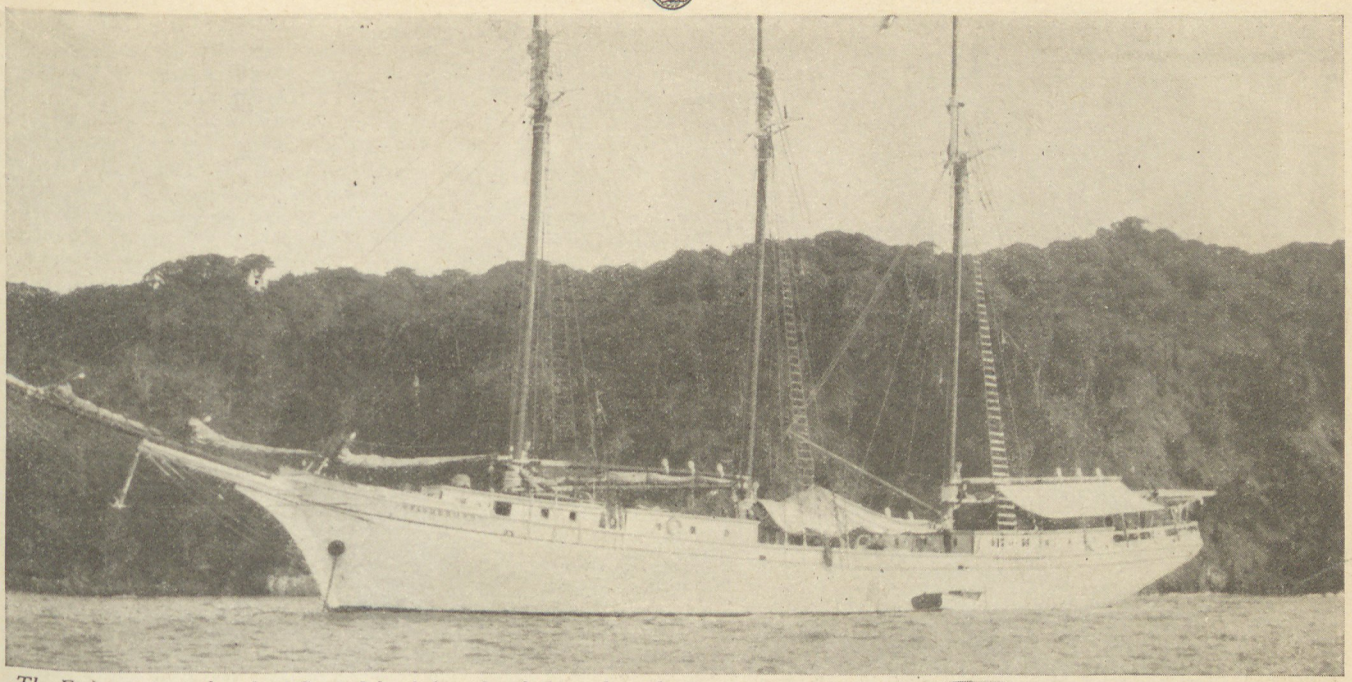
WONDERFUL as are the Galapagos Islands I do not think I will ever again head the *Fisherman* toward that lonely ash-heap of the Pacific.

The Galapagos are volcanic in origin, directly under the equator, and five hundred miles off the coast of Equador. The group consists of large and small islands, green with cactus and red with lava. They are hard, forbidding, barren, desolate places—the very last, so to speak, on the globe. We fished off Indefatigable Island for a week, going ashore on occasions. The heat was intense. Many strange forms of life afforded us interest and excitement,

Zane Grey with his 318 pound Allison tuna, caught at Cape San Lucas.

Landing sailfish.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.



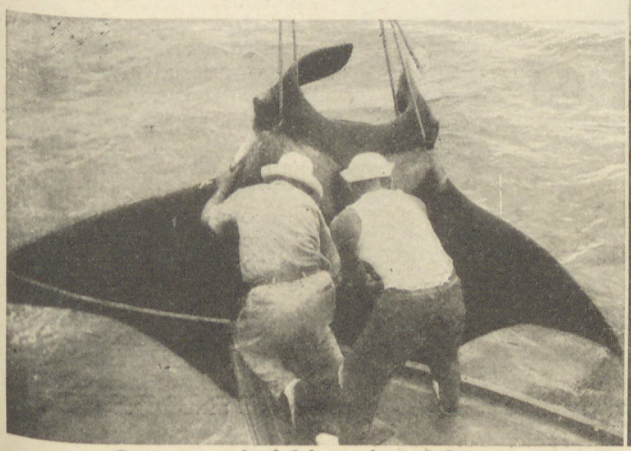
The Fisherman, anchored off Cocos Island, famed as hiding place of pirate treasure.

prominent among which was the marine iguana. This was a lizard four feet long, harmless and easily captured, but very frightful-looking.

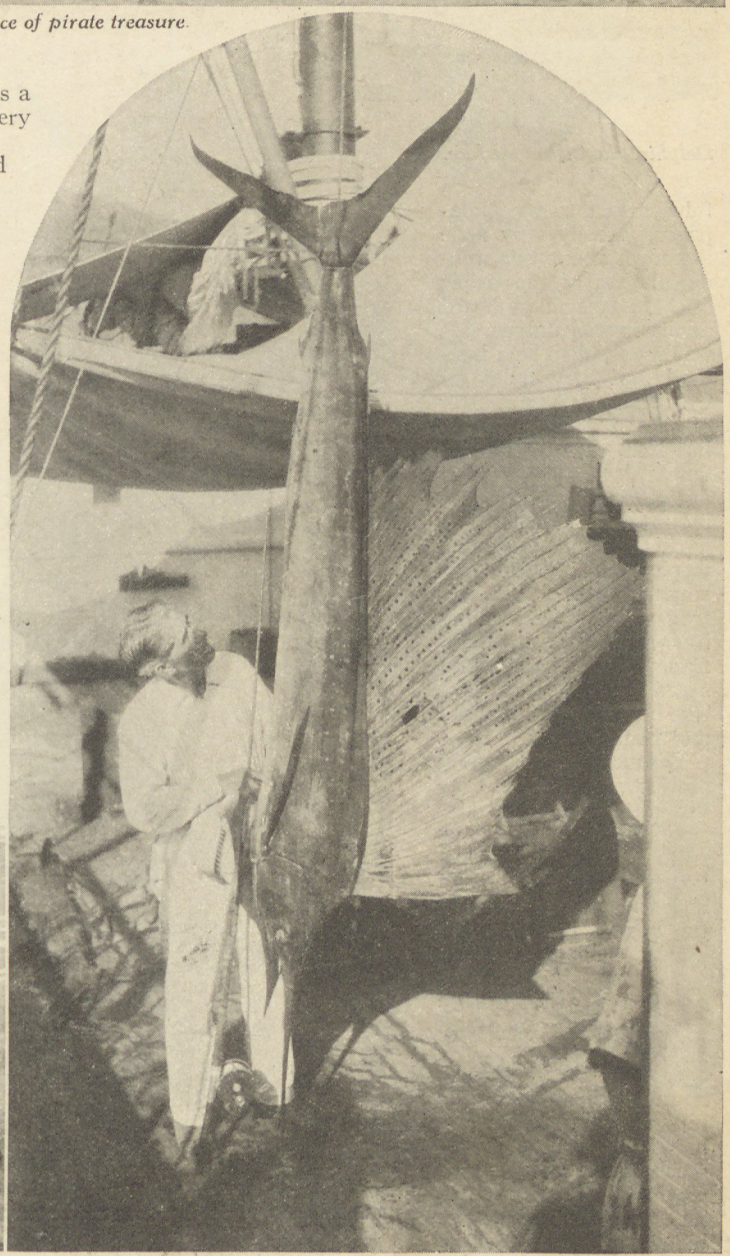
The fishing along the north shore of Indefatigable thrilled us exceedingly, though we did not find any of the great game fish of the Pacific. There was one exception to this. I caught a dolphin (properly named *coryphene*), that weighed fifty pounds, the largest I ever heard of. Yellowfin tuna, golden-spotted mackerel, and wahoo deserve mention among the numberless species we caught. We saw orca off San Salvador, and there were giant rays leaping everywhere, sometimes uncomfortably near the boats.

Tower Island, seventy miles from Indefatigable, was the most terrible spot I ever visited, infinitely worse than Death Valley. It would take a volume to tell why. We anchored in Darwin Bay, which was discovered by the great naturalist in 1836 or '38. This bay was the mouth of a crater a mile wide. Strange wild sea-fowl soared and circled and screamed in countless numbers. The bay was full of fish, but we could not catch them, owing to the sharks. Schools of black sharks, three, four, and five hundred pounds, swam around on the surface, and when we hooked a fish, which happened the instant we put a bait overboard, we were at once surrounded by these hideous sharks. They were man-eaters, judging from their disposition.

Cocos Island, famous for years as the buried-treasure island of the Pacific, presented a remarkable and beauti-



Giant ray or devil-fish caught at Galapagos Islands.



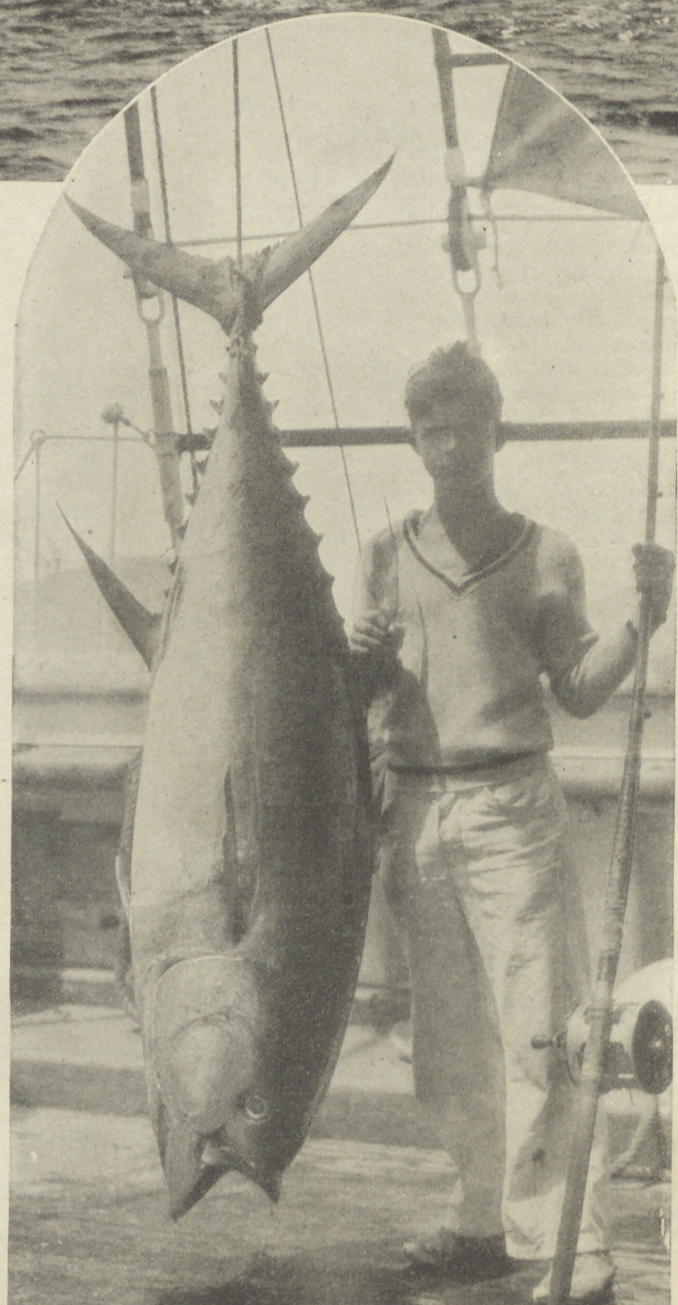
World's record sailfish. Weight 135 pounds, length 10 feet 1 inch. Caught by Zane Grey.

Are you doing your share in helping?

Dolphin playing on surface.

ful contrast to the Galapagos. Really very little is known about this wonderful gem of the tropic sea. In fact all we heard about it was untrue. It was reported to be a hundred and fifty miles off Costa Rica. As a matter of fact, it was over five hundred. The island was small, about thirteen miles around, rising to a mountain, and covered with the most gorgeous tropical verdure and blossoms. We smelled the fragrance of Cocos long before we reached it. Lacey white waterfalls streamed off the cliffs. The bird life was manifold and beautiful.

The number and variety of fish was incredible. We did not need any bait. Artificial lures, spoons or feathers sufficed. It was, however, an accident of luck when we got a fish to the boat. Thousands of sharks, belonging to one species, and of every size, cruised about. These sharks were bronze and yellow, very fast and savage, with pointed heads, round bodies and huge notched tails. They did not show until we hooked a fish, then they appeared as thick as fence pickets. The water was an intense blue in color, and where it was deep we scarcely ever landed a fish. Nevertheless we managed to catch many fish, among them tuna, bonita, crevalle, yellowtail, mackerel, and dolphin. My son, Romer, captured a fifty-pound wahoo. I was not aware that this species could be found outside of the West Indies. We saw many large Allison tuna, the long-finned species becoming well known off the Florida Keys. Some of these weighed between two and three hundred pounds. We hooked many yellowfin tuna, up to four hundred pounds, perhaps more, but the sharks would devour them in short order. In fact, the number and ferocity of the sharks made fishing there a brutal and useless experience. But for them, Cocos Island might be the greatest fishing place in the world.



Romer Grey (15 years old) with his 184 pound tuna. It took 3½ hrs. for Romer to whip this fish. Then he said "he guessed he didn't want to connect up with another."

The Perlos Islands, at the entrance of the great bay of Panama, afforded us all the shallow water fishing we wanted. Fish were so thick we wondered how they got enough to eat. We saw acres of red snappers swimming on the surface. We hooked amberjack and red snapper that we could not whip even on the best and strongest of tackle. In spite of all we could do, the big ones would get into the rocks. Still we caught some snappers weighing round seventy-five pounds, and amberjack close to a hundred. All species of fish grow to enormous size in these tropic waters, and are exquisitely vividly colored.

We found sailfish ranging

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

from the Bay of Ichuantepec to the Gulf of California. It has never before been known that sailfish are abundant in the Pacific, off the lower coast of Mexico. We saw 77 leap in one day, some of which would go two hundred pounds in weight. It took us days to learn how to catch them, and but for long Florida experience we would have failed utterly. They are finicky, tricky fish. They would rise readily to a tarpareno, but not one in a thousand could be hooked on these wooden plug lures. We tried them for days, and in fact tried everything, but in the end we had to resort to straight sailfishing with bait.

We caught fourteen sailfish, all over one hundred pounds, the largest of which fell to my lot, and was ten feet one inch in length and weighed a hundred and thirty-five. This is a record for both Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

This Pacific sailfish belongs to the family *Istiophorus*, characterized by a long rapier-like round bill, and a high undivided dorsal fin, commonly called a sail. It is dark blue with black dots. The Pacific sailfish differs likewise in color from his Atlantic cousin. In the water he looks gold and purple. When first pulled out he is an exquisite bronze with faint bars of varying colors. Soon he turns black.

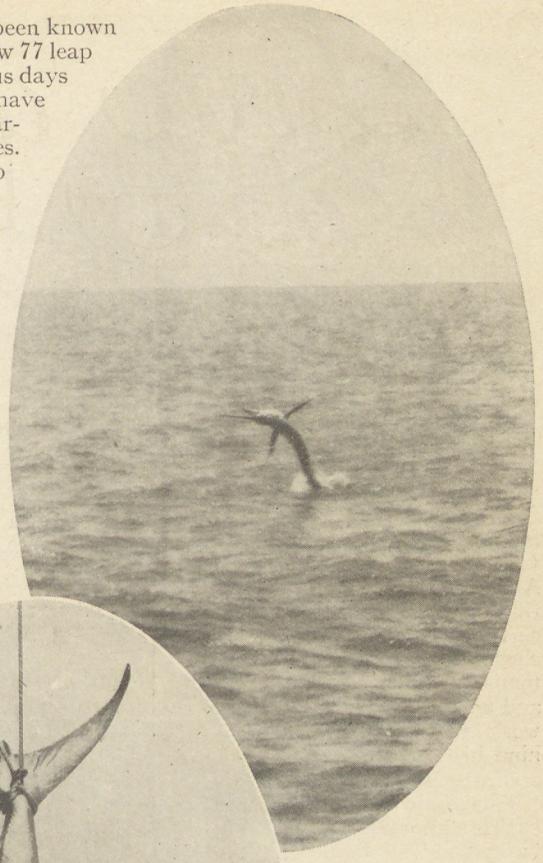
This species is a much gamer fish than that of the Atlantic, which probably is somewhat due to the larger size. The fish are very long and slender, and when one begins his pyrotechnic leaping it is a thrilling sight. They range as far north as the Gulf of California, and we sighted a few off Cape San Lucas. I am satisfied that they go up into the Gulf in the spring. Perhaps later they work off into the Japanese current of the Pacific. I sighted three sailfish forty miles off shore.

Cape San Lucas bids fair to be the mecca for ambitious and adventurous fishermen who have time to make the long trip. It is certainly an ideal place for winter and spring fishing. The bay is beautiful and affords safe anchorage. Fish! There are infinite varieties and endless numbers. Best of all, sharks are scarce. We had some tussles with giant leopard sharks, and a hammerhead or two, but in the main sharks were conspicuously absent.

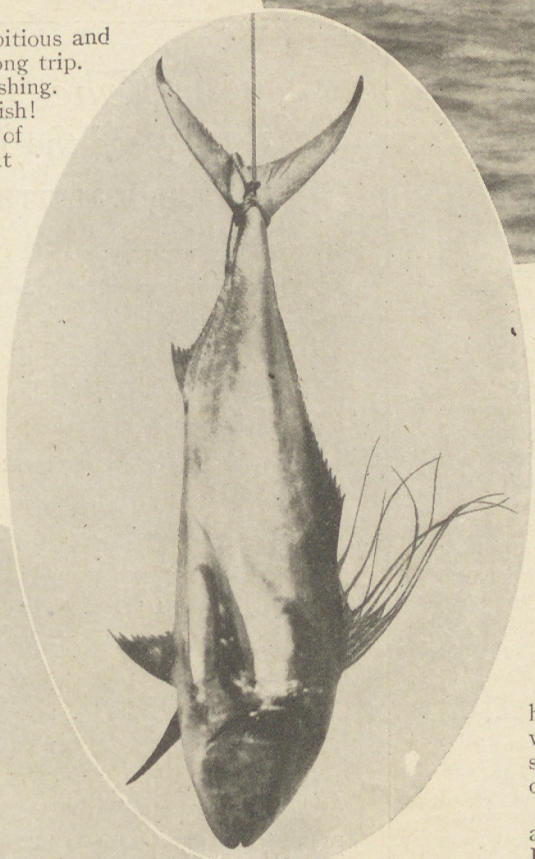
I caught one tuna that weighed three hundred and eighteen pounds and a number over two hundred. They were remarkably hard fighters, every bit as game as the famous bluefins. I concluded they are allied to the Allison tuna family. They were different somewhat from the yellowfins, sometimes caught at San Diego and Clemente Island. The long fin closely resembles that of the Allison.

We caught seventy-nine tuna in all, which I am glad to state were gratefully accepted by the market-fishermen. They were mostly large—the average being over one hundred and fifty pounds. Kites and baits of any kind were superfluous. A white rag or feather jig was enough. These tuna struck right behind the boat, in plain sight, with terrific violence and speed. The big ones, that is, those round four hundred pounds and more, all got away. We could not hold them even with the fast launches. We saw the market-fishermen get cleaned out by big tuna, and it surely was a sight. Another angling party beside ours was sojourning at the Cape, and lost nearly a hundred feather jigs, and finally all their lines. They had to quit.

There were other fish at Cape San Lucas, when we had time for them. Romer caught two rock-bass, weighing sixty-six and seventy-five pounds. This seemed incredible to me, but if they were not rock-bass I could not classify them at all. R. C. caught a marlin sword-fish, pale blue or lavender with almost white stripes. The market-fishermen caught a black marlin that weighed six hundred and ninety pounds. What a magnificent fish! I fought one of these great black marlin for nearly five hours, only to see it get away. Big yellowtail were numerous. R. C. had a two-hour tussle with an octopus, that seized hold of the tuna on his line.



Leaping Sailfish.



The Gallo, or Rooster fish, greatest fighter and tackle smasher of the Pacific.

Again he leaped.

Lastly, we had a half a day's battle with a Rhineodon Typus, or whale shark, perhaps the rarest and strangest fish in the sea. Only four have ever been caught, and these were all small compared with the one we tackled. It was twice as long as my twenty-five foot launch, and considerably wider. We estimated its weight to be twenty tons. It whipped both our boats and crews in a fair fight, and got away. After that we saw several, and we learned of one having been netted by a Japanese fishing boat. It was fifty-four feet long. Being unaware of its great scientific value they left this Rhineodon go free.

Zane Grey's marvelous descriptive powers make his stories things of beauty to brighten the prosaic existence most of us live. Fishing Virgin Seas is particularly fascinating. Other magazines would have paid Mr. Grey an enormous sum for this—yet he donates it to OUTDOOR AMERICA, *as his part in the League's program to save America's out of doors.*

Live and Learn
By Kenneth Phillips

THE silver gleam of swift waters—the murmur and rasp of drifting snag and shifting sand—the black bars and sombre willows, fire tipped with the coming sun. This is November morning on the Platte. Overhead occasionally the wings of passing fowl cause the hunter's heart to skip, while down behind the big island some lonesome mama mallard sends the echo of her voice rasping out over the river. And me—lucky me, just putting out the last decoy after carrying a hundred of the tin cheaters in two trips, while the tenderfoot sat on the towhead and whistled. Me enjoying the work while he crouched behind his ignorance and smoked and sat. Wonderful!

I have always preached education, sportsmanship, sympathy, and all that bunk, and have even given advice freely on most occasions whether it was welcome or not. I have told folks how to drive a car and a golf ball, have told them how to hold hands in a card game or a conservatory, have even tried to get men to join me in movements for the public good. Now I am a broken man, cured of the supposedly incurable mania to preach that besets us all when we feel that we have arisen to the heights of expert beyond our fellows. I finally made the common mistake of offering to teach a greenhorn to shoot ducks. He was a good man at the traps and and at the table—a fine fellow after the ball game or on a picnic, but he admitted he did not know how to carry a sack of decoys or how to put them out barehanded in icy water. I was the smart man that knew how to do this and must set the example.

I must admit that I did this willingly, and at the time gave little thought to the injustice of of it all. I, myself, used to fear the river and the ice sheets; used to feel the danger of a slip with sixty pounds of gun and decoys on my back, and I expected him to feel a little backward about stepping in to his waist in November waters.

I remember that I also gave him a little lecture on the need for intelligent placing of decoys, all in lines of six, eight or ten, all the dark ones headed broadside to the morning sun, and all the bright ones headed into the sun to prevent the glare so fatal to success on incoming birds. I might have even offered to do the work—but—I know better now and the next time I go out in cold weather to shoot ducks with a greenhorn it will be in a wheel chair and the beginner will have to push it.

I might introduce my little playmate by saying that his name is Franklyn Syder, called "Sweet" Syder because he never worked. He is a fine looking boy, clever from his ballroom experience and tanned by his outdoor loafing along the golf course or around the gun club. He should have been an apt pupil had I but tried to teach him to carry and place the decoys, but I lost that chance. Nevertheless, I still had a chance to show him something before the day was over, as the flight was on and the birds had been plentiful.

I had placed the last profile and was trying to get my hands warm and dry enough to find my matches when the sun first hit the river, and some bozo down the creek let fly a ten-gauge which seemed to stir up all the ducks in the middle west. My gun was in the blind, loaded. my duck call hanging beside it, and I was all ready to get in when a million mallards appeared from nowhere and swarmed around us, swinging in from all ways to the decoys, each trying to stop in time to be the first in the water. My little pupil had crouched in the door of the blind and I was as nicely excluded as I can think possible. I remember saying to wait for the second swing of the high birds and not to get excited. I kept whispering to the big ham "Steady! Let 'em swing! They'll be back"—all the time wondering if I dared urge him into the blind so I could join him and get my gun. I forgot it was his first bunch of mallards and that he was spellbound by the rush of bodies and the roar of wings. I know now that he never heard a word and that he was numb with that dear old ailment that hits so many ways in the first moment of sighting game.

Just as the last birds got over the front decoys and did their little turn about eighty yards out to get back over us up he jumped, gun in hand, duck call swinging over one ear, pipe dropping, and both arms over his head, and hollered "There they go!"

They went.

I was so mad I didn't think of a single word to say. Not a one of my best words seemed capable. I never ran a pawn shop, but I do hate to see the first customer in the morning get away without any service, particularly in a duck blind. I consoled myself with the thought that I should have probably given him the birds anyway, but it didn't do much good, and I certainly promised the next bunch a hot time.

The Soliloquy of the Keeper

By KARL B. MATTHEWS

It's kind o' lonesome roun' here with the boys all gone away,
For they all went home on Sunday, an' I'm here alone today.
They said that they'd go back to work an' leave me here to play.

But I don't call it playin', this 'ere job o' bein' nurse
To all them grown up fishin' brats who act a hull lot worse
Than any orphan 'sylum in this blinking universe.

It's, "Hey Bill, are they comin'?" and, "Look, Bill, I got wet."
An', "For Gawd's sake Bill I'm starvin'—ain't supper ready yet?"
An' a million more fool questions jes' to keep me in a fret.

Then all night they sit and argue like a pack o' fool old maids
'Bout some new fangled fancy fly, or who held King o' Spades,
Else lis'en for an hour to th' whip-'-will's serenades.

An' yet—much as I cuss 'em, and call 'em peevish names,
I do get lonesome for 'em, and this place ain't the same.
I reckon that I am, at that, a play boy in a game.

An' this old stream's my playground, and every trout a friend,
An' every tip-up calls to me as I slouch 'round each bend,
An' whispered tales its waters tell jes' never seem to end.

So I guess I'll stay a play boy—an' I'll teach a lot o' men
That it don't hurt their salvation jes' to be a boy again,
An' that me, and this old river, are the stick'nes' kind o' friends.

An' when the playin's over guess I'll pass out mighty poor,
But when I hit them promised streams I'm just dead certain sure
I'll teach them fishin' saints some stunts in killin' flies, an' lures.

Now Bill, you needn't worry 'bout a-crashin' o' the gates
Them fishin' saints 'll welcome you an' Rainbow's type o' baits
It ain't so much th' fishin' Bill or whut gits on th' plates
It's knowin' you an' lovin' you an plaguin' you to fuss
An' listenin' to whut you think o' fishermen like us—
Them saints 'll learn to love you Bill, fer teachin' 'em to cuss.

E. H. R.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

The silver gleam of swift waters—the murmur and rasp of drifting snag and shifting sand—overhead the wings of passing fowl cause the hunter's heart to skip.

We sat a few minutes, nothing said, and I began to wonder if the birds were all in that early bunch. I had just looked all around to see what might be coming and had turned back to size up the decoys when I heard a motion beside me and saw the greenie grabbing for his gun. Naturally, I followed his eye, and was just in time to see him give a beautiful clay-bird swing to his gun and mop up a pair of teal that had lit in the current, just to the left of the foolers. On the water; both at once; no chance for his partner to have a shot; he sure made me mad.

"You got 'em, pig," I says, "Go and get 'em." He started out into the water about an inch a minute, putting his boot tip in and letting it down like he was lowering a sack of eggs on a brick-pile. I saw that he would start after those birds with about a two-mile handicap so I ran down the island and stepped out to head them off. I also noticed that they were both dead and that he managed to get back into the blind.

As I picked up the last of the pair of teal and turned to the foot of the bar to pick up my gun, I saw the boob drop like he was shot, saw his gun barrel start to make circles in the air. I had not been alert as I was out in the open and did not expect any birds to be crazy enough to come in, so had not seen the pair of ducks that I now saw right in front of the blind, wings set, feet down, all ready to sit in with the decoys. I saw that they were widgeon, and knowing that these wise guys usually give about four circles, each time a little farther, and then depart, I hollered "Shoot. Take 'em."

Never a move from the blind except the waving gun, which was itself enough to chase most ducks out of the country. I doubt if a lever would have budged that would-be shooter. Then the two crazy widgeon hit the water right at the edge of the bar and walked out to take a good look at the cheaters. They walked around the tin birds and looked at them and then looked at each other. I stood still, back all humped up and neck getting all lame, waiting for the dummy to stand up and start the party. Finally I saw the gun come down, saw his shoulders come up and just as I was about to go wild he rose and started to settle on the birds. I gave a holler that you could hear in town and up went the two widgeon like they were sprung from a trap. Out they went, straightaway, and the big cheese made a double. That was his kind of shooting, all set, pull, and two straight flying birds.

I crossed the bar at the foot of the island and picked up his kill, got my gun, and came in to congratulate him. I knew he would have shot them sitting, but I was willing to give him credit anyway. Far be it from me to rob a man of the reasonable doubts.

When I was about halfway to the blind I heard him talking. When I was a little closer I felt that something was wrong. As I reached him and dropped the birds he turned around all red and puffing, and broke out "Whatsamatterofu? Just because I got the first two birds, and beat you, are you going to be sore all day and try to spoil my shots? What made you holler and scare those birds before I was ready to shoot? Is that the way to act like a big baby and scare birds away from a fellow after he tramps way out here?" Can you beat it?

Here is this big awkward blowhard sore because I did not let him shoot two fine ducks on the water. I tried to explain, and I tried to show; even offered to unload my gun and let him get all the shots, but no go. He wouldn't get it into his head that shooting on the ground wasn't right. He seemed to think that the right thing to do was to get 'em—regardless—but get 'em. If you got two with one stone that was in accordance with the old epigram, and was not only efficient, but proper.

I did not have much to say. I tried to talk about giving the bird a chance and leaving some for next year, but he asked me if the limit wasn't meant for that protection, and I had to agree.

However, I promised myself a shot on the next bunch if I had to shoot at half a mile. I was so mad I could have killed a wood-duck and slapped a game warden with it. But it was quite awhile before anything showed up and I cooled a lot.

After about three smokes and a sandwich, a drink of coffee and a few looks, I saw a pretty bunch of birds pulling up stream about a mile below us, spread out across river like a bunch of Pintails back from feeding.

"Here comes our chance and we must be up and at 'em," I condescended to address his Highness, the pot-shooter, and I tried to point the flock out to him, but he wasn't much interested and I could see that he was still awful sore. He sure thought I was a hard man to understand when I would coax him out on the river at 4 a. m., and then try to spoil his shooting.

Up came the Sprigs, swinging and turning with the channel, following the deep water along the outside of the bars. Closer and closer until it seemed that we would surely get them. If they came as they were we would be just about right, about eighty yards off the main current, decoys all well out in front and up wind, and no bar of any kind for a hundred and fifty yards all around us. On they came until they were about over the second little island below us. Then they dropped and my heart went with them. It looked like they were going to light down in one of the channels between the islands. Probably another bunch of birds was there. Down they went and out of sight. Our own island and the others with their scrubby willows and cottonwoods hid them. I waited and watched until I was sure they were not coming. I wondered if I had better go down and flush them so they would not drag birds from us all day. I wondered if a shot would get them up, or if they would drift in the current along the bars and finally rise and come up anyway. I had given up all hope and was about to settle back and smoke some more when I saw the long babies coming, right below us off the foot of our island, almost on the water and coming in. They must have seen our outside decoys and have had their minds all set on visiting.

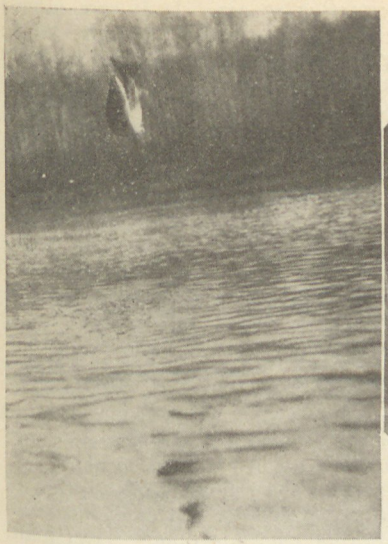
I grabbed the trapshooter and pulled him down. I held his arm and tried to tell him what it was all about, but he hadn't seen anything and seemed to think it was another of my tricks to spoil the trip. Then they were on us and the roar of the wings and gabble of the hens paralyzed him. He acted just like he did in the norning on the first bunch and his knees shook, his mouth hung open and his eyes stuck out like a pair of feelers. I saw his face get white and his nose get all blue like he was freezing to death. Then I released him and hollered "Let's go. Give it to 'em."

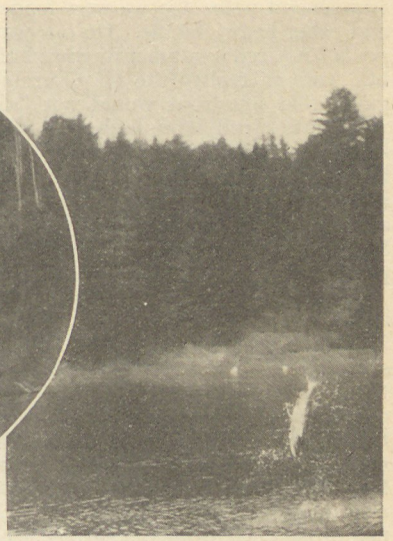
I grabbed my gun and stood up to take my end. The birds were spread across in front with a dozen spikes big as houses right in front of us over the decoys. It was just like shooting toy ballons from a window along the parade. I picked a big drake on the left and then another next to him. Then as they flared up into the wind I skipped a couple of hens and got a drake out of the middle. I turned to take the two hens as I did not want to get over into his end when I felt that he was not with me. I spared a short look and there he was with his gun in his hand watching the birds like they were ghosts. His eyes were still out in front, but he had shut his mouth. I poked him with my elbow and roused him to action. By that time the birds were pretty well out to start, but there was still time for a couple of shots. I put my last two shots into a drake in his end as I saw he was not going to do much, and another drake that had swung back in the wind over us. This last boy was a little high and I saw that he would not fall for a minute. While I was watching him I heard a roar and a rattle and the tinhorn was at 'em. He put five shots up into the air over those departing birds with his gun in the crook of his elbow and his eyes in the general direction of up-river. Just as he finished his burst of shots my cripple folded up about fifty yards to the right of where he was shooting and came down with a thump on a little bar above us. The greenie turned to me with a wild set smile on his face and shouted, "We sure cleaned them up." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 65]

How About Your Dog?

We know that old dog of yours has done some interesting things. We also know that you would tell us all about these little stunts if you could sit down here in this office for a few minutes. You haven't the time to drop in and tell us so why not write it and send it in as an entry in the dog story contest?

Full details concerning this may be found on pages 70, 71, 72 and 73. Read this announcement carefully and then act. We want to know what YOUR dog has done that distinguishes him from his canine fellows.





Finned Royalty in New Brunswick

By W. E. Kidder

This is an unusual story. Its author, Mr. Kidder, is an authority on hunting and fishing, having traveled 500,000 miles in the past fifty years in search of sports afield and astream. During this time he has tried every conceivable kind of fishing from sardine angling to the capture of the Black Fish—a species of whale—and fished most of the best inland streams and lakes from the Equator to north of the Arctic Circle. His companions on this trip to New Brunswick are equally versed in the lore of the open country.

WHOLE libraries have been written about that aristocrat of the waters, the mighty Atlantic salmon, by more experienced and much better authors than your humble servant, but I will try to give you my impressions. If my viewpoint should be different or sufficiently entertaining to arouse your interest in one of the hardest fighting fish and a sportsman's game that is worthy of the effort required, I shall be satisfied.

There is something about salt water that adds strength, speed and "pep" to every game fish. This is particularly true of the salmon, that spends most of his time in the cold waters of our northern seas, returning at regular periods to fresh water when it can and should be captured through the medium of a rod and fly in many northern streams on the eastern coast line. Therefore, when the Right Honorable Salmon family makes its tri-annual excursion to its birthplace in fresh water and a lucky angler with fly and light tackle "hooks up" with this living dynamo of piscatorial energy there is *much doing immediately.*

There seems to be no limit to the strength and resourcefulness of these fish. There are rarely two battles exactly alike. Friend Salmon seems to know and recognize every advantage of hidden rocks or strong currents. In fact, he even appears to take particular delight in leaping high above the stream to see if he has overlooked any overhanging brush that might serve his purpose. If that stretch of water is free of obstructions, he may sulk or hug the bottom with a tenacity that is astonishing. Just when you think you have him coming your way and have concluded it is about time to weigh your fish, you discover that he is like the elusive flea "not where you think he is."

Now, if this be your first salmon, your respect for his prowess grows apace, and you begin to wonder how or what the end will be. If you lose him, which is not at all unlikely, your admiration for his cunning and activities forces you to admit that he was entitled to freedom, which smooths out that disappointment that would be yours under other circumstances.

One might pen a page and then not give you all the intimate details of even a single battle that did not last over 30 minutes. It's the fight of a steel head, rainbow and brook trout, combined with added weight and strength, cunning and endurance ten times as great as any trout. Rushing, sulking, and then leaping like an aeroplane in full flight, only to double back almost to your feet like lightning in a fraction of a second and on again after you have had that flash of *vivid* blending colors, that was so near and is still so far away. The speed with which they break the water throws spray often as much as 20 feet, and our experience proves that even the movies cannot properly catch them in their aerial flights, unless "slow motioned."

This is one fish, at least, that the angler must meet on more nearly evenly matched conditions, which is perhaps the true fascination in the sport. The Atlantic salmon does not strike bait often, and very rarely a spoon. He must be taken on a fly, and when he does "rise" you know that something has happened. There is never any question about what it was, or even where it is. The great swirl of the water and the jar on your rod sends a thrill to your brain that immediately fastens the "salmonitis" habit permanently to your annual vacation.

Then, too, when you begin to feel that you are an "old timer" at the game, you suddenly discover that you can live over again all that original pleasure by simply taking some good friend with you to enjoy the sport of sports in the fishing game. You have it all pictured in your mind just what is going to happen when old King Salmon takes your friend's fly, that is if the fish plays the same game he did with you. (Only he doesn't, and then you get just as much thrill as your friend does.)

To all this you have the environment surrounding this game fish which adds much to the real sportsman's pleasure. The purely outdoor life in New Brunswick's ideal frontier—the day in canoes on the river—the camp at night with its companionship and tales of the day's battles royal—an unexpected strike of a big brook trout that keeps you guessing for a few minutes, and then perhaps finds a welcome place amid the sizzling bacon later. The occasional glimpse of startled deer bounding up the hillside, or perhaps the clumsy moose interrupted at his morning meal, that stares for a second or two in utter bewilderment before plunging into the spruces. And then the friendly cordial interest of the few inhabitants that you meet in this beautiful virgin wilderness, with the very evident efforts of everyone to add to the pleasure of your trip, lingers long in your memory.

It has always been customary in the past to use special tackle in taking this wonderfully game fish. and on our first

trip several years ago we were loaded with salmon rods, reels and other heavy tackle. On our way down stream to salmon pools I noticed a number of what I thought were trout "rises" but were in reality the tiny, freshly hatched "parr." My guide told me trout would not "rise" at that time of the year (late April with high and colored water), declining to let me fish for them. However, I was insistent and finally he agreed to let me try at the first good trout pool. Accordingly I strung up my 4½ ounce trout rod, using a Shakespeare automatic reel, and the same trout leader and flies, size No. 8, I had used on the Big Manistee of Michigan, four days previously.

On the first cast I hooked a salmon, but pulled out almost immediately. Three more casts and I was connected with a 12 pound "acrobatic kangaroo" that made that light rod seem like a vibrating broom straw in my hand. Up in the air, then under the bank—now out of the water again with his characteristic "flip flop" in which this old monarch made frantic efforts to strike the leader with his tail. Next a long rush down the river, followed by a series of rainbow leaps back up stream and on again in summersaulting bounds that cleared the water by several feet. Eleven times this beautiful fish broke clear from the surface. Fifty times I thought that some part of my tackle must surely give out and a hundred thrills chased each other up and down my spine. With each change of tactics, especially toward the end when it seemed as though my nerves could no longer stand each new strain, I was sure the fish would escape and then sometimes almost sorry he failed. Well—the rod, leader and fly held and the reel "worked." So did the angler and finally, much to the surprise of Alex Sommerville, my guide, the fish was more or less worn down.

"Too bad you are not using a regular rod instead of that little willow stick, but I'll get the gaff, we may be able to land him," said Alex who was much chagrined when informed that he could throw his gaff away as we would not use one. Protesting vigorously that the fish would surely be lost, Alex followed my instructions and stooped down at the bank's edge with hand held motionless over the water. The fish was guided under that outstretched hand and as the tail passed, a quick snatch laid my first salmon on the grass—a shimmering iridescent mass of blue, green, pink and silver. Since that day many and much larger salmon have been taken on that same tackle, but none have given me the pride, the pleasure and excitement of my first salmon on a fly.

The heavy rods and tackle were never unpacked. A landing net perhaps occasionally, but a gaff has never been used by our parties on any of the trips we have made. Our fish are usually landed by the tail with the bare hand, and those we do not use are returned to the water to live and fight another day. Out of over four hundred fish weighing 2985 pounds in the aggregate caught by our party of four in fourteen days' fishing last year, only a few fish were killed to eat or take home.

Just a word more about light tackle. Long ago I learned that heavy fish may be landed just as effectively with light tackle, if one only has patience and nerve enough to use it properly, but I am convinced that much of the success in landing large fish on light fly tackle is due to the Shakespeare automatic reel, which gives the fish no rest and prevents accidents to all tackle at critical times.

This particular reel eliminates all of the faults of similar models, has greater line capacity and through its adjustable clutch enables one to adapt the line pull to the strength of the line "backing" and to use much lighter rods, leaders and smaller hooks. The use of an automatic reel does away entirely with the few seconds' rest which a larger fish invariably secures on a return rush when a crank reel is used. All our parties are convinced that many fish, much tackle, "cuss words" and disappointment have been saved by this clever device.

There has been considerable discussion regarding the relative merits of the fighting qualities of the "bright" or fish just out of the sea and the "spent" salmon or so called "kelts" which are the salmon that have spawned and are now returning to salt water. It is our opinion that the "kelts" of the June, July and August runs are poor fighters when compared with the bright fish, but the black or spring "kelts" that have been "up river" from October to May and are now working down stream, are by far the best fighters. Unlike the summer run fish the black salmon remain in the cold spring water at least four months after spawning and seem to have recovered all their strength before starting to sea. It is rare indeed when a 15 pound male fish can be landed on light tackle inside of an hour. They are also much more active, often leaping 12 or 15 times, but not so fat.

As an illustration I would say that last September Fred Peet of Chicago, landed a 15 pound "bright" (fresh run) salmon in five minutes flat, using five and a half ounce rod and No. 10 fly, and with one or two exceptions all the "bright" salmon caught on that trip were landed with light tackle in 15 to 30 minutes. Our parties keep a card record of every fish caught and comparisons of these records are exceedingly interesting.

There is plenty of salmon water available in Canada, particularly in New Brunswick. W. Harry Allen of Penniac, New Brunswick, can furnish water, guides and outfit to a limited number of people each year, or tell you of other places available. The Canadian Pacific Railroad, Passenger Department of Montreal, will gladly furnish you with authentic and accurate information on the subject, and furthermore gives fishing parties unusual service in many particulars.

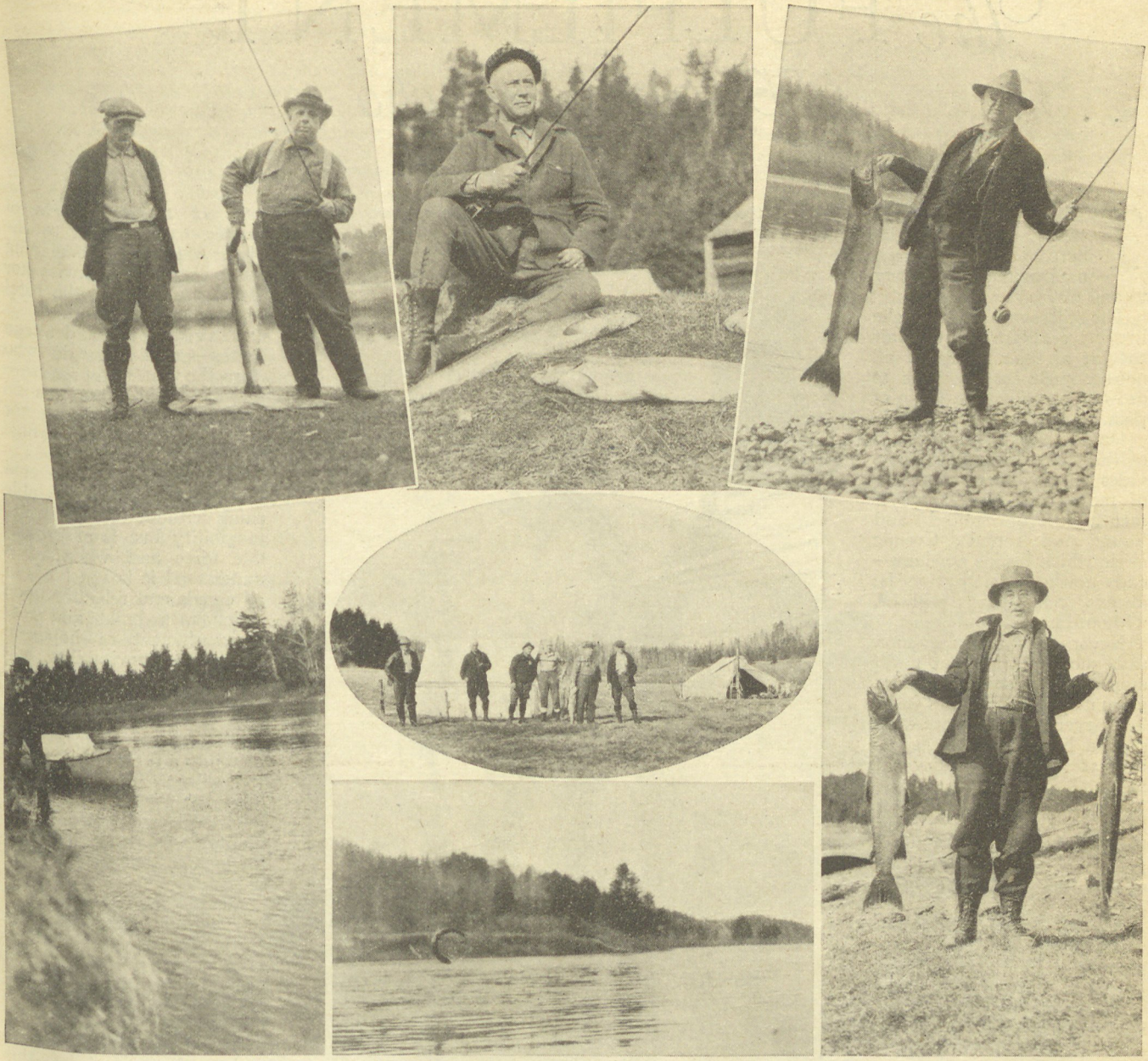
I do not pose as an expert in the following description of the salmon life history, but give you such items as will naturally come under the observation of the ordinary sportsman. There are so many varieties or "runs" of these fish and so many deviations in the theories of authorities regarding their life and habits, that I am simply combining my own observations and best information obtainable from those more familiar than I with the particular varieties I know.

The salmon, like the sea trout, have a sort of Jekyl and Hyde existence. Their domestic life is all in the quiet upper reaches of the fresh water streams, and then they "step out" into the sea to gain weight, strength and strategy. The young salmon, or "parr" as they are named, are hatched from August to November, remaining the greater part of the first year in fresh water, feeding on flies and water insects, and attaining a length of five to seven inches. The "parr" then passes out to sea, returning after two years, weighing about three to four pounds and is now commonly called a "smolt." A few months in fresh water and then away to sea for three years more. Upon his return this time he is known as a "grilse" and authorities differ as to his activities; some claim that they spawn, others that they again return to the sea, but come back a year later for this purpose, and returning every three years thereafter. The number of times a salmon has returned to fresh water may be definitely determined by the lines showing on his scales, but whether he returns annually or at stated periods is still a matter of dispute. It is, however, conceded that every salmon will positively return to the waters of his origin to spawn, if it is possible for him to get there. Undoubtedly the unusual difficulties sometimes encountered often cause injuries, resulting later in death, which accounts for the erroneous theory that salmon die after spawning. After the first propagation the fish change color somewhat, become heavier bodied and are known as salmon, weighing 8 to 10 pounds, increasing in bulk with each return to breeding grounds, until after many years this weight may be as much as 80 pounds.

What becomes of the salmon once out to sea is difficult to say, and very little is known about them except that they are great travelers. On entering fresh water the salmon, so far as food is concerned, seems to hibernate in a way like the bear. Its stomach shrinks to almost nothing, and apparently it does not feed at all. The "fresh run" or salmon just out of the sea do not rise readily, although they will occasionally strike viciously, but on their journey back down stream they seem to be preparing their digestive tracts for active work by rising greedily at almost any fly, especially if it be of gaudy colors. My own experience shows they are partial to yellow, red and blue, although the "bright" fish of summer months often prefer smaller flies of more somber colors, like gray and brown.

The Cock fish (male) or "Hook Bill" as they are commonly called, while usually lighter in weight are more spectacular in their fight, leaping, rushing, struggling to the end like a mad bull. They are easily determined by the "hook" on their parrot shaped lower jaw, brighter color, rounder body and greater activity. The females or "Hen" fish are less aggressive and more apt to sulk on the line, but their greater weight simply adds another angle to this thrilling sport.

It would seem to me that there is much more sportsmanship in fishing for the spring "kelts" that have completed their



Reading from left to right: Dr. E. R. Zimmerman, of Elkhart, Indiana, exhibits two big ones; "The end of a perfect day"—fifty-four pounds, combined weight of fish (not including) I. H. Bellows of Chicago; the author lands a twenty pounder on light tackle: left, author fighting salmon with 4½ ounce rod; leaping salmon; Fred N. Peet with a pair of New Brunswick bathing beauties; oval center, camp scene.

parental duties than to catch the "fresh run," heavy with roe and milt, even though they might weigh almost a third more. What is size when compared with activity and more real sport? The "bright" fish rush once or twice, maybe more, and then rely on their sheer weight in sulking to regain their strength for a renewed fight. There is no doubt in my mind but that such fish are really much weaker physically and many, even if promptly returned to the water, die from exhaustion after the struggle. Why destroy the source of so much sport when there is more pleasure to be attained in landing after spawning has been accomplished.

I should like to give you more detailed description of the battles with the fish shown in the accompanying illustrations and describe, if I only could, the mental delight of my companions, but where would I find the words that could convey more than the pictures combined with your own imagination. If you would taste the thrill of thrills in the fishing game, just try the salmon on light tackle. You need not feel that you cannot raise or capture them, for that is all "bunk." The tenderfeet in our parties are often as successful as the "old timers." Just land one and you will thank me for the suggestion.

My Desire

By STUART FALCONER FORBES

My desire is to have my own little rough-hewn, log-hut in the seclusion of the hills, and for companions only the mild murmur of the age-old winds that sift through the green tasseled boughs of swaying firs, journeying on in their ne'er-ending way; a still, silvered meadow with grasses a-drowse 'neath a still starry sky; and the black, vibrant eye of a deep, quiet lake that rests in the sink of a swail to mirror the mellow glow of eternal things.

Here do the refined, naked souls of divine-chosen beauties lie lingering ever before you and naught matters but the vision of sweet dreams you may dream—if you will, ghostly and film-like—thin, feathery vapors move out through the purple haze that lies spread over the bed of the dim canyon, as the child-spirits of concealed wonders might timidly creep from within the shadowy cave where the mother of all mystery serenely slumbers in her own sacred home.

The memory stays, growing fonder and fuller each day—in your heart there's a joy that forever remains—in your soul there's a thrill that you feel that is lasting and good.

The FULFILMENT

By El Comancho

Illustrations by John Thoman

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so. Drop me a line and tell me why if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want. El Comancho.

THE unhurried stars marked their paths across the dome of night as David paced slowly to and fro.

The still, small voices of the littler world gave to the air the lilt of their living for all nature must sing its joys to drown, perhaps, the dirge of pain.

David thought of the ways of the Great Plan which provides for ceaseless motion—of movement, always movement, forever 'round and 'round and 'round a Cosmic circle which begins nowhere—ends nowhere, but always is; always was; always will be, without change.

Never does aught endure, save motion—and that never stops. All else comes—and goes; moves on; changes form, but never endures more than such a little while, measured against the profundity of motion—eternity—beyond.

The big fish swallows the little one and is in turn swallowed and both are as tho they never were and no record tells of their brief tenure and their going.

A seed is set; it grows, builds up its parent form, makes new seed in its own image and passes on.

Nature builds elaborately, with infinite pains and eye to exceeding fine detail; there is displayed most gorgeous color, intricate marvel of form, prodigal wealth of sign—the horizontal and vertical principles of mathematics and the angle of forty-five degrees are demonstrated to exploit the perfection of the triangle and then —pouf!

David pondered these truths - - - as all men do who learn the vastness of nature.

As a satiated child tires of building a house of blocks and consigns his structure to chaos and oblivion with a single sweep of hand, nor grieves at its going, nor remembers, tomorrow, that it ever was—so nature, the power behind, builds, only to destroy and build following forms from the wreckage of that which went before—nor ever otherwise.

Water forever runs down hill; two and two forever make four; from the acorn the oak must grow—Selah! It is the will of the Power of Motion and to it must all things submit, willy nilly, whether or no, without power of resistance and without deviation in so much as the slightest degree, even far beyond the comprehension of that which we weak humans designate as mind—an infinitesimal atom of the Power Beyond; a never to be destroyed reflection of the Great Unit, than which there can be nothing more for no Unit is other than itself alone—it is never, by any conceivability One and—

The Unit is undivided One, no more, no less, and from that Unit which is Cosmos comes all things, moving in the path of a great circle of motion back around to the hither side of the beginning point but never elsewise nor making more than the total sum of One—the Unit.

David pondered these truths—as all men do who learn the vastness of nature—and he knew there was no gainsaying nor changing nor substitution nor subterfuge possible.

His philosophy covered Truth and Truth is a stable thing without dimensions or tangibility but is of irresistible force and when it is understood it is the basis of all creeds and religions upon which men build and rear their filament of hope—to camouflage inevitability and try their weak best to tell themselves leads to a life beyond—even tho all these creeds but carry the lives of men into a future of imaginative things so small as to be no greater than men's own knowledge and desires. Final reality is in truth, however, far greater than man's imagination.

David knew nature too well to accept anything but truth; he knew the infallibility of the universal progress of motion around the Cosmic circle and knew his own entire inability to deflect any of it in any way; therefore facing the ordeal of this night he was calm and ready, nor questioned fate but hoped that the logical sequence of nature might carry on and bring joy to the hearts of those he loved.

Meantime under his roof was June, little June, twin soul with her sister Jule, alive with the love of life for its sunshine, its love, its pleasures, its songs and her worship of David—her man.

And June, with that vast and inunderstandable courage which is woman's, faced the coming hours with joy in her heart and bleak consuming terror in her mind—terror of that to come, which was the unknown, peopled with the demons of pain and the nightmare things which habit the borderland of consciousness, horrors that belong neither with life nor death nor any other thing that words may convey to the mortal understanding.

And so the night wheeled west, nor took note nor paused; at last came that hour just before dawn when the chill of awakening winds makes the sleeping world restless and the heavy darkness which precedes the first faint light hangs like a pall over the world.

It is the hour of in-between, when the prowling hunters of night trail toward daylight dens; the hour when the hunting wolf strikes his prey; the hour when the cat tribe eats, and

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calls to its kind in the voices of the damned; the hour when the souls of men start on long journeys alone—or arrive at transient destination.

David's mother came to the door and called, softly, his name and David stood before her.

"Go in David, she wants you; I am afraid, David, afraid—."

A sense of shock came over David; his mother's voice held terror of unknown things. David went in.

Prone on the bed, still as death and white as carven marble, was June his wife; the doctor sat beside with finger on her pulse and the knowing eyes of his profession upon her face—waiting; he did not speak or turn his head.

Beside him stood Jule, white as chalk, steady as granite—ready for anything; silently she put her hand on David's arm; "Speak to her David; she called for you; it may be too late, even now," she whispered.

Across the room June's mother sat in a big rocking chair amid heaped pans, clothes and what-not; in her arms a small bundle of soft blanket things hugged against her tearless face.

From these, a small, new sound, strange to the house of David.

June's lips moved, "Da-v-ie!"

"Here, June—with you, girl," he answered and kissed her, softly.

She smiled, opened her eyes and slowly raised her hands to his face.

"Call her June and be good to her, Davie," she whispered faintly, with effort.

"Tell Jule—I want—her to—to mother my baby always—always—Davie. I am—am going, Davie—going on—but I'm—I'm leaving—you and Jule—I—cannot—"

The faint voice stopped. Jule dropped to her knees with her arms about her sister and a single mighty sob shook her frame.

Little June had begun the long journey that we all must take—sometime—alone.

David kissed the still, marble-white face and rose to his feet, with Jule in his arms—Jule, the twin of the wife who was.

Dry eyed, still as a deep pool, with strange, unreal calm, they walked across the room and Jule took from her mother the little bundle of soft blankets, parted them so that David could see the tiny face within.

"Her's, David—ours," she said, "our little June, yours, and mine—in trust, David."

"Amen."

Outside the black velvet curtain was edging up from the rim of the world; swiftly the stars grew fainter in the east; sleepy birds twittered; a Brownthrasher announced the coming day with song from the topmost twig of a tall cotton wood nearby; the floating silhouette of homing owl crossed the east and vanished in the shadows which mingled with rising river mists under the island trees where the sullen voice of the rapid made audible protest and fretted at its rocks.

Day—a new day was born, amid flame and gold.

David sat alone; the Little River drooned by drowsily, voicing its midsummer contentment, for in the days of a river this is the time of sunshine and peace between the iron hard winter and the fulfilment of the promise held by spring.

The south wind welled up over the world, waving the leaves of tasseled corn and bringing the odor of growing things, of the busy, living world, going about its appointed tasks.

Came the smell of good brown earth, dustily riding the breeze; the trees swayed to the gentle thrust of the flowing air, gracefully dancing in rhythm; the sun reached upward in its trajectory, not yet to the zenith where it would hang apace and then start down, to fall beyond the edge of the west.

A meadow lark told the world of his contentment and a bob-olink climbed upward, broadcasting a flood of melody; in the still deeps of the Little River above the island a prowling channel catfish broke water, took a struggling bug from the disturbed surface, and was gone back into the shadow of a rock below.

David saw all, noted all unconsciously, for these were familiar things neighboring with him every day. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

McGregor, granite hard outside and hearted to mother the world, came often to be with his young friend.

Are you doing your share in helping?

Will H. Dilg

John Moreland-Fisherman

by Will H. Dilg

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

This is the second installment of John Moreland, Fisherman—the vivid tale of a business man who found there was something in the world worth living for except financial gain. It is a remarkable story of a man who suddenly finds himself up against the shadow-line where he must give up big business or accept a nervous breakdown.

THERE under the shade of the trees there was silence for a few minutes. Then, "There's a lot more to this fishing game than we thought," mused the doctor. "Did you notice how that muskellunge fisherman cast his line? Some of his casts must have been over a hundred feet. Young Patterson knew what he was talking about when he said, 'Angling is an art.' I wish I knew how to fish as some men do."

"Let's get into the boat and see what those three fishermen are doing over there to the left," suggested Moreland. "They have been around that little weedy island for an hour or more."

When they came within hailing distance, Moreland called—"What kind of fish do you expect to catch in those weeds?"

"Muskellunge," answered a little short fat man, as he reeled in and removed a bunch of weeds from his spoon.

"What do you call that shiny thing?" asked Moreland.

The fisherman looked up at Moreland in surprise and answered—

"Trolling spoon. What did you think it was, a submarine?"

"And this, gentlemen, is little Willy," called out the other troller, as he reeled in an 8-inch sucker. "This little baby is hell on old man muskellunge. Now watch little Willy perform and bring home the bacon! Just watch little Willy attend to business!"

As he spoke he cast the sucker with a splash into a pocket of the weed bed. Luck was with the sucker fisherman; his line soon began to run from his reel, at first slowly, then stopping.

"He's still there! I can feel him, guess he's turning the bait head first," said the fisherman, attempting to conceal his excitement. Again the line ran from the reel, but this time more rapidly.

"I can't stand it a second longer!" cried the fisherman, and as his line sped from the reel he stopped it with his thumb and struck hard.

"I've got him hooked!" he shouted gleefully. Instantly the tiger of the water sprang into the air and threw the sucker some twenty feet or more. Sadly the fisherman reeled in.

"Struck too soon," he explained apologetically.

"I told you to let him run a little longer," said the guide accusingly, as he gazed at the chewed and tooth-marked sucker. "Our last sucker, too."

"Well, here goes for a No. 7 Slim Ely," said the fisherman, as he opened his tackle box.

"Let's get a couple of those spoons," said Moreland, as the doctor rowed towards the hotel. They arrived at the rustic resort at about luncheon time. Moreland immediately sought the owner, and in his dictatorial way said, "I want a couple of those trolling spoons right away."

"I don't sell fishing tackle. My guests come usually prepared and bring their tackle with them," answered the proprietor.

"Got to have two spoons, and I will expect you to get them," said old Moreland brusquely.

The doctor saw that Moreland's tactics were doomed to failure, and broke in in his pleasant way, "Surely some one of your fishermen will loan us a couple of spoons?"

Their conversation attracted the attention of several of the guests, much to Moreland's irritation. An old timer, giving the two old men the once-over, here offered to help them out, and brought forth his tackle box, producing two spoons.

"You're welcome to these spoons. Any decent muskellunge will bust them on sight. They are silver plated No. 9 Skinners filed down to a No. 7 size, and will do the business if any spoon will do it."

After luncheon a crowd gathered around to watch the two tyros start forth. The doctor attempted to induce Moreland to take a nap.

"No, sir," said he, "I'm going out to catch one of those fighting big fish."

They were escorted to the dock by nearly all those at the resort, the guests sensing that they were a queer pair. The old timer led the procession.

"What are these people following us for?" asked Moreland nervously.

"I don't know," said the doctor. "Guess they haven't got anything else to do."

"I don't like it a damned bit," growled Moreland. "Why don't they attend to their own business?"

The doctor took the oars and pulled away from the dock. Moreland, simulating indifference to the onlookers, let out his spoon. Not 300 feet from the dock something like a tidal wave struck Moreland's spoon, whereupon he shouted, "Hold on, I'm caught!"

With the words, a giant fish arose four feet into the air, falling back into the water with a crash of foam. Out of sheer amazement the crowd maintained perfect silence. Never before had a muskellunge been known to strike anywhere in that part of the lake.

Moreland lost hold of the reel handle and the fish ran a hundred feet before Moreland could get his bruised fingers around the handle again. By this time the crowd had come to, and volleys of directions were shouted at Moreland and the doctor from the excited group on the dock.

The doctor, who had stopped the boat at Moreland's command, still sat holding the oars motionless, eyes popping and mouth agape.

"*Why don't you row?*" shouted Moreland furiously at the doctor, whereupon the doctor gave a mighty heave on the oars, causing Moreland to almost fall off the seat and to again lose hold of the handle of the reel. This time he regained it sooner, but with the same knuckle punishment. The doctor continued to row, excitedly pulling with no idea of direction, circling 'round and 'round, and finally pushed the bow of the boat up on the shore within a few feet of the dock, with a bump that again almost dislodged Moreland from his seat.

A perfect storm of advice and instructions now poured forth from the frantic crowd on the dock. The old timer, almost beside himself, jumped up and down, yelling:

"*Lemme land him for you! Lemme land him for you!*"

The fish, now on a slack line, was roaming and circling around

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at will, and breaking again and again in his frenzied effort to shake the spoon; Moreland doing his utmost to reel in line, the cheap reel squeaking and grating hoarsely. At last it froze hard, as cheap reels have a habit of doing, and Moreland was now sending forth torrents of abuse directed at the reel, the doctor and everybody within sound of his voice.

By this time the old timer had managed to get into the boat and attempted to take the rod from Moreland's hands. Moreland let out a whoop of rage, and with the rod over his shoulder, floundered out of the boat and onto the shore, rushing bull-like up the bank. He slipped and fell at the top, and the rod, bending almost double, broke with a snap. Nothing daunted, he grabbed the line and continued wildly to run. Then the line broke, but not before he had drawn the mighty fish into shallow water, whereupon the doctor, seeing it floundering about, jumped in and fell on top of the fish, struggling valiantly to bring it onto the shore. He arose with the monster fish in his arms, but it threshed about and slipped out, and before anyone could again grab it, it had managed to get into deep water and disappear from sight.

"*Why didn't you hold him!*" raged Moreland at the dripping doctor.

The doctor, too mad to retort, could only gesticulate, while the old timer sat on the ground, mopped his face and feebly declared:

"*A 50-pounder, if an ounce.*"

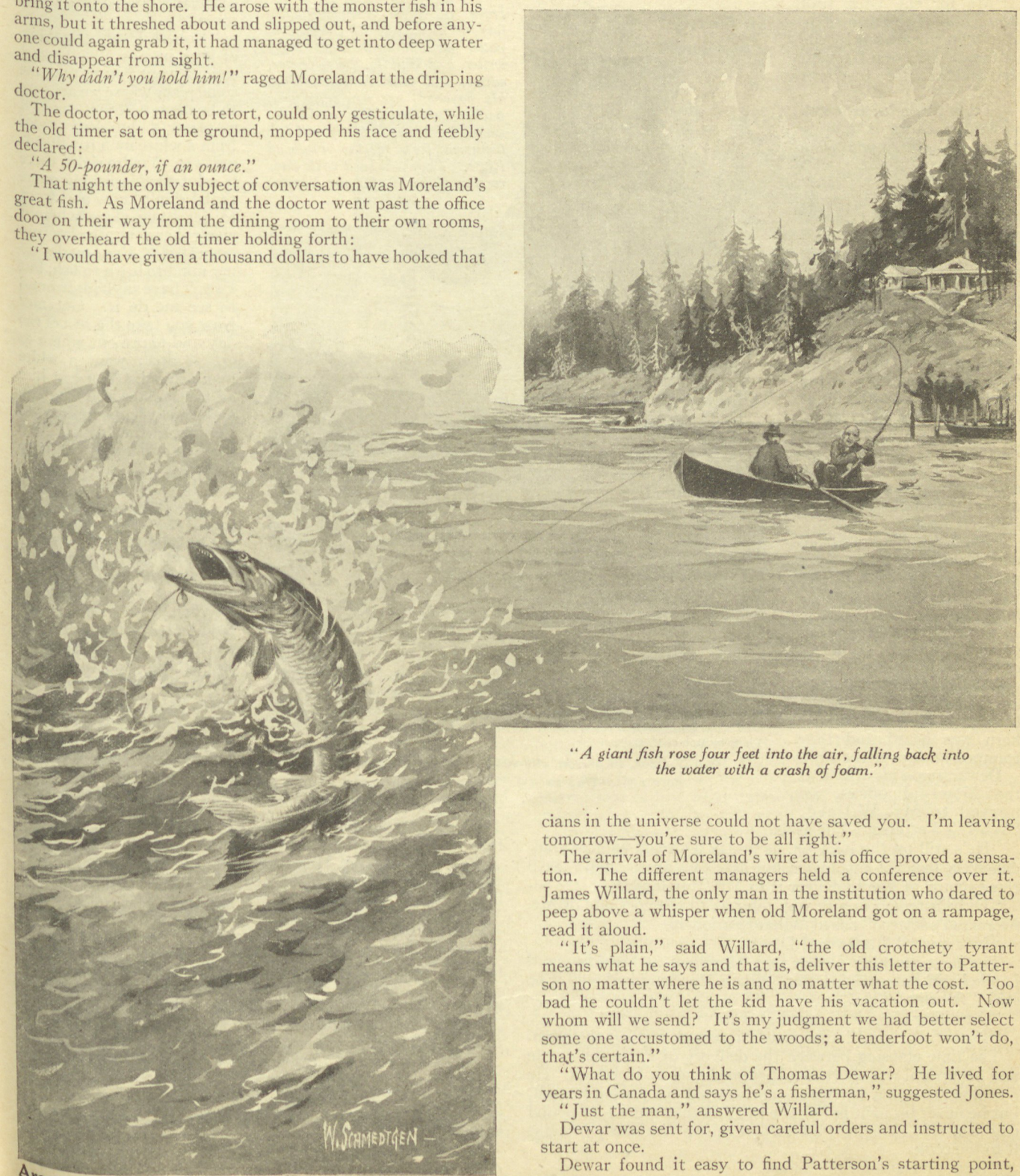
That night the only subject of conversation was Moreland's great fish. As Moreland and the doctor went past the office door on their way from the dining room to their own rooms, they overheard the old timer holding forth:

"I would have given a thousand dollars to have hooked that fish, and to think that a fellow that couldn't fish hooked him! And did you see the bum tackle!"

Moreland wheeled quickly as though to speak, but stopped, turned and wended his way thoughtfully up the stairs.

"Kimbark," he said still thoughtfully, after they reached their rooms, "I'm going to be a fisherman, and I'm going after fishing just like I go after business. I can see that I like it, and I'm going to send for Lee Patterson's boy to teach me to fish and to go fishing with me. I'm going to have the finest fishing outfit in America, no matter what it costs, and I'm going to wire the office right now."

"John," said Kimbark, and as he spoke he put his hands on the other's shoulders. "You have come spontaneously to the only conclusion which could save your life. You didn't have a chance to live the year out, going as you were. All the physicians in the universe could not have saved you. I'm leaving tomorrow—you're sure to be all right."



"A giant fish rose four feet into the air, falling back into the water with a crash of foam."

The arrival of Moreland's wire at his office proved a sensation. The different managers held a conference over it. James Willard, the only man in the institution who dared to peep above a whisper when old Moreland got on a rampage, read it aloud.

"It's plain," said Willard, "the old crotchety tyrant means what he says and that is, deliver this letter to Patterson no matter where he is and no matter what the cost. Too bad he couldn't let the kid have his vacation out. Now whom will we send? It's my judgment we had better select some one accustomed to the woods; a tenderfoot won't do, that's certain."

"What do you think of Thomas Dewar? He lived for years in Canada and says he's a fisherman," suggested Jones.

"Just the man," answered Willard.

Dewar was sent for, given careful orders and instructed to start at once.

Dewar found it easy to find Patterson's starting point,

"but where he might be now was a puzzle," said the few residents of that wild portion of Canada. Dewar had his orders and being a Scotchman he intended to doggedly obey them. Two canoemen familiar with that neck of the woods started forth with him as soon as tents and supplies could be gathered together.

Three days afterwards they caught up with Patterson and his friend. Dewar delivered the letter. Patterson thoughtfully read it and smiled as he scribbled a note, addressed it and said to Dewar, "This is for Mr. Moreland."

"Aren't you going back with me? Mr. Willard expects me to brink you back."

"My reply complies exactly with Mr. Moreland's letter to me. It will be satisfactory to him I know."

"Me for the back trail then, but it's tearing my fisherman's heart out by the roots not to have a try with the feathers for just one trout."

"I don't wonder at it and while the camp is getting dinner, I'll take you to a place where I'm almost certain you can raise a trout."

Patterson guided Dewar to a close by pool and showed him a half water-covered shelving rock, saying, "Now drop this fly—"

"Ah, Mon, I was born amidst the lochs of the heilands and if you will parmit me I should say ye were going to advise me to drop this Royal Coachman just at the head of yon rock and let it float over to the lower side."

"Right you are," answered Patterson.

Dewar stripped off line and cast across the current to get the distance, and then shot out his fly.

"Good," said Patterson, and the same instant a three pound rainbow took the fly with a plop and was masterfully hooked.

"Ah, Mon, but this is great! Mon, but this is great," continually purred the Scotchman until Patterson slipped the net under the beauty. Then the dinner horn was heard and they tramped back over the trail.

Dewar, upon his arrival at the Moreland offices, reported to Mr. Willard.

"Where's Patterson?" he asked.

"He's still on the Nipigon, as pretty a stream as ever gladdened the heart of any angler, but here's his answer and I leave this evening at five to deliver it to Mr. Moreland."

"Did Patterson in any way infer as to the contents of Mr. Moreland's letter?" asked Willard curiously.

"Not a word," answered Dewar.

The next morning Dewar met Moreland at breakfast and handed him Patterson's letter. When Moreland had read it he said, "All right."

"Anything else, sir?" asked Dewar.

"I said 'all right,'" thundered Moreland, and left the room.

The time elapsing between the delivery of Patterson's note and his arrival was short, but it seemed long to Moreland. He occasionally dug a few worms and started out rowing himself, but he never brought in but one fish and that was a four pound dog-fish. He thought it a bass and rather pompously brought it to the cook.

"Broil this bass for my dinner."

The cook gave it the once over and laughed outright.

"That isn't a bass, that's a common dog-fish and not fit to eat."

"He fought like hell, anyway," said Moreland, and stamped out of the kitchen.

The morning Patterson was to arrive, Moreland walked along the trail leading to the station. When the stage came along he hailed it and got in.

"How are you, Mr. Moreland? I'm glad to be here," said Patterson.

"We'll delay further talk until we are alone," half commanded Moreland.

As soon as Patterson's luggage was unloaded, and it seemed that he had brought about all of his fishing outfit, Moreland invited him to his room.

"Robert, I want to get out of here just as quickly as I can. I want you to take me some place where we are sure to be alone. If you can find a place a hundred miles from a white man it will suit me best. You're right, there is a lot to this fishing game that I don't know and want to get some place where I won't have to display my ignorance. I've made up my mind to learn to fish, but I won't have anybody around to see me do it. Get me? Now you take the rest of the day and figure out where to go. I don't want a white man around. You can hire all the Indians you want to, and the sky is the limit, as to the cost of the outfit. Now take this wire and fire it to the office.

"'John Moreland, Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

If anyone inquires when I'm coming back or where I'm going, tell them you don't know.

John Moreland.'"

When Patterson left Moreland he spent two full hours by himself. At first it all seemed too good to be true.

"Well," he said to himself, "in the words of the old man, 'I'll be damned.'"

He planned out a trip, and then looked up Moreland. "Mr. Moreland, we are going into the wilds of a heretofore unrailroaded country. The Northern has just completed a temporary spur running into this region, but it is not yet open to the public."

"Good," answered Moreland. "I know all about it and own several thousand acres of uncut timber lands up there and I'd like to see the country."

"I intend to order our outfit by letter. It will take at least three days before it reaches St. Paul from where we will make our start. I'm going to take you at your word and order the rightest kind of an outfit, and that takes a stack of money."

"Good," answered Moreland. "And order me two of those $85.00 poles like yours."

Instinctively Patterson started to say "rods," but on second thought left it for another day.

"I haven't ordered any eighty-five dollar rods," he declared. "They cost seventy-five dollars."

"Little you know about it. That soft voiced gray haired old salesman told me that the price had gone up to eighty-five dollars."

"I wouldn't wonder, there's a great demand for fine fishing tackle since the war

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A Rare Treat

Irvin S. Cobb, internationally famous humorist; El Comancho, noted novelist and short story writer, and Will H. Dilg, writer, editor, and conservationist since his boyhood, are now making a pack train trip to Arrow and Trout Lakes, Montana. They will fish the north fork of the Flathead River. They will each write their version of the trip for our November issue.

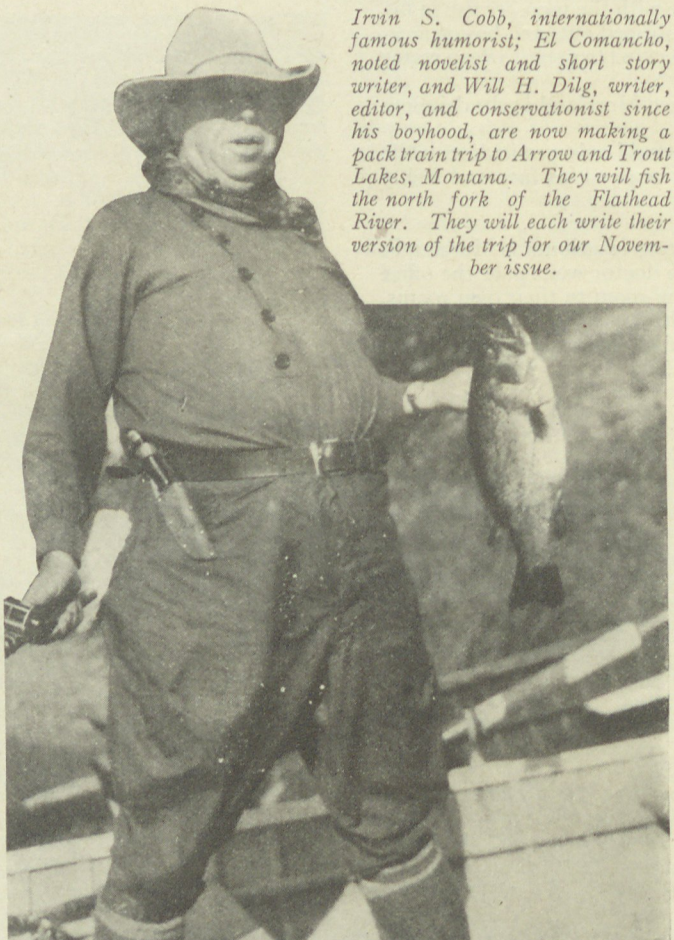


Photo by Robert H. Davis.

Irvin S. Cobb, in person, clutching a bulldog of the lily pads.

Editor's Note—The dagger was NOT used in this capture.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

by Hal Kane Clements

Photographs by the Author

DEAR STAY-AT-HOMES:
After a lovely, lotus-eating week at Trout Lake, then again the four mile pack-sacking trail back to Metagama, a freight train ride to Bisco, thirty miles west—we missed the only passenger train that day—a visit with old friends, some maddening moonlight over the beautiful Bisco waters that merge lake after lake endlessly, and dotted with the most intriguing islands of every size and style.

A kiss goodbye to my dear comrade whose path leads east while mine wanders much, much west. Then five hundred miles of lonely "bush," some of it so desolate you want to weep as you look, some of it, when we finally reach the crags and huge boulders that rear themselves against the sky line at Lake Superior, magnificently rugged. This certainly seems to be a hard, rocky old world about here and it makes me feel all sort of pulverized and nothing at all, at all!

And then, at midnight after nearly eighteen hours of express speed, Nipigon River Camp, the long train grumbling to an unwilling stop, a sleepy porter dumping me and my luggage out into the empty darkness. A bumpy drive, with horse and wagon, over what seems to be unbroken forest for several miles, finally a cup of tea and at last, just as I am about to leave the world forever, I am so weary, a grand and glorious place to sleep! Miss Green, my genial hostess, brings me back to life in the morning by waving a breakfast tray laden with bacon and coffee before my nose, grandest smell in the wide world; and I awaken to find a far and wide lake over which I look from high up on a hill. Great hills of black rock surround the lake. Against a hollow in one of them nestles a quaint little white church, looking a bit timid and frightened at all the rocks around it. Nipigon is Fisherman's Paradise, but it is Sunday and there is much to see and do, so I desist.

An unforgettable trip in a motor boat down the rapids on French River, the stars come out and the Northern Lights scamper across the sky and then once again I am on my way, regretfully leaving behind me a very splendid hospitality and a wonderful day.

Winnipeg! Busy, breezy people who are so cordial and courteous. First of all, a great *big* room in the hotel where the Prince of Wales sometimes stops when he wanders through here, the Royal Alexandria. It's ultra modern, yet *was built TWENTY YEARS AGO* and has the largest lobby, or rotunda, as they call it here, of any hotel in the North American continent. How's that for progressiveness?

Right near the hotel is the Immigration Office, and the station as I passed through had been filled with immigrants just leaving a colonists' train. "Poor souls," thought I, "it must be terrible to come here with hardly any money, unable to speak the language. What will they do?"

I found out that it might be well to save my sympathy for someone who needs it more than they do. This is what happens. John and Mary, with little John and Mary, from Central Europe or England, or Germany, all treated exactly the same, decide to come to Canada as farm help. Special rates are given to them on boat and train, a place to cook their meals is provided, and they finally arrive, tired and dirty, at Winnipeg. They are registered at the Immigration Office, given a hot meal, if they have no food with them which they wish to cook in the kitchen which is provided. Last year over 61,000 beds and 160,000 meals were provided to the immigrants just at Winnipeg. They are taken to their rooms, where they find beds with good mattresses on them, clean sheets, pillow cases, and nearby is a well-equipped bath-room with all the HOT WATER they want (probably the first they've ever seen). Down-stairs is a good laundry with stationary tubs and hot water where the family wardrobe can, within the next day or two, be made fresh and clean.

In the meantime, on the desk of Mr. M. E. Thornton, Superintendent of Colonization and Immigration, there is a carefully indexed folio of requests from the farmers throughout these provinces asking for helpers on the land, giving minute descriptions of just what nationality, religion, age, experience and sex they want, as well as thorough information regarding the farmer himself, his family, his religion, and what accommodations and wages he can offer the newcomer.

So John and Mary are sent, when they are rested and ready, to Mr. Farmer up in Manitoba, who has been waiting for just them, and everyone is happy. In case, for any good reason, John and Mary do not like the place to which they have been sent, they return to Winnipeg, the Immigration Office takes care of them until they do find what they want. Or if they are ill and cannot go on, they are nursed and cared for as though they were at home, probably much better. Miss Cook, a sweet-faced splendid woman who speaks six languages fluently, matron of the building which harbors the peasants from middle Europe, while taking me through the women's wards told me that by hook or by crook she manages to get the girls new hats to replace the usual head shawls before they leave for their new homes, and somehow, I think that bit of womanly understanding must be more treasured than food, don't you? There doesn't seem to be any institutionalism about it lat all. It's just their home for awhile.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]

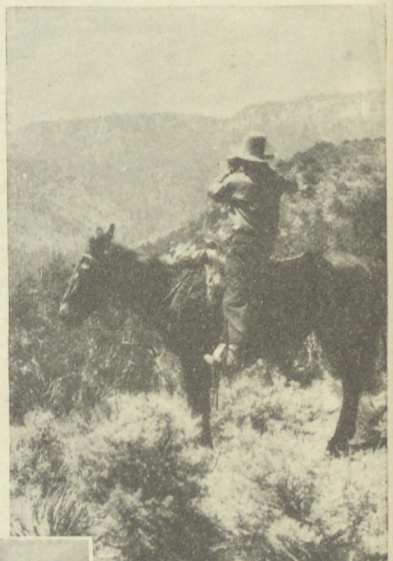
Are you doing your share in helping?

The Phantom Herd of the Kaibab — by Donald Hough

Hide and Seek

This is the second of a series of stories by Donald Hough giving facts pertaining to the Kaibab deer herd. Mr. Hough has just completed a thorough investigation of the entire Kaibab area to determine the exact conditions confronting these animals which have been reported as starving due to a great increase in number.

Donald Hough and Flying Mahogany.



House Rock Valley, from the Saddle.

Kaibab Plateau from the east.

LEAN almost to the point of emaciation, the deer of the Kaibab moved slowly into their winter range last fall—a range that was already destroyed—and it was declared by observers that only a scant few ever would return to the summer range.

The magnificent herd was doomed.

The summer had been the driest in years in a country where every drop of water means life. The mushroom crop of late summer, which is supposed to provide the deer with a final banquet and send them into the winter range in good shape, failed utterly for the first time within the memory of men.

The hot suns had dried up the scant browse as though it had been placed in an oven, and grass crumbled to dust in the wind.

Desperate methods were employed to try to reduce the size of the herd so the remainder could pull through the winter months.

That was the situation last fall. But did the deer die according to schedule? Did a herd of living skeletons crawl back to the summer range this spring?

The answer to these questions is, No.

Well then, how did a herd of from 30,000 to 50,000 and more deer pull through the winter when there was no feed left?

Either there was more feed than men thought there was, or there are not so many deer on the Kaibab as men say there are.

In order to get down to brass tacks, then, How many deer are there on the Kaibab?

Ah!—There you've put a real question! That's worthy of a person who's not afraid to stand up and ask a man's question! One who'll ask that has nerve enough to make inquiries about the real salaries of celebrated motion picture actors. It's a question that should be included in the list of things Thomas A. Edison thinks a person should know in order to establish his right as one who owns a decent sized brain and is posted on matters of importance.

I should like to know how many deer there are on the Kaibab plateau. So would the Forest Service and the Park Service and so would the people who live near the Kaibab and have been counting the deer for a couple of decades.

And so, I guess, would the deer themselves like to know!

The Forest Service says there are 30,000 deer there, and the men of the Service say it with a martyred expression which indicates that they think there's a lot more deer than that, but they want to be very official about it and play safe.

The National Park Service, on whose broad acres part of the deer live, makes unofficial but effective gurgling noises in its throat whenever the Forest Service figure is mentioned, and whispers to you, quite unofficially, you understand, that the F. S. likes to talk in large, round numerals.

It is very important to know how many deer there are on the Kaibab. It has been recommended that half the deer be killed, and this program was started last fall. You can't divide a thing into halves until you know the size of the whole. The first thing to find out, then, is the size of the herd, and the second thing to find out is whether, irrespective of the actual number of deer, there are too many deer and whether the herd should be reduced at all.

So I started out to learn as much as possible about these things, not as a scientific investigator, but as an ordinary reporter who is anxious to tell readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA about Kaibab deer.

When I got off the mail stage at Kanab, a town lying near the southern boundary of Utah thirty miles from the Kaibab and one hundred and thirty from the nearest railroad, I started out

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to ask questions. Under the expert guidance of Park Service and Forest Service men I interviewed all the leading authorities on the size of the deer herd. I talked to men who had ridden the Kaibab range all their lives. I talked to stockmen and merchants, hunters, trappers, government rangers and barbers, and when the day was done and I repaired to a quiet corner to stop the merry-go-round in my head and look over my dancing figures, I was talking to myself.

I had made an important discovery. I had found that nobody knew how many deer there were in the Kaibab forest! Reports I had read, and newspaper and magazine accounts, had left me with the impression that the size of the deer herd was exactly established.

I found that everybody in Kanab has an estimate of the herd. It's quite the fashion. A man walking down the street in his B.V.D.'s would be less intriguing than a man walking down the street without an estimate of the deer herd. Fifty thousand, I found, is a number which appeals to the imagination as a very effective one. Any person in Kanab or thereabouts not vitally interested in the size of the herd but wishing to keep up with the prevailing fashions, seizes at fifty thousand as a drowning man grabs a straw or as a government bureau grasps at a piece of red tape.

When the smoke had lifted, I had seventeen estimates from those of my informers who seemed, on further questioning, to have given real thought to the size of the herd. These ranged as follows: 15,000; 20,000; 50,000; 20,000; 20,000; 80,000; 100,000; 50,000; 12,000; 50,000; 15,000; 80,000; 40,000; 50,000; 25,000; 50,000; 50,000; and the standard Forest Service estimate of 30,000 given by all Forest Service men.

The general attitude of the estimators reminded me of that of the man who bet another he could count three million beans in three days. On the afternoon of the first day he showed up with three barrels of beans. "There you are," he said, "I counted 'em in one day. Now give me my money—I won the bet."

"But," muttered the other, giving the three barrels of beans a dark look, "How do I know you counted 'em? How do I know there's three million beans in those barrels?"

"Well," observed the counter, a look of extreme innocence on his face, "I say there's three million there. If you don't believe it, you can check up on me any time you want to."

But I made up my mind not to try to check up on the estimates of the deer herd. If these men couldn't do it in a lifetime, I couldn't do it in a month. But I decided to go out on the plateau and ride around and see what I could see. So I hired one mule by the name of Michael and another by the name of Myrtle, a guide by the name of Merlon Judd, and two saddle horses. We bought enough food for three weeks and piled it on the mules and jangled out of town.

Photo by Will H. Dilg

Grazing in the Kaibab.

It was late in April, and a fine time of year, I was told, for observing the deer. They would still be on the winter range, for the top of the Kaibab was covered with snow. Perhaps they would be just starting to move up to the summer range, following the receding line of the snow. At any rate, I was sure to run into them at a favorable time.

Since the winter range of the deer lies on the lower levels of the plateau and principally on the east and west sides of it, my plan was to ride for about three weeks in these areas, circling the entire plateau before returning, then to cut directly through the heart of the summer range, which the deer would have reached by that time.

Ben Swapp, forest ranger, a man who has made an intensive study of the deer and who was in charge of, and largely responsible for, the orderly hunting of deer last Fall, rode with us for a few days.

We crossed the desert that lies between Kanab and the plateau, stopped over night at a ranger station on the first rolling hills of the lower Kaibab, then proceeded south along the edge of the forest to the principal winter ranges of the deer. Our immediate objective was Jump Up Point, a low, level area extending fairly out into the Grand Canyon at the western edge of the winter range. Jump Up is bounded on the west by Kanab Creek canyon and the desert, on the south by the Grand Canyon, and on the east by the higher levels of the plateau.

At the ranger station on Jump Up we found H. M. Shank, in charge of maps and surveys of the Intermountain District, U. S. Forest Service, who was mapping the region. We immediately asked him about the deer.

"They've left," he said, "I saw some a few days ago. They've evidently started up toward their summer range."

Startled—the pause before the bound.

The next morning Ranger Swapp and I rode out on Jump Up point to its rim. It is a flat, sage covered plateau, supporting scattered juniper, which is a dwarfed cedar, and the little pinon pine. The rim plunges straight down two thousand feet and more into a part of the Grand Canyon. The range was browsed off clean. The juniper was eaten bare in many places as high as a deer could reach, and we saw where even the pinon pine had been browsed. The buck brush, although there was not a great deal of it here, was eaten clean as high as the deer could reach. We saw a number of shed antlers, and there were many deer tracks. But we saw only six deer. A search of the ledges and lower levels of the Canyon with glasses revealed one lone cow, but no deer.

The deer had escaped us. "We'll have to follow them up the plateau," said Swapp that night, and early the next morning we started with our pack mules and horses to search for the deer—as interesting and queer a game of hide and seek as I ever saw.

We followed long, shallow gullies all morning. We were still in the thick of the winter deer range and for several hours we rode through brush that had been browsed to the bone. It was slow, tedious riding, for the brush in places grew higher than a horse and in jungle-like profusion. In many places the deer had broken it down in order to reach the upper branches. We saw a few scattered deer and some cows. Deer and cow signs were everywhere and it was evident that a large number of animals, mostly deer, had wintered here.

At noon we reached a belt of yellow pine. Here the brush faded away, and the floor of the forest was carpeted only with thick layers of pine needles. We followed this belt of pine the balance of the day. From time to time, we saw deer. We saw them resting in the shade of the pines, and we saw them walking along the ridges. In all, we saw about fifteen. All that I saw were in good shape. They were active on their feet, and in view of the reports I had read about the starving deer, I was surprised at their condition. We saw no dead deer.

That night we stopped at a cabin, called Saddle Camp. We talked it over in the evening and decided to spend the next day riding the brush of the winter range below us, part of which we had come through that day. "We'll see deer tomorrow," promised Swapp, and Swapp was right.

We rode at a walk, covering perhaps fifteen miles through the heavy, tangled brush. We saw 247 deer that day, of which 8 were yearling fawns. We found six dead deer, of which four were fawns. The stomachs of the four that we examined showed death to have been due to some cause other than starvation.

In counting the deer we rode slowly, used our glasses from places of vantage and made as thorough a search of the points and canyons as we could. The deer appeared to be in good shape. Occasionally a doe, evidently an old one, would show evidence of weakness; but as a whole the deer were active and in fairly good flesh—at a time of year when they were at the lowest ebb of condition.

The range was in terrible shape. There was a sharply drawn line five or six feet above the ground below which nothing remained but bare twigs and sagebrush. The juniper and buck brush was trimmed to the line as neatly as though manicured by a barber; and the buck brush was not only trimmed but had been trampled down as though subjected to shell fire. It was desolation, and no mistake about it.

When we returned to camp that night we had covered the worst of the winter range. It was here, on Sowatts point, in Indian Hollow canyon and adjacent areas, including the shorter breaks and points of the Grand Canyon, that the deer were supposed to have concentrated heaviest—and subsequent riding showed that on no part of the Kaibab plateau, big as it is, was there any area that had been subjected to as heavy use as this had.

In going over the results of the day's ride, I was struck by the few yearling fawns we had seen. It had been estimated that each year the number of fawns born equalled one-half of the entire herd in numbers. Why had we seen only 8 fawns out of 247 deer? Had they died during the winter? If so, why didn't we see more dead ones in fifteen miles of careful riding through the heart of the winter concentration? Or was it possible that, after all, few fawns had been born last year, and that the estimated yearly increase of the deer was unfounded? When overcrowding occurs, Nature sometimes takes care of those things.

However, my object was not scientific research, but was to see the deer. Ben Swapp had to return to Ryan ranger station in the morning, but he and Judd mapped out a route that would lead us into the heart of the deer herd.

Judd and I started out in high spirits the next day toward the points of the Grand Canyon, our idea being to work across the range a little above where we had travelled yesterday. We came back to camp at night rather discouraged, having seen 80 deer, and these only after a hard search.

The deer must have gone clear up into the summer range. "We'll ride straight for the center of the summer range," said Judd, "then we'll turn back and zig-zag across the line of the drift. We're bound to find them that way if they're on their way up." So we put the packs on Myrtle and Michael in the morning and started straight for

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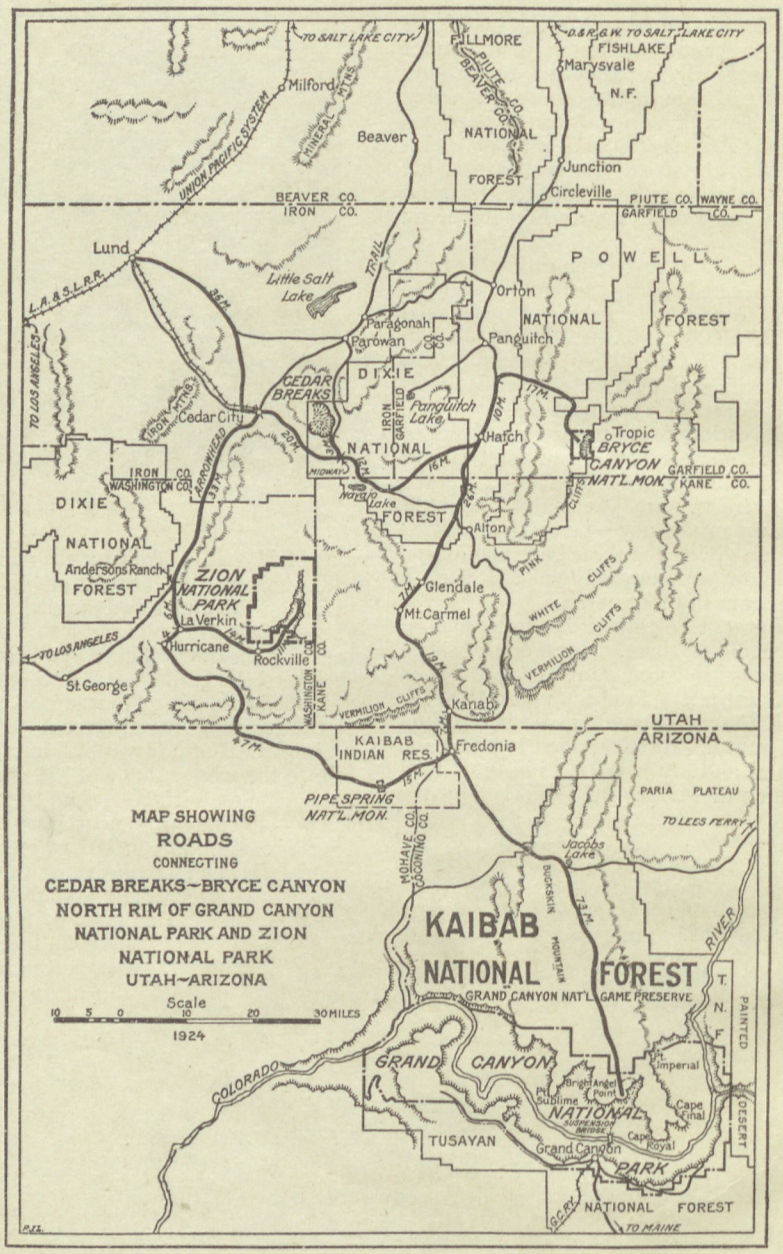

Map showing the area allotted to the deer for forage grounds.

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Spirit of Summer

Again, Creative Purpose stirs the deeply rhythm'd note,
And songs of blossoms lure the wand'ring cloud.

Again, the poignant hour has struck, and like a shatter'd
Rainbow lie the blossoms in the dust.

Again, from shadow-margin'd seas, that touch the ancient
Edge of dawn, there comes the laden ship.

Again, thou Cerean Argosy, thy vernal anchor rests
Within the petal'd depths of spring; thy azured winds,
On sailors' leave, embrace each meadow flower.

Again, for Thee, the lark pours out his sweet cascade;
The sylvan leaves, too young for sighs, come forth and dance;
Violets have smooth'd the old rock's frown;
The cliff's adorn'd with sea-birds' eggs.

Again, green viny things are creeping 'long the wall;
The thoughtful elm holds high her purse of orioles.

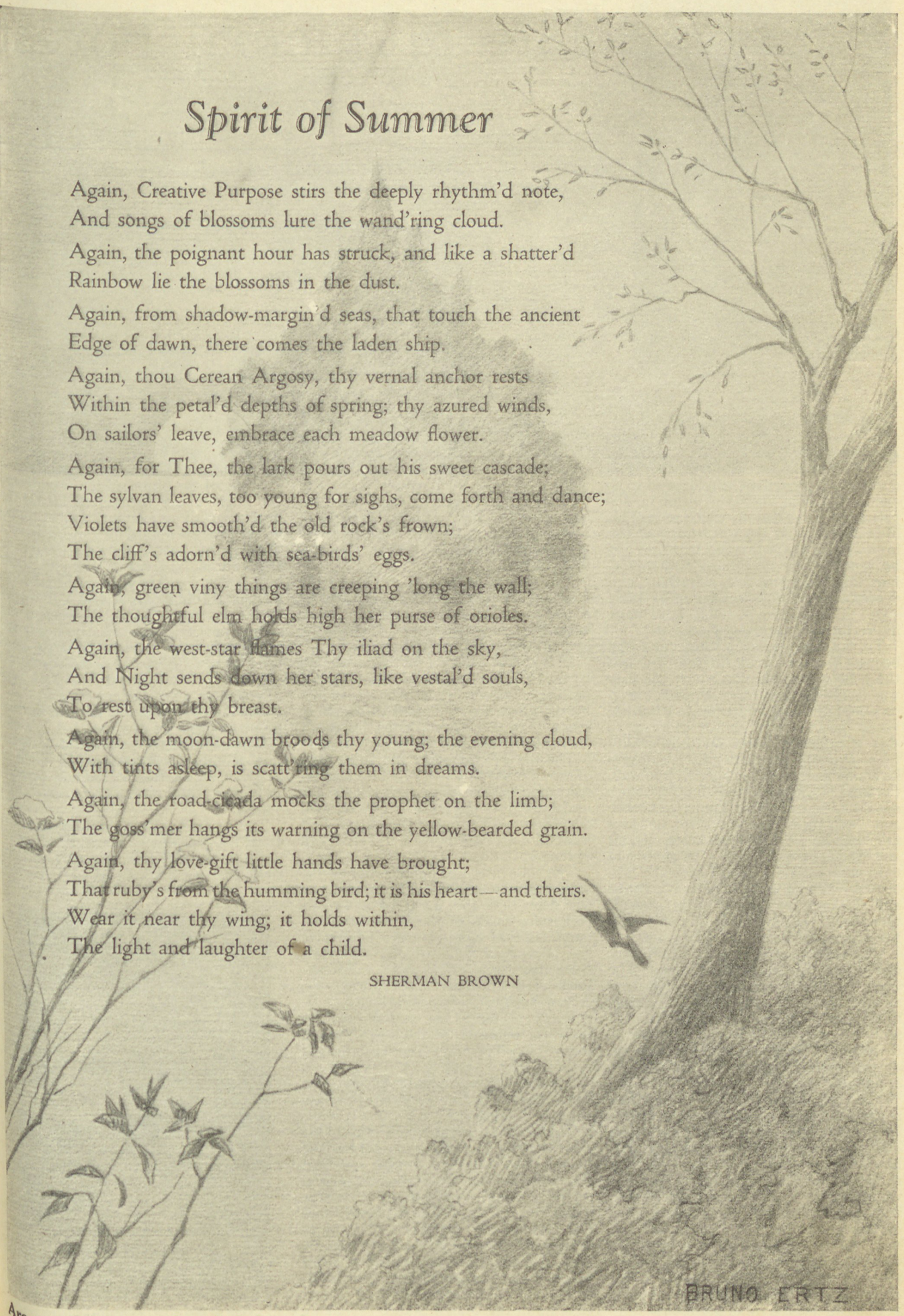
Again, the west-star flames Thy iliad on the sky,
And Night sends down her stars, like vestal'd souls,
To rest upon thy breast.

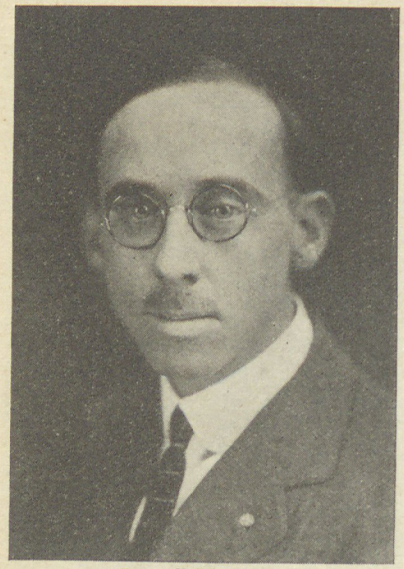
Again, the moon-dawn broods thy young; the evening cloud,
With tints asleep, is scatt'ring them in dreams.

Again, the road-cicada mocks the prophet on the limb;
The goss'mer hangs its warning on the yellow-bearded grain.

Again, thy love-gift little hands have brought;
That ruby's from the humming bird; it is his heart—and theirs.
Wear it near thy wing; it holds within,
The light and laughter of a child.

SHERMAN BROWN





Russell Watson.

The Municipal Forest

By RUSSELL WATSON

Mr. Watson's excellent article on Municipal Forests suggests this question to the editors of Outdoor America:

Why not a community forest for every chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America?

Not a League forest; the outlay of capital might embarrass some chapters; but a City or Township or County forest sponsored by the Izaak Walton League.

With the growing demand for parks, with the tendency of almost every section to have its own tourist camp and with the inevitable approach of timber famine for the entire country, any unit of civil administration should be glad to adopt the suggestions and accept the aid of Waltonians in starting the ball rolling.

Wholly aside from the utility value, no more fitting or enduring monument to League members could be erected than even a few acres of forest that will thrive forever.

—Harold Titus, Forestry Editor.

SOME years ago one Charles Loundsbury, once a well-known counsellor-at-law at Chicago, died. Search of his effects revealed little other than a will which seemed to be addressed to no one in particular and which made no disposition of those matters which were of his life estate but, as the will read, "all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath." He may have died insane, but this last will and testament evidenced a lucidity beyond that of mere logic. His counsel of living is of more interest to us than his legal acumen.

To the little children he devised and bequeathed the clouds in the sky, and the pebbly brook beside which one may wander; to the boys he gave ponds whereon one may skate and trees to climb; to young men he gave brave choruses to sing with lusty voices and the ability to make strong and lasting friendships; to lovers he gave the hawthorn by the wall, the stars in the skies, and all other things necessary or desirable to figure the beauty and lastingness of their love; he gave fireplaces to sit before and see visions and dream dreams; and "to those old ones with snowy crowns I give the love of their children and the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets if there be others, to the end that they may live over again the days of their youth."

This same general thought hits pretty closely to the town forest idea. The town forest is at once both a playground and a thing of utility. Not a gingerbready, artificial affair, where "Don't stray off the path" signs abound, where it is a sin to pluck a blade of good green grass, where benches are placed just so and so.

The town forest at its best is a true recreation ground, emulating nature, with all the true beauty of natural life. Here one may see in fall the chickadees, nuthatches and creepers come swinging through the trees; here in the dead of winter the tracks of the rabbit, the weasel, and the white-footed mice are imprinted on the snow, and the spot of red and marks of wing pinions where an owl captured a wanderer; here, like old Titbottom, a man may blow demoniacal blasts on a blade of grass between the thumbs yet not arouse the ire of gardeners.

The forest is man's natural home. It was there that his race began; it was there it developed. A club to this day is man's handiest weapon of defense and offense. A stout stick, a stout heart and a strong arm, can usually bring home the bacon to the hungry family. A group of boys nose and cry through the forest with as much intentness and ease as a pack of wild animals.

The wonder is that we can stand the roar and stench of the big city. So far as one can see there is no part of our race experience that would warrant our being able to do so.

It is to the solution of the altogether new, vastly important and difficult social problems introduced into our existence by the great accumulations of people in cities, that the Izaak Walton League is particularly devoted.

The town forest offers the finest kind of recreational ground. It is the cheapest recreation people may have; it is the healthiest; it is the most in keeping with our instincts; it supplies the vaguely felt want that all city dwellers feel—the call of the out-of-doors.

The eminently fine appreciation of the south German to music and the arts, and the debt that the world owes to this region for much of our most beautiful music, can in large measure be laid to the influence of the nearby forests. Here those men who, "in silence hear the great orchestrations of the world," received much of their inspiration.

Every visitor to the region feels the beautiful influence of the town forests, many of which have been established for a thousand years.

Besides the aesthetic influence, the town forest has a distinct utilitarian value to the town.

The fact that this nation faces a timber shortage is well known to most of us. We have started this century with one-third the forest and ten times the people, and each one using twice as much timber, as a hundred years ago. We cut many times the amount that we grow. The blunt truth is that aside from the growth on the great National Forests of the West and a bit in a few eastern states, there is no regulated and definitely devised timber growing in the United States. What we have is not nearly sufficient. The end is in sight.

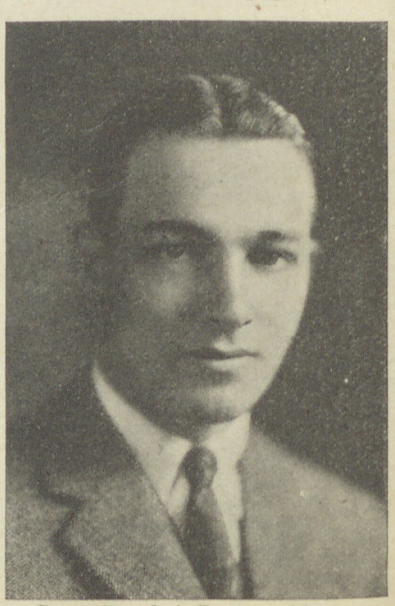
It is perfectly possible to have your forest and cut it too.

Many of the communities in our country might make themselves largely independent of exorbitant lumber prices and reap a real reward by growing forests. Even in the most densely settled regions there are many areas of well-nigh waste land which could be utilized to excellent advantage for this purpose. A ragged ravine, a steep hill side, the lands of the county poor farm, an old shooting range, the water supply area; all make good forest areas. It is not necessary to acquire large tracts in order to start such a project on a satisfactory scale.

Not alone would the lumber derived from the forest be of value, but in times of fuel famines, the poor could be taken care of from the forest; and in times of employment shortages it would provide additional employment for those who need it.

The town forest is not one of those social Utopias which, like Mark Twain's weather, everybody talks about and nobody does anything.

(*Continued on page 51*)



George Banzhaf, Forestry Adviser.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

Banquet held in Hotel Davenport during Wild Life Conference. Those at the speakers' table include Will H. Dilg, Chicago, and William T. Hornaday, New York.

The Western Outdoor Life Conference Held in Spokane, Washington, June 17-18

THE Western OUTDOOR-LIFE Conference held at the Davenport Hotel, Spokane, June 17-18, 1925, was called to order at 10 A. M. June 17th. The delegates were welcomed by Harlan I. Peyton, President of the Chamber of Commerce and Hon. Charles A. Fleming, Mayor of Spokane.

L. E. Ovenden, President of the Washington State Association of Game Wardens of Wenatchee, responded to the addresses of welcome.

J. C. H. Reynolds, Chairman, outlined briefly the purposes of the conference.

The chairman appointed the following committees:

Resolutions—J. A. Ford, Chairman, M. A. Burghduff, D. H. Madsen, S. F. Rathbun and Otto M. Jones.

Committee on Cooperation—Col. S. Maynard Rogers, Chairman, Chas. R. Pollock, R. E. Thomas, with Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday acting in an advisory capacity.

Committee on Publicity—Will H. Dilg, Chairman, L. E. Ovenden, Charles E. Myers.

REPORT OF THE RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE.

We, your committee on resolutions, beg leave to report as follows:

1. WHEREAS, the preservation and the development of the out-door life in America, the protection both of the wild places and the wild life in its native surroundings is essential to the preservation of the ideals of Americanism, upon which this nation has been built, recognizing that in the interest of the future greatness of this country, generations yet to come are entitled to the privileges enjoyed by the present generation and recognizing the necessity for a constructive conservation policy and a continuity of such policy, now therefore

BE IT RESOLVED: That this conference recommends the early passage by Congress of a measure having for its purpose the establishment of game refuges for migratory wild fowl in suitable areas throughout the United States; that such measures as are necessary be enacted to prohibit unwise and unnecessary drainage of swamp areas; that for the purpose of providing finances to establish and maintain game refuges on such suitable areas that the present sales tax on small arms and ammunition be continued, and that this sum be set aside as a game refuge or conservation fund to be used for the purchase and maintenance of game refuges; that the states in which such refuges are established shall have concurrent jurisdiction over their maintenance.

2. RESOLVED: That the Western OUTDOOR-LIFE Conference recommends and strongly urges that the Department of Agriculture exercise its authority at the earliest practical date to bring about a substantial reduction in the federal bag limits on migratory game, and that such reductions be uniform throughout the United States; that the Western OUTDOOR-LIFE Conference join with established conservation organizations for the purpose of securing the enactment of these necessary regulations and thus prohibit the unnecessary slaughter of wild water fowl at present permitted under federal regulations in those areas where migratory birds bulk heavily during open seasons.

Respectfully submitted,
RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE.

Col. Rogers, chairman of the Committee on Cooperation, offered the following committee report on Cooperation which was adopted unanimously:

REFORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON COOPERATION

COMMITTEE:

Col. S. Maynard Rogers, Chairman; Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday, R. E. Thomas, Chas. R. Pollock.

In view of the great areas and the diversified wild life interests of the United States, and the present lack of cooperation between some of the states regarding uniform game and wild life laws, it now seems evident that not only the communities, counties, states and groups of states, but the United States as a whole, must at once formulate definite local, state and finally a united national program if our wild life heritage, even in its present depleted form, is to be preserved.

It is, therefore, the well considered opinion of your committee that immediate steps should be taken to organize the American people in such a manner that the greatest good for wild life preser-

(Continued on page 48)

Life in Sagebrush Center

by Jack Baum

Illustrated by John Thoman

THIS here now article which you are about to read aint nothin' else but a publicity story. The inhabitants or denizens of Sagebrush Center, appointed me official advertisin' agent for their town, then bought me a second-hand typewriter and says, when they unwrapped the old machine and turned it over:

"Now spread yourself, boy. Tell the world what a salubrious spot this here little hamlet is, how peace-lovin' and quiet, how kind-hearted and thoughtful the community is to tourists. The bridle's plumb off so do your stuff. We need tourists and need 'em bad. Go to it!"

If you think bein' publicity agent for Sagebrush Center is a joke just let me mention what happened to the last one they had. It was like this:

A slick lookin' individual arrived in Sagebrush Center one day last year in a flivver. At once a meeting of the leading citizens was called to decide upon the best method to use in accomplishing the demise of the tourist. Big Nose George was for lining him up against a 'dobe wall, pinning a mark on his breast and allowing the best shots of the community to get a little pistol practice.

"We aint shot no tourists for almost two weeks," said George, "and we don't know when we'll get another chance."

Beaver-tooth Charlie, so called because of the prominence of his two upper front teeth which stick out like can-openers, was for turning him loose on the desert while the denizens of Sagebrush Center pursued him on horseback firing from the saddle.

"This here method gives action and excitement," remarked Charlie, "all dolled up in red coats, everybody yellin' and chasin' and shootin' at once is sure some exhileratin'. It's real sport, that's what it is and I'm for it."

But the slick lookin' tourist who overheard these recommendations, very selfishly didn't seem to enter into the holiday spirit of the occasion. He appeared morose and sullen, like a bear with a sore ear.

"Look here," says this tourist, buttin' into the conversation, "You folks don't seem to savvy who I be. I'm the best advertisin' man between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. If I was to set out now on a advertisin' campaign to boost your peaceful little hamlet it wouldn't be a year before you had tourists comin' here as thick as flies around a dead horse. You're too wasteful of your opportunities. That's what's the matter with this town. You don't know a good thing when you see it."

Well, Beaver-tooth Charlie, Big Nose George and the rest, talked it over and decided that the stranger was right. What Sagebrush Center needed was publicity.

"Be you a No. 1 publicity agent?" asks George.

"None better," says this slick stranger, with pride. "In one year I'll guarantee to have tourists pourin' in here by droves and phalanxes. Why, I'll start out tomorrow and plaster these glorious United States from end to end with posters tellin' the multitudinous attractions of your quiet little hamlet. Just give me one year, standard time, and Sagebrush Center is made!"

"We aint got time to wait no year," answered BigNose George, "what we need is circulation—and you got to circulate!"

Although the tourist suggested many ways in which to attract and hold the public attention and even agreed to cut the time down to six months, the denizens of Sagebrush Center had advertisin' ideas of their own. These they proceeded to carry out in spite of the fact that the slick stranger protested strongly, even bitterly, and as I have said selfishly refused to enter into the holiday spirit of the occasion.

A branding iron was cleverly fashioned bearing the words:

"SEE SAGEBRUSH CENTER SURE."

The newly appointed advertising man was tied down and as the sizzling iron was applied to his starboard flank he was headed east and turned loose.

"Now that," remarks Beaver-tooth Charlie, as the publicity man disappeared over the horizon in a cloud of dust and smoke, "is what I call a jim dandy advertisin' idea! If I do say it as shouldn't. Six months! Huh! At the rate he's travellin' now them burnin' words will be seen and read by every man, woman and child in these here now United States in two days unless he runs into an ocean or two and that's a chance we got to take!"

Sagebrush Center, you bet, is up to date. It's in on all the big stuff. New York and Chicago put on a lot of dog about entertainin' the Prince of Wales. Do you suppose for a minute that Sagebrush Center let them two big burghs put anything over? Not a bit. We in Sagebrush had our own little entertainment for the Prince, too. It happened like this:—

Not long ago a lean, ragged, hungry lookin' tourist arrived in Sagebrush Center. He was young, hardly dry behind the ears yet and had that slithery, limp, look that made you think perhaps he'd been poured out of a bottle. He had a crop of fuzzy, startled-lookin' hair and his eyes gleamed like a trapped coyote's. His whole appearance suggested the result of a liason between a horse-hair rope and a greyhound.

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The lean and hungry-lookin' tourist had not been in town long enough to get shot before he motioned Beaver-tooth aside with a regal gesture and whispered very mysteriously in his ear:

"Old Bean," he said, whispering, "jolly old fish. I can see you are a regular old bustard, if you know what I mean. A man of discrimination and parts. Therefore I intend to let you in on a secret. I trust it will go no further; I'm the Prince of Wales travelling incog." And with that the tourist stepped back and drew himself up like Julius Caesar.

"Travelin' in what?" exclaimed Beaver-tooth, plumb astonished, and impressed no end at bein' in on secrets with royalty. "I thought that little car you arrived in was a Ford."

"It is," said the Prince, "but don't you see? No one except yourself knows who I am. I'm the Prince of Wales and I don't want these here common varlets to know who I be."

"Prince, your secret is safe," replied Beaver, "but while you're here sojournin' in our humble midst like a thoroughbred bull in a herd of cross-bred calves, I'd like to whirl in and have the town put on a real bang up entertainment. What do you say, is it a go?"

Jack Baum, hunting editor of the Chicago Daily News is now in Alaska studying the Kodiak Bear and gathering material for a novel he will write upon his return. Mr. Baum has promised the readers of Outdoor America a story of his trip through this wild country.

The Prince looked over the country a bit with an appraising eye. "Jolly little hamlet you have here," he observes, thoughtfully, "hills and dales all covered with sage heather and what-not. Bracken and furze on the moors and downs, what. Could you arrange a quiet gunning party. But if there is anything I hate it is to see the populace cracking the old knees in suppliance bent, if you know what I mean. So not a word about who I be."

"Prince, your secret is safe," returned Beaver-tooth, with a bow. "Your wishes is our law. We'll turn loose and throw a regular Roman Holiday in your honor. We got a passel of tourists hived away over at the corral, the dogs is yelpin' for action and our best shots need the practice. We'll give a celebration tomorrow with a whirlwind finish a-chasin' and shootin' them tourists. She's sure royal sport!"

"Sounds jolly intriguing and all that," agreed the Prince, gettin' excited. "But don't bother about royal diadems and ermine robes and all that. Such things bore me. Seen too much of 'em, absolutely."

The next day the Prince was fittingly entertained and was the life of the party, until in the words of Big Nose George, "he got a leetle overtaken by drink," and fell off his horse.

But this gala day was spoiled. For a time it bid fair to go down in history as Sagebrush Center's greatest day. The idea of having the Prince of Wales skallyhooting around the country shooting up tourists with them was too good to be true. The entertainment was spoiled when a heavy set stranger in a blue uniform arrived along toward the end of the festivities and explained, as he tied up the shock-headed Prince and threw him in the back of his car:

"This here weasel-faced scion of royalty you kind-hearted folks have been entertainin' so lavishly aint nobody else but Woodtick Wilbur, a vi'lent inmate of the asylum over at Carson City. He made his getaway last week and I can't figure out why the ground squirrels didn't eat him up before he got here. His partic'lar hallucination is he thinks he's the Prince of Wales."

To demonstrate just how polite and considerate of the feelings of others the denizens of Sagebrush Center are, mention should be made of an episode that happened last week. It is typical of Sagebrush Center generosity, than which there is no thanwhicher.

A tourist arrived in the salubrious little hamlet and was in a great hurry to cross the river and proceed upon his way. Looking about he saw a boat pulled

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 66]

A slick lookin' individual arrived in Sagebrush Center last year in a flivver. At once a meeting of the leading citizens was called.

© St. Louis News Service Photo.

What a time a fly fisherman could have had with these. But they are in a lake belonging to the fish hatchery in Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo., where fishermen are not allowed. These Bass are being transferred to another lake.

The Hatchery's The Thing

by G. V. Kenton

FISH, fish, nothing but fish! That just about describes the life of Phillip Kopplin, superintendent of the fish hatcheries for the State of Missouri located in Forest Park at St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Kopplin has been in charge of the institution for nearly thirty-nine years. His knowledge obtained from watching fish in their native element would entitle him to a degree of Master of Arts in Fishery, if such an honorary title were conferred by any of the colleges today.

There are two other hatcheries in Missouri besides the one at St. Louis, but they are small ones. The St. Louis hatchery is reputed to be the largest in the United States. It makes use of fourteen lakes in different parks of the city, covering in the aggregate sixty-five acres. About 750,000 small fish a year are distributed free to applicants living within the State.

The hatchery is maintained through fees collected in licensing fishermen, hunters and trappers. The revenue for the present year is estimated at $167,000. About one-fourth of this goes to the St. Louis plant, 50 per cent for game protection and 25 per cent for maintaining State parks.

"The fish propagation and conservation movement in Missouri dates back to 1879," said Mr. Kopplin in describing his work. "In that year the Federal Government, as part of a national program, sent to the hatcheries here 200 young carp for breeding purposes. They were brought direct from Germany and with these we were to populate the ponds, lakes and rivers of the State, the fish at that time being looked upon as especially fine.

"In order to give the carp a good start, we hired an expert from Germany, George Eckhardt, to watch them and teach us how to care for them. But they didn't need a great deal of care. They grew rapidly and multiplied so that in three years we began sending them out to applicants. There were more applicants at first than we could take care of.

"But by and by public sentiment turned against the carp. A great part of that was caused by the fact that carp grown in muddy ponds had soft flesh which ruined their flavor. The carp when first brought from Germany tasted much better due to our keeping them in clean lakes of cool water.

"My father was in charge of the hatchery when it started. In 1885, when I took control, I could see how many sportsmen were leaning toward more game fish, such as bass and crappie. So we began propagating these on a fairly large scale. Finally in 1892, we gave up altogether the raising of carp in favor of game fish. Now we have only a few carp, large ones, keeping them as a relic of bygone days. We have one weighing about thirty-five pounds, a sort of a grandfather, that has come to be almost a pet. We have a buffalo also of about the same size. We often place the two on exhibition in a small pond. Sightseers in the park take delight in watching them.

"In addition to growing large-mouth bass and crappie, we

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propogate three kinds of sunfish—blue gill, large-mouth black, and yellow. Sunfish can be raised in the bass lakes with some degree of success as bass do not eat the small sunfish as readily as they do their own progeny.

"The spawning season begins about the middle or latter part of May. For the bass we prepare a spawning bed by dumping about thirty buckets of sand and gravel in about eighteen inches of water, preferably eight or ten feet from shore. We also place ordinary sod under eighteen inches of water for a bed, as some of the fish prefer this to the gravel.

"For crappie we use the sod beds entirely. For sunfish we take wild grape vines and weight them down near shore under twelve to eighteen inches of water. They attach their eggs to the vines.

"Adult fish are kept in lakes to themselves during spawning season. While spawning, the fish seldom take food, although I have known bass to bite after being teased quite a while with a live minnow. The male guards the eggs until hatched and keeps the brood under his watchful eye until they are about three weeks old. Then they are left to shift for themselves. Just before this stage is reached, we seine the lake and take out the adults.

"The greed of the bass is well illustrated by an incident that happened when we were growing carp. We had a lot of young bass that spring in a lake which had an overflow through a one-half inch mesh copper screen, into a carp pond. One day in the fall a friend asked me how the carp were doing. I told him I feared something was wrong as I hadn't seen any lately. A few days later we seined the lake for carp and took out 500 fine bass. Not a carp was to be found. The bass had passed through the overflow screen and, growing rapidly had become large enough to gobble up all the carp.

"The time it takes for fish eggs to hatch depends upon the temperature of the water. With a temperature of 65° to 70°, hatching of bass is accomplished in six to ten days. Colder water takes a little longer. A temperature of 45° is fatal. A pound and a half bass will lay about 2,500 eggs, a four or five pound fish from 4,000 to5,000. Young bass begin reproduction at from one to two years of age.

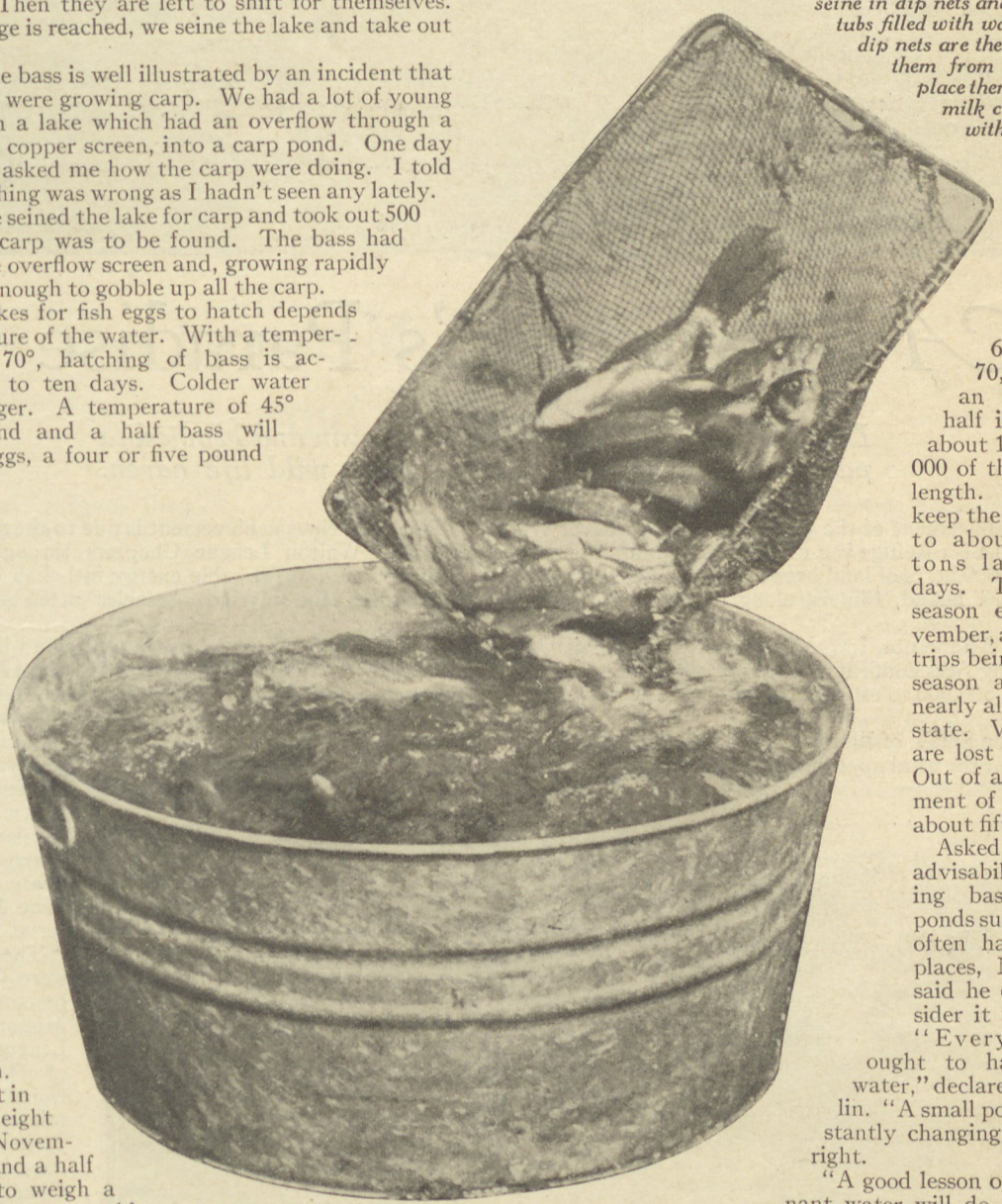
"In feeding our adult fish we use crawfish and minnows, maintaining a few ponds for the growing of such food. For the small fish we grind up the crawfish and mix ship stuff with it. Also we grind up beef liver and hearts for feed.

"Growth of bass and crappie is very rapid but rather uneven. A bass hatched out in May weighs about eight to ten ounces by November. A bass one and a half years old ought to weigh a pound and one two years old about two and a quarter pounds. Because of the uneven growth of the bass and crappie, we seine the spawning lakes every week during the summer after July 1. If we neglect to do this, the fish that grow fastest eat up the smaller ones.

"We are bothered some by turtles, kingfishers and muskrats but we seine out and trap the turtles and muskrats. A few years ago we successfully used a barrel to catch turtles. This was placed beneath the water and arranged with a drop top, so that when the turtle got on it he fell inside. We took them out with dip nets. Now we manage to keep turtles out by seining.

"Poachers cause a great deal of annoyance. We had one lake nearly ruined last year by someone catching a number of the bass. The poachers slip up to the lakes at night and use some sort of lure in their work. We have a number of guards stationed around the various lakes, but now and then the poacher picks a time when the guard is absent for a few minutes and gets in his deadly work."

Mr. Kopplin said distribution of all fish is accomplished by sending out a car along the railroad lines. The railroads haul the car free and stops are made at central points, where applicants call for their shipments. The fish are kept in ten-gallon milk cans into which a tube is run to supply fresh air. Distribution of bass left over from the year before is begun usually in March. The new hatch is permitted to develop for about six weeks before shipping is begun. They are about one and a half inches long at this age.



The fish are taken from the large seine in dip nets and dumped into tubs filled with water. Smaller dip nets are then used to take them from the tubs and place them in 20-gallon milk cans half filled with water.

© St. Louis News Service.

The car is equipped to transport 60,000 to 70,000 fish of an inch and a half in length, or about 15,000 to 20,000 of the three-inch length. Ice is used to keep the temperature to about 65°, two tons lasting two days. The shipping season ends in November, about twenty trips being made in a season and covering nearly all parts of the state. Very few fish are lost in handling. Out of a recent shipment of 54,000, only about fifty died.

Asked about the advisability of placing bass in small ponds such as farmers often have on their places, Mr. Kopplin said he did not consider it a good idea. "Every bass lake ought to have running water," declared Mr. Kopplin. "A small pond with constantly changing water is all right.

"A good lesson on what stagnant water will do, even in the winter time, was brought to my attention five years ago. We lost all adult bass in one lake during a hard freezing spell. Inquiry showed water had not been running into the lake to supply fresh oxygen. Our other lakes where water had been kept running were all right."

In addition to propagation, the fish hatchery superintendent is engaged in a great deal of conservation work. Following the spring overflows along the Missouri River near St. Louis, Mr. Kopplin and his men rescue a lot of fish from the ponds which would dry up rapidly, and transport them to lakes where sportsmen may reap the benefit.

Are you doing your share in helping?

A Sportsman's Paradise—

Legislatures of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota pass enabling acts establishing great wild life haven.

THE establishment of the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge is a concrete fact and purchase of the 345,000 acres of land between Wabasha, Minnesota, and Rock Island, Illinois, along the Mississippi River will begin.

Four states, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois, have passed Enabling Acts confirming the action of Congress in appropriating $1,500,000 to establish a wild life sanctuary in this area.

Governor Len Small, of Illinois, signed the final enabling act and $400,000 of the total appropriation is now available.

This marvelous achievement is due to the splendid activities of Izaak Walton League Chapters throughout the United States whose indefatigable energy in behalf of this legislation surmounted the myriad obstacles attendant upon such a measure.

There is human interest, romance if you will, in the fact that the man who fathered the Upper Mississippi River Bill through Congress—who rendered every assistance to President Will H. Dilg while in Washington, Congressman Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, should make the first inspection of this sportsman's paradise for which he worked so diligently.

Congressman Hawes, and a delegation of enthusiastic Waltonians, chartered the steamer *Piasa* and left St. Louis June 13th for the preserve.

Those in the party were Jack R. Cunningham, President of the Missouri Division of the League and Chairman of the League's National Executive Committee; W. H. Allen, Jefferson City; G. M. Arend, St. Louis; Judge Glendy B. Arnold, St. Louis; R. P. Atwood, Clayton; Charles U. Becker, Secretary of State, Jefferson City; Carlton Cook, St. Louis; Ellers Cook, St. Louis; Isaac Cook, St. Louis; Con P. Curran, St. Louis; John Curran, St. Louis; Dwight W. Currie, president Missouri Bar Association; L. E.

A paradise for fish, game and fur bearing animals.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

The Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge

Because of the excellence of the Hunting Stories submitted to the Hunting Story Contest, the judges have not as yet completed their task. However, the winners will be announced next month without fail.

Dennig, St. Louis; Jacques De La Chappell, Chicago; Rev. Father Peter J. Dooley, St. Louis; Wayne Ely, St. Louis; Charles S. Enhard, St. Louis; F. P. Ford, St. Louis; Al Guiom, St. Louis; Louis Hall, U. S. Collector of Customs, St. Louis; Harry B. Hawes, Congressman from Twelfth Missouri district; A. H. Handlan, St. Louis; Robert W. Hendrick, Jefferson City; Berry Hocker, St. Louis; Lon Hocker, St. Louis; Asa Hutson, St. Louis Globe-Democrat; J. W. Jamison, St. Louis; Dr. Albert Johnson, St. Louis; George Johns, editorial writer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; Henry C. Jost, former mayor of Kansas City, now representing that district in congress; J. W. Kearney, St. Louis; Julius H. Koehler, St. Louis; O. C. Lonny, St. Louis; Cusid Lechtman, Kansas City; E. E. Levens, Nevada; H. Leudinghaus, St. Louis; H. McAdams, history writer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; W. F. Moore, St. Louis; Dr. W. H. Mook, St. Louis; Chase Morsey, St. Louis; Dr. R. S. Murdock, St. Louis; Clint Murphy, official photographer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; G. S. Putzoker, official photographer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; W. H. Powell, Sedalia; A. H. Reller, St. Louis; Judge Virgil Rule, St. Louis; Julian Simon, St. Louis; Harvey G. Terry, Sedalia; Joseph F. Tumulty, St. Louis; Albert Von Hoffman, St. Louis; F. Van Brecht, St. Louis; Frank H. Wielandy, St. Louis; Rolla H. Wilson, Kansas City; B. F. Williams, St. Louis; W. F. Woener, St. Louis; William H. Woodward, St. Louis.

For a river steamer, the craft was well equipped and the trip to Wabasha and return was thoroughly enjoyed by those on board.

A complete story of this trip will appear later.

A branch of the Winnesheik.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

E. H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

The Game Refuge Bill

A Statement by the National Executive Committee, I. W. L. A.

WE are all agreed that the saving of our remaining marsh lands is a vital necessity, both from the migratory bird sanctuary standpoint and from an agricultural standpoint. The question seems to be, which path to take—which route is the better. While a number of the League members were opposed to the old game refuge bill, yet the League endorsed this bill at the Second Annual Convention, and it was imperative that the officers of the League carry out the mandates of the convention of the League, whether they considered it a good bill or not.

Considerable space has been devoted by rival organizations and magazines, claiming it to be a fact, that individuals of the League had promised certain things. Everything promised was done, and done well. However, let us mention in passing, that no one person or officer of this League can properly obligate the League. The conventions of the League and membership of the League whose views are voiced at the convention, is the governing body. Between conventions the board of directors, which has elected an executive committee to represent them, is the governing body of the League and controls its policies.

Time and events change all conditions. The League's support of the old so-called Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill, was based on the mandate of the League Convention, and not on the personal promises of any one or several individuals. The support given the old Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill in the last session of Congress by this League, was whole hearted and unanimous. The League spent thousands of dollars sending telegrams to members and officers of the League, in trying to procure passage of same. In the November and December issues of the League's magazine we carried more space advocating the old Game Refuge Bill than any other outdoor magazine.

We are also charged with the violation of a pledge made in the conference of May 24th, 1924. Let us look at the facts. A member of this conference writes under date of January 1st, 1925, "It was understood that you (Mr. Dilg) and all others present would do all you could to help advance the Game Refuge Bill this Fall and Winter."

No one can point to any failure to use the utmost good faith and earnestness in carrying out this promise.

It must be self evident that even though a bill in different form passed first the Senate and then the House, but in different sessions, it has failed to pass both houses of Congress in the same session because it has not appealed to the members of Congress, after a careful and conscientious study of the provisions of this bill. From the best information obtainable we are of the firm opinion that a majority of Congressmen and Senators are against the Game Refuge Bill as written.

After passing the amendments to the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Refuge Bill, in the last days of Congress, movements were started immediately to have enabling acts passed in the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois permitting the government to take over this migratory bird, fish and game sanctuary. It then became very apparent to the Izaak Walton League that only with extreme difficulties could the enabling acts be passed in the various states.

The provision of the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill by which sportsmen are to be taxed $1.00 for the privilege of shooting over the Public Grounds purchased with the proceeds of the money, is not in and of itself altogether objectionable, *but* the differences which arise in the administration of this fund are so many and so vital and would raise such question between the states that its unfortunate consequences would be far reaching and unmeasurable.

The Izaak Walton League in the past year has had some experience in attempting to pass enabling acts as provided by the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill which passed Congress, and those interested in procuring the passage of such legislation in the individual states found that they were not willing to pass such Acts unless these Acts contained provisions which would assure to each one of the states the benefits which they would consider to be their rights under the funds created. The Enabling Acts, which were necessary under the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill were inconsiderable in comparison to the difficulties to be encountered under the Game Refuge Bill. The distribution of the funds provided by the license fees would create a feeling between states which would make the passage of such Enabling Acts impossible and which would go far toward creating a feeling of jealousy and misunderstanding between the states, which would hinder the development of legislation in the individual states which is so necessary to the protection of our wild life. It does not become a matter of states' rights, but of mutual good faith and understanding.

Already a number of the states have passed legislation for the acquisition of Game Refuges. Under the old Game Refuge Bill as written money may be collected in Texas or Oklahoma for Game Refuges and used to purchase Game Refuges in New York State. Also under the old Game Refuge Bill, states which have already provided their own game refuges and bird sanctuaries will be taxed just the same without direct benefit.

More Federalization

One rival magazine has stated that the only successful conservation must come from the Federal government. This ultimately means the federalization of all hunting and fishing. Conservation, like charity, begins at home. Successful conservation comes only with proper education. The success of the Izaak Walton League is due to education before legislation, and within these principles and ideals lies the only permanent future, safety and security of our great out-of-doors.

The Izaak Walton League today, with its seventeen hundred chapters is doing more toward the proper education of the American people, along the lines of conservation, than all of the Federal laws combined. The Izaak Walton League has inspired, even in the hearts of the many violators, the necessity for the love, protection and care of America's outdoor resources thus arousing individual personal responsibilities in each community, instilling within the hearts and minds of the coming

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

generation, the desire to protect and conserve, the birds and trees, fish and game, marsh lands and all other natural resources. This inspiration can and will do more good than all the Federal laws passed by the Congresses that are to come.

The Izaak Walton League has no commercial basis and has never received any gratuitous financial assistance from any ammunition or gun manufacturer of any kind. This cannot truly be said of all other rival sportsmen's organizations. The management and success of the Izaak Walton League up to the present time has been a shining example of right thinking and properly inspired principles that no rival sportsmen's organization or rival magazines have attained.

The Izaak Walton League has no enemies to punish or no characters to be smirched with mud. The Izaak Walton League is the largest body of nationally organized sportsmen in the world, and enjoys the confidence and unanimous support of all its members. This fact in itself manifests the solid foundation upon which the Izaak Walton League is built.

Another Federal Tax

Take the old Game Refuge Bill as written, strip it down, and you find that the only thing that it assures sportsmen in each state, is a Federal License Tax. Even in spite of the fact that the bill is named the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill.

In regard to the conference mentioned in rival magazines it might be well to state that this conference was not held at the suggestion of the members of the League. It came from another conservation organization, which did not live up to its promises in assisting the Izaak Walton League with their united efforts to put over our Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Game Refuge Bill. In fact, the leader of the above mentioned conservation movement left Washington the following day and was not seen in Washington until after our bill had been passed, and signed by the President. The workers for our bill, however, were constantly encountering stumbling blocks put in their way by unknown sources, all of which were successfully overcome because of the real outstanding merits of our legislation. It is most unfortunate that personalities and mis-statements of facts have entered into the differences of opinion on the Game Refuge Bill, which has been before Congress for four years.

Mis-State Facts

In the bulletin, edited by Carlos Avery and publishing the statement signed by John B. Burnham that the Upper Mississippi River Bill received an appropriation of only $400,000. The truth of the matter is that Congress authorized $1,500,000, and the last session of Congress released $400,000 of this amount to be used in the immediate purchase of lands under the provisions of the Upper Mississippi River Bill. Another statement which is subject to correction in the bulletin edited by Carlos Avery, publishing the statement, signed by John B. Burnham, this statement appears: "The second agreement entered into by Mr. Dilg and his associates at the same time bind him not to introduce any rival Game Refuge Bill. There was nothing reciprocal about this second agreement." Notwithstanding the fact that the executive committee is the only body empowered to act between conventions or obligate the Izaak Walton League.

We submit the following telegram from Mr. Dilg, under date of June 16th, from Spokane, Washington: "It is not a fact that I agreed with Burnham or with any man or combination of men that the League will not introduce a Game Refuge Bill, (Signed) W. H. Dilg." The Izaak Walton League through the chairman of its national executive committee, has told Mr. Burnham repeatedly that the Izaak Walton League has no intention of fighting the old so-called Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill, let it stand or fall on its own merits, except that we reserve the right to tell the truth about the defects of the so-called Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill, and have not started a concerted organized fight to stop its passing in Congress.

League Has No Bill

Let it now be said that at the present time, *that not a line* of the proposed Izaak Walton League Marshland and Migratory Bird Sanctuary Bill which is to be introduced by Mr. Hawes has been written. So far only suggestions have been made. Therefore, any talk about the "forty-five million dollar" appropriation at this time is idle gossip used only to divert the minds of the sportsmen from the outstanding defects of the old Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill.

It is urged by those who are attacking the League that we are proposing a bill in its entirety. If the writers of the articles who have been attacking the League's action, had been careful enough to read the records of the proceedings of the convention and the editorial, which appeared in our magazine, they would realize that the action of the National Convention was the asking of the Honorable Harry B. Hawes, who has had such wide experience in legislation of this character, to form a committee to draft a bill which would meet with the objections to the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill which had failed of passage.

It is thought and hoped that by having the benefit of the experience of Congressman Hawes and his committee composed of legislators, sportsmen, agriculturists, and forestry experts that a bill can be produced which will, in-so-far as possible, overcome the objections to the old game refuge bill and will enable us to get better and quicker action.

The editorial in our June issue which has been criticized, contains no more than suggestions to this committee as to what the game refuge bill should finally contain.

League Upholds Migratory Bird Law

The Izaak Walton League is committed to the enforcement of the migratory bird law by Article Nine of the platform of the League, which reads, "the strictest enforcement of the Migratory Bird Law." The Izaak Walton League also stands ready to help and assist when the necessity is properly shown, to get whatever additional appropriations may be necessary for the actual and proper enforcement of this Migratory Bird Law.

Has it ever been called to your attention that nauseating conditions might creep into the ranks of the enforcement officers of the U. S. laws as readily as they do into ranks of the enforcement officers of the states. It must also be perfectly obvious to the layman, that even under the worst state conditions of any Game and Fish department or commission, that undesirable conditions could be more easily corrected under state enforcement than they could be reached if the objectionable features were entirely in Federal hands.

The executive committee of the Izaak Walton League has sufficient confidence in Congressman Harry B. Hawes and the committee, to let them determine a workable migratory bird sanctuary measure, and that such a bill when completed will meet with the approval of every right thinking sportsman and conservationist in the United States.

It might be well to state here that the state of Pennsylvania recently passed an appropriation of $25,000,000 to buy cut-over forest lands in that state. This state has been the outstanding example of game conservation for many years past. Many other states are now following the conservation ideas so beautifully demonstrated by Pennsylvania.

An Empty Dream

The old so-called Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill is an attempt to carry water on both shoulders. But you will find most of the water is now in the bucket on the shoulder labeled Federal License Tax, and most of the states, in the event that the old bill should pass, when they go to look for

the contents of the bucket on the other shoulder labeled Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds, so far as their state is concerned, will find there is a big hole in the bottom of the bucket—that it is an empty dream.

The Izaak Walton League is firmly convinced that an honest straight-forward policy and a workable Game Refuge Bill that will really produce what the title promises, and which is conceived in the minds of men whose sole and only interest is that of preserving our great heritage, the out-of-doors, and whose only purpose in preparing such a Bill is that of performing a great public service without thought, or hope of reward, or personal aggrandizement, is what the sportsmen and conservationists are really looking for.

In closing let it be known that the National Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League has the utmost confidence in the ability and sincerity of Will H. Dilg, its National President, and resents any scurrilous attack upon his character or motives.

Signed:

National Executive Committee.

J. R. Cunningham	Charles W. Folds	Fred C. Becker
George W. Wood	Karl T. Brown	Geo. R. Selover
Frank Stick	Henry A. Schuil	Haskell Noyes

President Will H. Dilg, editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *will personally answer the attack upon himself and the Izaak Walton League of America in the September issue of this magazine.*

On the nest—a remarkable bird photograph taken by Walter Hastings.

IF YOU WANT A DOG

WRITE TO OUR KENNEL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

While we cannot undertake to act as buying or selling agent for you, we will be glad to suggest reliable kennels where you may buy the dog you want.

Address All Inquiries to

Kennel Service Department, Izaak Walton League of America

536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

POLLUTION
A National Menace
The Most Important Problem The I.W.L.A. Will have to Solve

Cartoon By Everett E. Lowry

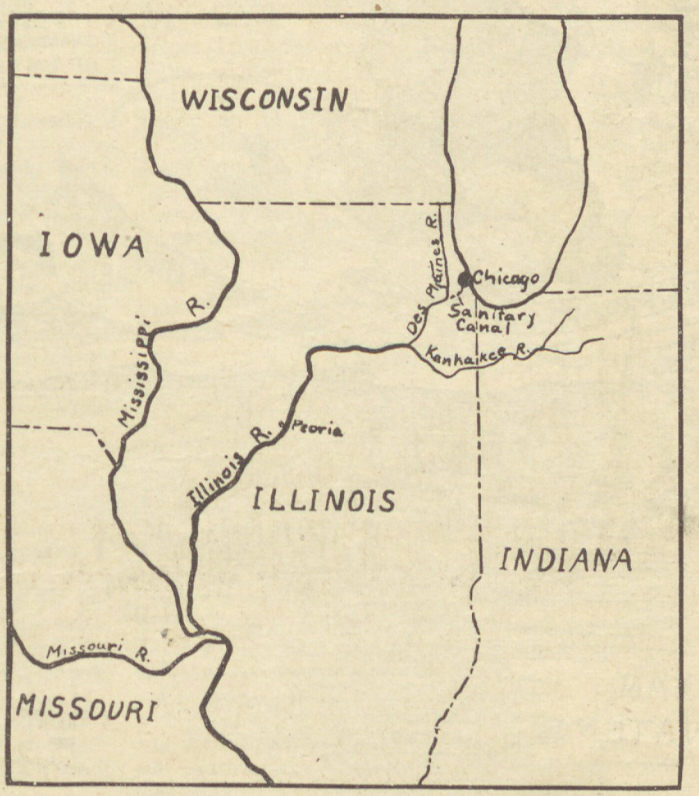
Edited By Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward
America's Leading Authority

Restoring a River's Health

By CHARLES F. SCHURCH

THE Illinois River is to be saved! In the fight for its preservation against the growing menace of pollution which threatens to blight the scenic beauty and natural resources of so many fine streams, lovers of the Illinois see assurance of victory in the permit recently granted to the city of Chicago by the War Department.

The Illinois River is the largest tributary to the upper Mississippi. Formed by the junction of the Kankakee and Des Plaines rivers, about forty miles southwest of Chicago, it flows majestically on between picturesque bluffs and rolling prairies for 273 miles to its meeting with the Mississippi River.



The Illinois River is a former outlet of the Great Lakes.

For twenty-five years the city of Chicago has been emptying her sewage and the wastes of her myriad industries into the Des Plaines River, washing it down into the Illinois by means of water diverted from Lake Michigan. Forced by the startling death toll from typhoid fever to dispose of her wastes in some other way than into the lake whence came her water supply, Chicago reaped an immediate benefit from the opening of the Sanitary Canal. The dreaded typhoid epidemics which had previously raged there almost without abating were promptly and permanently checked, and sanitary conditions along the water front were greatly improved. Nor were there at once any extended harmful effects upon the Illinois River. But in this period of a quarter of a century the population of the city has more than doubled and hundreds of new industrial plants have given rise to an ever-swelling stream of obnoxious wastes.

With this rising flood of filth pouring down into the Illinois at its very origin, the confluence of the Des Plaines and Kankakee rivers, it is small wonder that the Illinois has become sick. When a river becomes diseased it must carry its burden of filth with it, exposing its disgusting contents to the view of those who live or pass along its banks.

Nature tends always to self-purification. A polluted stream tends to purify itself and, under normal conditions, does so in a comparatively short time. The organic matter which is the cause of pollution is gradually digested and oxidized, giving rise to carbon dioxide and other gases and leaving in solution and on the bed of the stream the salts and inoffensive humus of which it is in part composed.

But when a stream is heavily burdened with organic wastes, self-purification takes place very slowly. All the oxygen in the water is used up without oxidizing more than a small part of the material. In the absence of oxygen, fish and other forms of healthy water life cannot live and the stream becomes thoroughly sick. This is the condition of the Illinois for fully one-third its length.

When Chicago sewage first began to flow into the Illinois we had not yet learned the lesson that later years have taught us.

No one who is acquainted with the story of the Middle West can be unmindful of the historic grandeur of this river which gives its name to the prairie state.

It was into this river that Joliet and Marquette turned their adventurous canoes on returning from their voyage of discovery down the Mississippi. A few years later, in the dead of winter, La Salle with his motley crew floated down the ice-rimmed stream, bent upon taking possession of this vast domain in the name of the king of France.

Standing as a sentinel at the gates of the broad valley of the Illinois, near the present city of Ottawa, and looking down upon the changing pageant which the river has borne past its foot through the lapse of ages, is Starved Rock, itself a memorial to the river's historic past. Upon its flat but almost impregnable top, 140 feet above the river, was erected the first military post to be established on the frontier route from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The name of Starved Rock originates in the tradition that here the last of the Illinois tribesmen, hard pressed by their blood-thirsty red enemies during the Colonial wars in 1769, made a last desperate stand, and, destitute of food and water after a twelve day siege, perished in a hopeless sortie rather than surrender to their foes.

The fish that here found their natural home have been sought since early times by sportsmen and commercial fisher-

men alike. Thirty or forty years ago fishing took its place with farming and coal mining as one of the three great industries of the state. The productiveness of the Illinois River in fresh water food fishes has exceeded that of any other river in North America.

Add to this picture of the Illinois before it felt the contaminating influence of civilization the scene of hearty enjoyment of which it was the generous provider. Sportsmen and nature lovers flocked each year to its banks to fish for the bass and pike and prized sturgeon and to gain a welcome rest from the clamor of city life. To those who resided within sight of the great stream the view afforded daily inspiration and its waters, unending pleasure. Picture all these things and you will have some inkling of what the Illinois in its healthy condition meant to the state and to the nation.

The opening of the Sanitary Canal in 1900 marked the beginning of a gradual change. First at its source and then advancing slowly downstream the effect of pollution began to manifest itself. The surface lost its silvery luster and became overspread with an oily scum that frequently bore bits of decaying debris. Gases bubbled up continually from the septic matter in its depths and its odor became offensive. The normal life of the river could no longer live there and either perished or retreated downstream.

The successive stages of this repulsive disease have been carefully observed and recorded. It is probable that no other river in the world has been so thoroughly studied as the Illinois. For thirty-one years it has been the subject of investigation by the Illinois State Natural History Survey with the cooperation of the State Water Survey. Beginning the work as a study of the plant and animal life of a healthy river the investigators were obliged by the degenerating condition of the subject to continue it as a clinical study of a diseased stream.

The world takes a vacation.

Their reports show the progress of pollution. In 1911 offensive conditions prevailed only in the upper twenty or thirty miles of the river, the extent varying with the season and the changes of the river level. Seven years later, however, in 1918, the sickly condition had extended down the river some ninety miles, that is, practically to the Peoria lakes. The progress of the disease has been somewhat checked by the broad expanse of the Peoria lakes, in whose backwaters the organic wastes have time to digest and oxidize. But observations made in the last several years indicate that this halt is only temporary. Unless the pollution is stopped at its source it is but a question of time until the entire length of the Illinois will share the dismal fate of the upper ninety miles.

Forward-looking American cities have adopted methods of sewage treatment in order to hasten the purification of waste liquors and decrease the burden upon the streams. The treatment of sewage accomplishes in a rapid and efficient way what self-purification in the normal stream does slowly and uncertainly. By digestion and oxidation in specially constructed tanks, sewage is resolved into a clear liquor and a black humus-like sludge. Proper methods of treatment render the liquor wholly inoffensive and the sludge can be disposed of conveniently.

The hope of salvation for the Illinois lies in the working out of the conditions of the permit recently granted to the city of Chicago by the War Department. When the Sanitary District of the city first began to divert water from the Great Lakes to the Gulf through the Sanitary Canal it was necessary to obtain a permit from the Secretary of War. Recently the Sanitary District sought an extension of this permit together with the right to a larger volume of water. The old permit allowed it only 4,167 cubic feet per second and now 10,000 cubic feet was asked for. The increased diversion was for the purpose of washing the swelling volume of sewage from the growing city down into the Illinois. As a matter of fact, it had for a number of years been diverting more than the permitted amount but in 1923 an injunction from the Supreme Court necessitated obtaining a new permit or adhering to the old.

For the first time the protests of the residents of the Illinois valley began to be heard. The Secretary of War was assailed by requests to stop the further despoiling of the river. The Izaak Walton League of America, enbracing thousands of members, many of them residents of Chicago, presented a petition asking that the Sanitary District be constrained to use all the funds at its disposal for the building of sewage treatment plants. This provision Secretary Weeks saw fit to incorporate along with others into the new permit. The construction of these plants is to be started at once and within five years they are to be in operation for the treatment of the sewage of at least 1,200,000 of the population. At the end of ten years when the diversion of water is to be reduced to the minimum required for navigation alone, these plants will presumably be treating the sewage of the entire city.

These are the noteworthy features of the new permit. Dr. A. M. Buswell of the Illinois State Water Survey, says:

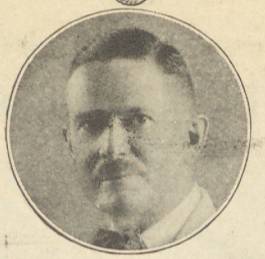
"When the diversion is cut down to a minimum as it will be in ten years, the current will not be sufficient to carry off the sewage solids from the city. Hence the city must be prepared to treat its sewage in order to prevent a local nuisance. Sewage treatment will lead to a purer effluent and with only this purified effluent flowing into the river I think that normal fish life will be restored practically as far up as Lockport."

Both he and Prof. S. A. Forbes of the Natural History Survey point out, however, that this is only the first victory in the fight to save the Illinois. All sewage must be prevented from flowing untreated into the river.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

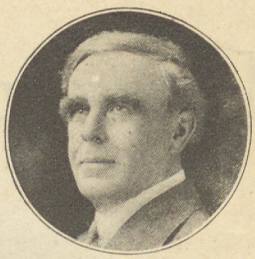
J. G. Bradford, Pres. So. Dak. Division.

Dr. Ferdinand Brown, Pres. Sioux Falls Chapter.



W. H. Furlong, V. Pres. Texas Div.

R. H. Ames, V. Pres. Texas Division.



Judge Escar Floyd, Pres. Texas Division.

South Dakota and Texas Hold State Conventions

South Dakota Convention

MORE than one hundred enthusiastic delegates, representing nearly every one of the forty-one Chapters in South Dakota, met in convention at Huron, on June 9th and 10th for the purpose of perfecting a State Division. Huron Chapter No. 13 acted as host to the delegates, and left nothing undone to make this first convention one always to be remembered by the delegates and visitors present. In this they received the wholehearted cooperation of the business men of the city, as well as the Lions and Rotary Clubs.

The Division meeting was a culmination of the untiring efforts of Dr. Ferdinand Brown, of Sioux Falls, National Director, and other state officials. Dr. Brown also presided at the opening of the meeting.

The convention was addressed by Dr. Bohemil Shimek, of Iowa University, who gave several interesting and instructive talks on the great need of conservation.

Carl E. Simon, National Executive Secretary, explained the objects and purposes of the State Division and what it will mean to South Dakota.

In addition to the above, interesting talks were given at the banquet, attended by nearly three hundred people, by B. F. Myers, State Secretary of Agriculture, Rev. J. G. Larsen, of Deadwood and Father MacConnachie of Redfield.

Local conservation problems in the State were discussed the second day of the Convention, and many constructive ideas to remedy matters were given and resolutions endorsing same were drawn.

State officers were elected as follows: President—J. G. Bradford, Sioux Falls; First Vice-President—William Spence, Mitchell; Second Vice-President—Dr. O. R. Wright, Huron; Third Vice-President—W. G. Rice, Deadwood; Secretary-Treasurer—Sidney Thorn, Sioux Falls. Directors elected were: Carl Bohl, Dell Rapids; Floyd Yaeger, Aberdeen; W. T. Huxtable, Spearfish; Dr. W. A. Rothschild, Madison; Rev. Geo. MacConnachie, Redfield; A. A. Coburn, Deadwood; Joe Timmich, Hartford; Rex Harris, Webster; P. D. Deen, Lead. Sioux Falls was selected as the convention city for 1926.

Texas Convention

FOUR hundred enthusiastic Waltonians gathered at Brady, Texas, June 8th and 9th to attend the state convention of Texas division of the I. W. L. A. This conference marks an important step in conservation. Not only were members from all state chapters present, but the State Fish, Game and Oyster Commission was represented in force.

Commissioner Turner E. Hubby, former president of the state division, who has done much in conservation work of the southwest, promised the active cooperation of his department in anything the division undertook to accomplish. In the opening session Commissioner Hubby announced that his department, aided by members of the League, has just located a wonderful site near Kerrville for a mammoth black bass hatchery. Another announcement was made that the state division plans to establish a great game sanctuary in Brady and San Saba counties. This country abounds in deer, turkey and quail.

Representatives from the state legislature were present and offered their support in the state program of conserving the wild life of Texas.

Scores of telegrams were sent to Senators and Congressmen asking that the plan to drain Caddo Lake be discarded.

Resolutions were passed favoring immediate action on the stream pollution. The practice of leasing land for hunting was deplored, and resolution favoring legislation remedying this evil was passed.

The convention went on record favoring a tax on artificial bait fishermen, knowing the legislature would welcome these men taxing themselves, and that later a general fishing tax would be possible.

The division is now working on a plan to close the season on all fishing during the spawning season, so there may be no evasion of the law making a closed season on game fish.

President William J. Tucker of Longview, Texas, suggested that for extension purposes the State of Texas be divided into four districts, with a vice-president and three directors for each district; all of these to work under the general supervision of the President and the first vice-president with an organizer for each district. The plan was unanimously adopted.

Officers elected for 1925 were: Judge Escar Floyd of Dallas, President; Judge George B. Taliaferro of San Antonio, first vice-president; R. H. Ames, of Amarillo, Texas, vice-president for northwest Texas; Wm. Harrison Furlong, vice-president for southwest Texas; Joe Martin of Austin, vice-president for southeast Texas and Wm. J. Tucker, vice-president for northeast Texas.

Splendid tribute was paid to the work of the Izaak Walton League of America and its accomplishments, and it was the voice of this convention that every sportsman of America owes Will Dilg a debt of gratitude. Unanimously the Texas division went on record approving the proposed Game Refuge Bill of the national organization.

TROUT

—By Regina Kaufman

Over a shadow-dappled pool
Of a blue-green world where the black gnats dance;
A speckled Chieftain holds his rule
With a flash like the glint of a warrior's lance;
Gleaming he bends with a whirling spring
As he leaps to the lure of a shimmering wing!

His rainbow tribe like bandits bold
Lurk in a cave beneath a stone
Planning a raid ere the day grows old
On drifting moth or worm alone
That softly float through a filtering beam—,
Loot on the crystal highway stream!

Is *Your* Heart in the Right Place?

This is not a question of psychology but a plain question of physiology. Most people have a heart but it is so buried beneath a veneer of self interest it cannot function. No man who claims to be a sportsman can have this type of heart beneath his shirt. Therefore if you will tear out the petition below and show it to the sportsmen of your community you will not only prove that your heart is properly situated but you will give him an opportunity to show the location of his.

Do it today.

Now Is the Time to Help the Jackson's Hole Elk!

Nature has come to our assistance this season and the elk will return to their summer ranges in fairly good condition due to the mild winter and sufficiency of hay on the government feeding station property. BUT NEXT WINTER IS COMING AND NO MAN CAN TELL WHAT IT WILL BRING WITH IT. We cannot trust again to fate. By the time next winter rolls around the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge must be in operation. Now is the time to do it. Just clip out this petition and ask your friends to chip in a quarter or a dime. Tell them the story as you know it. You will find they are anxious to help if you only give them a chance.

Right Now Is the Time to Do It.

Clip or Tear Out Petition on This Line to Comply with Postal Regulations.

City State Date Total $

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Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

© South Bend Bait Co.

A good catch

August—Mish-a-way, the mating moon of the elk, as the Indian tribes of the Great Lakes knew it—August is here, with dry mid-summer heat. Long drowsy noon-hours, with locusts chirping in the dead stubbles. The parched end of summer, before September brings us the cool winds of early autumn. Not much to do in the out-of-doors except rest. Too hot for good fishing. Little chance to photograph young birds in the nest, for they are grown and gone. Yet the roadside bushes hang heavy with black and red raspberries, and blueberries are ripe in the swamps, and the water in the old swimmin' hole is sun-warmed and fine. So August is a pretty good month after all, isn't it, fellows?

Only four more months after this, and our first prize letter contest ends. And along comes G. A. Ward, owner of the Mesquakie Kennels at Dysart, Iowa, and generously gives us a prize that upsets our first announcement by making our list of prizes about twice as fine as before. Here is his letter.

Dysart, Iowa.

Dear Editor:

I notice in your April issue that you are going to give prizes for the best letters of the year, written by boys. I would like very much to furnish one of those prizes in the shape of a pedigreed Scottish terrier pup, A. K. C. registered, express charges prepaid to the boy you see fit to name as winner of the prize.

When the prizes are awarded will you find out from the winning lad the work for which he wants the dog? If he desires a dog for hunting I will select a rough, snappy one, but if he wants it for a pet only I will choose one that is quiet and content to stay around the house. The thing I shall want to do is satisfy the boy in every respect!

Yours respectfully,

G. A. WARD.

Imagine, fellows, having a registered Scottish terrier hunting dog for your own, to train on rabbits or mink or coon, as you see fit. Dad is going to want to go hunting with the boy that wins that prize! We are going to make the registered puppy the first prize, and the three prizes we announced in May will stay just the same, only they will be second, third, and fourth, now. That lets one more of you boys in for a prize, so come on with your very best letters! Mr. Ward must be a real fellow, even if he is grown up, mustn't he, boys? We are glad he is following these campfire stories of ours, and we certainly thank him for that prize offer!

Fincastle, Va.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

Wishing to get into the shack, and around the fire, I am herewith presenting one of my experiences in crow killing.

One afternoon, after getting off from work, I went and asked my friend, Dil Pope, if he could go with me after crows. He readily agreed—he is as much interested in woods and woodcraft as I—so we came home after my .32-caliber rifle. He had no rifle, so we had only one gun between us.

The distance to be covered to the quarry on my cousin's land was about one mile. After about fifteen minutes of spiffy stepping we arrived at our destination. On the preceding summer my friend Rob Clark, and myself, had built a blind on a small cliff of the quarry between two large boulders. We covered it with small cut cedars, leaving openings in the top, back and front. Immediately behind this blind are two large pine trees, a favorite gathering place for crows and hawks.

We entered the blind from the front, crawling and wriggling like snakes. But alas, the crows saw us and vanished.

We stayed under cover for about an hour, when we heard the "Caw! caw!" of three crows, coming over from the cedars behind our blind, to the pines. They lit on the topmost branches in the largest pine.

I took a fine bead on the highest one, my rifle spit fire, and down rolled the unlucky crow. The others seemed overwhelmed with surprise at the disappearance of one of their company. They moved not an inch, although a rifle shot most times scares a crow. Their ignorance was rewarded by another word from my .32-caliber, inspired by my chum. Another of the original trio dropped by the first one's side. The other collected his wits, also his courage, gave a final "Caw," and was off from the pine to the cedars.

I'll bet a rusty nail he either went for the family doctor or the undertaker, for in a few minutes here came back two crows, screaming like mad! They lit

Cartoon by Robert York, fifteen years old, of Des Moines, Iowa.

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

in the pine, voicing their warning to crows far and wide. I shot twice and got one crow. The other took to wing. We waited some time longer but no more crows appeared. We went up then where the crows fell. One was shot through the head, the second right under the left wing, and the third was pierced from chest to tail.

Sincerely yours,
E. HEDRIC.

A real crow hunt. You did well to get three. They are wise, cunning rascals, not easy to shoot by any means. Fair sport for a boy's rifle, because of their destruction of crops, birds' eggs, young birds and young chickens.

612 Bridge St.,
Johnsonburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am going to tell you about a coon hunting trip. Pa came home one night about six o'clock and said "Let's go coon hunting tonight." So we got out the car, and went down after some .22 shells, and by the time we came back supper was ready. We ate and then got the lantern, two flashlights, the guns, and the dog. When we got to the woods it was nearly nine o'clock, so we sat around till it got dark, and then started out along the creek for a mile or two.

The dog soon went up over a hill, and got on the trail of a coon, which we followed for an hour or more. Then all of a sudden the dog started barking. We found her under a tree. We turned a flashlight up into the tree and watched. After a while we could see a red eye looking down at us. We shot at it four or five times and it went out, but we kept watching for it. Finally we saw it again and shot at it. We knew we hit it, because something grunted, and in about a minute down fell the coon. We kept watching for more eyes, and saw two more, and as there were four of us we divided and each watched one. We got the next two, but one got away before we got there. We then started for home. Got there at three o'clock in the morning. Had a lunch, went to bed, and in the morning we skinned our coon.

Your friend,
NEVIN WALLIS.

A fine coon hunting story, Nevin. Thanks also for the picture. Come again.

Nevin Wallis' dog.

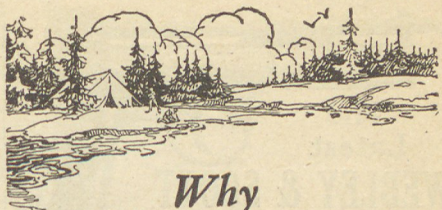
Full of
FIGHT
in the Fall

Scrappy bronze-back bass and slashing, wicked, water tigers leave the deep holes for the shallows and weed beds . . . and fight hardest

in Canada

when red leaves color the green forest. And nights grow cool. And each day in the open adds a year to your life. Let us tell you of some unusually good places to go. Write for full particulars to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, 1935 Windsor Station, Montreal. Easy to reach by

Canadian Pacific



Why
Russell Moccasins
are "Easy on the Feet"

BECAUSE they're *genuine* moccasins—following faithfully the true moccasin principle of construction, Russell Moccasin Boots and Shoes are "broken in" when you get them.

And to these basic principles of correct moccasin design, Russell's years of specialized experience have added long-wear features that have made this famous footwear favorite of the outdoor man and woman for a generation.

These features enabled R. B. Slatter of Brea, California, to *trek* 1,800 miles across the wild, trackless reaches of British Columbia in 153 consecutive days, wearing Russell's "Ike Waltons"—*the only item of his original equipment that lasted through the trip!*

THE W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Capron Street Berlin, Wisconsin

Russell's
"Ike Walton"

Ask your dealer to show you Russell Moccasin Footwear, or write for catalog and folder telling of Mr. Slatter's remarkable journey.

The W. C. Russell Moccasin Co.
924 Capron St., Berlin, Wis.

Send me catalog of Russell Moccasin Footwear and other literature, with name of dealer nearest me.

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Address_____

City_____State_____R.F.D.No._____

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WEBLEY & SCOTT
Arm Is This

powerful, accurate air pistol. It teaches how to shoot almost as well as practicing with any firearm. Has the balance and feel of an automatic pistol. At 10 yards it will group its heavy lead pellets within an inch. A thousand shots cost only about $2. It has power enough to kill small game.

Fun for you, and your wife; and a necessary education for the boys and girls. No permits needed for its use.

This rifled air pistol is a high-grade product in every respect, made by England's leading arms factory. Its safety and accuracy are absolutely guaranteed. Calibers .177 and .22. See this gun at your dealer's—or send $15 money order for direct shipment to you by mail, with cleaning brush and supply of pellets included.

WEBLEY & SCOTT, Ltd.
Sole U. S. Agents
THE HOFFMAN ARMS CO.,
100 East 42nd Street New York City
Opposite Grand Central Station

Hoppe's

Nitro Powder Solvent
No 9

YOUR gun-barrel, your time, your patience, your muscle—all saved by Hoppe's. Quickly and easily removes all primer salt, powder soot and stain left by firing. Dissolves metal fouling and leading, prevents rust.

Keep the working parts right with Hoppe's Lubricating Oil. Absolutely pure—no acid, thinner or other injurious element. Light, penetrating, does not gum.

At your Dealer's. Send us 10c stamp for sample of No. 9. Cleaning Guide free.

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2304 N. 8th St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Clean Your Gun

When in the woods, do not take the risk of impairing the accuracy of your gun, rifle or pistol by neglecting to carefully clean and oil it after the day's shooting. Be sure to have a package of Gun Floss in your kit.

HOUNDS TOOTH GUN FLOSS
is free from grit or other injurious substances

If your dealer cannot supply it, send his name and 25 cents for package to

THE GOYER COMPANY
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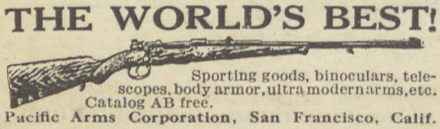
Sporting goods, binoculars, telescopes, body armor, ultra modern arms, etc. Catalog AB free.
Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

With the Trap Shooters

Edited by Jack Smith

A new star has appeared on the trap-shooting horizon. For several years the late "Chief" Wheeler kept the Indian race in the eyes of the shooting public by his wonderful performances at the traps. Now comes another descendant of the noble red man who bids fair to surpass the brilliant trap work of the picturesque Chief. Gus E. Payne, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is leading all the great shots of this country in the first list of averages released by the Western Amateur Trap-shooting Association. This young star is high average man on both 16 yard and handicap targets, and he is third high in the double target averages. This performance stamps him as one of the greatest shots this country has ever produced. Following Payne, comes the veterans Ed. O'Brien and "Bill" Heer. Of the first ten high average men five are from the state of Oklahoma. Some record for one state! The ten high amateurs and the ten high professionals are listed.

AMATEURS

Shot at	Broke	Average
Gus Payne, Tulsa, Okla.		
1500 X	1465	.9753
Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kans.		
900 X	876	.9733
W. H. Heer, Guthrie, Okla.		
900 X	874	.9711
H. Little Bear, Pawhuska, Okla.		
1000 X	966	.9660
Geo. Lewis, Oilton, Okla.		
700 X	676	.9657
Frank Hughes, Mobridge, S. D.		
600 X	578	.9633
Fred Etchen, Coffeyville, Kan.		
1600 X	1551	.9631
W. G. Warren, Chicago, Ill.		
13 X	1253	.9630
Phil Miller, Dallas, Texas.		
900 X	866	.9622
W. Lambert, Okla. City, Okla.		
1500 X	1444	.9621
Fred Broadbeck, Kinsley, Kan.		
500 X	581	.9620
Chas. Etchen, Coffeyville, Kan.		
900 X	864	.9600

PROFESSIONALS

Rush Razee, Denver, Colo.		
400 X	388	.9700
Ben Meents, Askum, Ill.		
600 X	581	.9683
P. D. Watson, McAlester, Okla.		
800 X	774	.9675
J. R. Taylor, Newark, Ohio.		
600 X	580	.9666
K. L. Egan, Oklahoma City, Okla.		
700 X	672	.9600
C. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis.		
400 X	384	.9600
J. R. Hinkle, Denver, Colo.		
1300 X	1245	.9576
E. V. Fisher, Oklahoma City, Okla.		
400 X	383	.9575

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ONLY $29.00
(IN U. S.)
O.K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Aim Quick and Sure

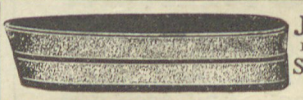
Send 10c. for this book on rifle sights and sighting. Tells how Lyman Principle of Rear Aperture Sighting will improve your shooting. Also helps you to select the sights best suited to your special work or personal preference.

LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
120 West Street, Middlefield, Conn.

No. 2A $5

Lyman Sights
Better Your Aim

OVR-UNDA REG. **Shotgun for Trap and Field**
Send for Illustrated Catalog
BAKER & KIMBALL
38 South St. Boston, Mass.



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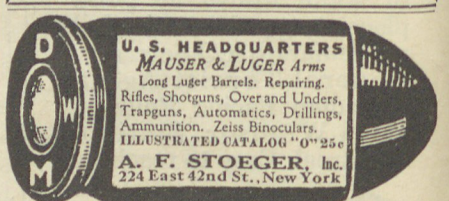
Pat. April 10, 1917
Sponge Rubber Recoil Pad

Softest Pad made. Order from your dealer or direct. Black Sponge, One Ply, $1.50; Two Ply, $2; Three Ply, $2.50; Red Sponge, 50c extra.
JOSTAM MFG. CO., 5252 Broadway, Chicago



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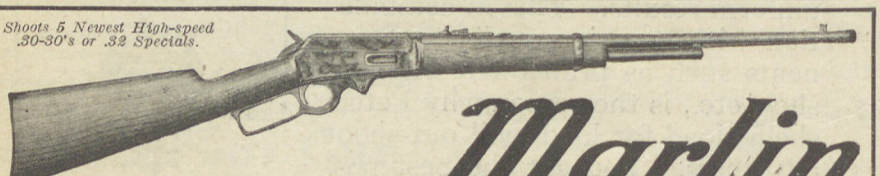
Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

Shoots 5 Newest High-speed .30-30's or .32 Specials.



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Trophy getter, meat gun extraordinary! Your Marlin Sporter—modern high-velocity representative of a half-century's leadership in big-game rifles.

All the power and penetration of the most modern cartridges, plus the famous Marlin accuracy and quick, smooth action.

Get it now—the Marlin 93 Carbine Sporter. Ask your Dealer.

Write for Latest Pocket Catalog

THE MARLIN FIREARMS COMPANY, 55 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

DECOYS

First class wood duck decoys, glass eyes, any species. Solid $10 dozen, Hollow $20 dozen, Airwood $24 dozen. Special decoys made to order.

C. E. Dellenbarger Co., Joliet, Ill.

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new plan the state associations will retain the registration fees collected from the shooters at registered tournaments. The money will then be available for use within the state. The scores will be recorded by the Western Association for a small recording fee. This plan will make it possible for the state associations to accomplish a great deal of organization work that has not been possible in the past owing to a lack of funds.

The Western Outdoor Life Conference

(*Continued from page 29*)

Because our country geographically and climatically presents many varied aspects for consideration in formulating a uniform national program on conservation, your committee recommends:

First: That steps be taken to organize four general groups of states to meet annually as follows:

WESTERN GROUP—Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana.

CENTRAL GROUP—North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, Indiana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Missouri.

EASTERN GROUP—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland.

SOUTHERN GROUP—North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee.

Second: That regional groups be called together only after each state has been organized, the needs of each state thoroughly discussed, and their conflicting interests harmonized, at least to such an extent, that such state has a uniform basis for a program of protective legislation, wherein continued state management of game, fish and all wild life is adequately provided for.

Third: That each state should send one, and not to exceed three, delegates to the meetings of the regional groups, and that these state representatives be men or women who are not only fully conversant with their state program, but will be broad enough to know and appreciate the regional conditions to adequately assist in preparing the group program.

Fourth: That these large regional divisions shall meet in the most central location, and discuss in detail, all of the many problems which apply to the wild life of their interested states and districts, and formulate district programs, as well as recommendations deemed advisable for presentation to a national gathering.

Fifth: That a national council of the regional groups be formed with representatives from each group, not exceeding two members from each state, meeting in a centrally located and suitable place. Here the group regional deliberations and recommendations, as well as the policies

(*Continued on page 50*)

Motor Camping

Conducted by
HOMER BOW

There is nothing so necessary on a motor camping tour as a small medicine case and a few of the simpler surgical instruments. Minor accidents are likely to bob up at any time and this part of your equipment may prove invaluable should a major injury occur.

The case should be so constructed that the containers within it are held rigid and there is no danger of breakage through rough handling. Several firms that manufacture medical supplies have realized the value of cases of this kind on camping trips and have manufactured special carriers that are excellent. Some are on the market ready stocked with drugs.

If the kit is large enough and the camper has a pet drug or two that he feels will add to his comfort by all means take them along. There should be iodine swabs for minor cuts and scratches and corrosive sublimate or bi-chloride of mercury tablets to make an antiseptic solution in case a larger dressing is to be made.

Roll gauze bandage, half inch up to the two-inch, should be included. Several absorbent pads might be useful. Absorbent cotton and adhesive tape from half inch to two inches, cheesecloth and safety pins should complete the necessary articles for dressings.

If one of the party is surgically inclined, dressing forceps, surgeon's knife, surgeon's scissors, surgeon's needles, and prepared gut may be added. He should, however, be familiar with the use of the instruments and regardless of how good a job he feels he has done the patient should be taken to a physician at once.

Other necessities should be added. Diarrhoea often becomes common among campers due to the water supply or the change in supply. Camphor and opium pills will take care of this except in extreme cases. Aspirin for headaches, toothaches, and other aches may come in handy. Bicarbonate of soda tablets and aromatic spirits of ammonia relieve indigestion for him who has the tendency to overeat. A bottle containing a concentrated saline solution, that is salt water, will come in handy for insect bites and sore throats. Dilute the solution and heat for a gargle, and apply in the strong stage for the bites.

Eyes often become inflamed due to dust and sand or to a strain from driving. A preparation called collyrium is put up in a convenient bottle with an eye cup for a stopper and, used as an eye wash, is very soothing.

Volstead has been upheld by some of the most celebrated of the medical fraternity regarding the use of whiskey in case of snake bites. A case designed for a remedy, should this occur, can be purchased. This case contains a small lan-

Good Hunting awaits You in Canada

COME to this vast forest-robed land where game is plentiful, where your hunting is bound to be rewarded by magnificent trophies. Canada offers that combination of virgin hunting-grounds and splendid means of access by which the sportsman is enabled to make his "kill" without undue expenditure of time and effort.

Canadian National Railways, spanning the continent's best game country, takes you into new territory—alive with game. Travel but a little way off the rail-route, and you are in a wilderness where your voice is the first to echo, your rifle the first to crack.

Canada—great moose country—is also the natural range of animals rarely found elsewhere—deer, caribou, big horn sheep, mountain goat and bear. There are geese, ducks, partridge, prairie chickens—feathered game in abundance.

For the hunting experiences of a lifetime, come to the "unspoiled country" where game abounds. Let Canadian National Railways transport you. For information as to open seasons and other details that will help you plan your trip, consult our nearest office. Ask for free copy of "Hunting in Canada", an authoritative book describing the haunts of big game in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Or write C. K Howard, General Tourist Agent, Montreal.

Offices:
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Detroit *1259 Griswold St.*
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Kansas City *334-335 Ry. Exchange Bldg.*
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Just add water for delicious coffee
No coffee-pot needed. Convenient-compact-saves weight and space.
Trial size 10 cents. Booklet free.

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ITHACA WINS

ITHACA Lock Speed made it possible for 14 year old CHARLES RIMBEY to win the Western Amateur Championship this year.

Ithaca Lock Speed will improve anyone's shooting.

Double Guns for game $37.50 to $700.
Single Barrel trap guns $100. to $700.

Send for free Catalog

ITHACA GUN CO.
BOX 14, ITHACA, N.Y.

To Hunters and Fishermen—FREE

Our beautiful new catalog, just completed—32 wonderful pages of record game heads and prize trophies from every quarter of the globe. Also information on fish specimens.

It will give you a new conception of what real art in taxidermy means. You should see this catalog before deciding who shall mount your trophies. It is free. Send for it today.

JONAS BROS.

1026 Broadway — Denver, Colorado

"The Finest Gun in the World"

Made for those who know and appreciate the best. Correct models for every kind of shooting, in 12-, 16- and 20-gauge—including the SUPER-FOX, the original long-range wildfowl gun. Write for illustrated catalogue.

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4659 N. 18th Street, Philadelphia

FOX GUN

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cet, chemicals, hypodermic syringe and directions. It has been approved by some leading physicians and should be included by all means if the tourist is to camp through a country where venomous snakes are common.

Burns are common and painful. They can occur at practically any time, perhaps while working around a hot exhaust pipe or more likely while cooking. Unguentine and similar preparations can be obtained in the tube form. This applied directly to the burn and securely wrapped with gauze will bring relief. In case the burn covers a large surface a physician should be sought at once.

Minor cuts and scratches should be immediately treated with an iodine swab and deeper and more severe injuries bathed in the solution mentioned earlier for that purpose. It would be well for the person applying the dressing in a severe case to wear rubber gloves which may be included in the equipment, after washing these gloves in a like solution.

To have a foreign substance in the eye is common. If the object be small rubbing the other eye may cause the affected optic to water and wash out the offending particle. If this fails draw the upper lid down over the lower and release it. Often the object can be seen and removed by a small piece of cotton wrapped around a toothpick. If it is up under the lid place a match or similar appliance against the upper eyelid and turn the eyelid back. If an irritation exists after the object is removed dig out the collyrium or the saline solution. If the latter is used it should be diluted and warmed.

No matter what happens, keep your head. Move swiftly but carefully. Your actions in the matter may mean a great deal to the patient. First, last and always, don't get excited!

Before you start on your trip take the kit that you are to have with you over to your family doctor and go over the thing with him. Let him explain the use of it, and perhaps he will give directions that will be helpful. If any drugs or instruments are added with which the motor camper is not absolutely familiar, see that they are properly labeled and directions are in the case. Your physician may add to your case things that will aid.

Do not allow this treatise on what might happen to alarm you or lead you to feel that in motor camping you are exposing yourself to many perils. If the camper is not experienced in the way of doing things in the outdoors little inconveniences will be bound to crop up and your first aid kit will prove a valuable companion and a great comfort.

The Western Outdoor-Life Conference

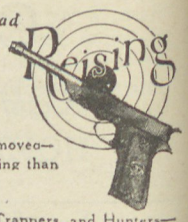
(*Continued from page 48*)

and ideals of the National Organization vitally interested in conserving wild life, may be carefully and conscientiously considered for the purpose of preparing a sound, reasonable and practical conservation policy for the nation.

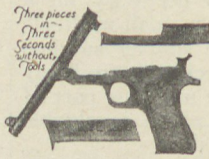
Sixth: That each group have a strong executive committee, limited in number, the representatives of which will be among those chosen to attend the na-

REISING .22 Automatic

Contains features to be had in no other .22 Automatic



Simplicity of Construction—
Cleans at the Breech—
Has a visible Hammer—
Fool-proof when magazine is removed—
Shoots more shots without reloading than any other Automatic Pistol—
Can be used as a single shot—
Unsurpassed as a sidearm for Trappers and Hunters—

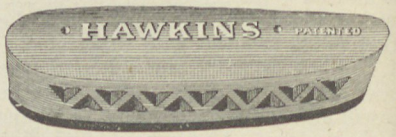


Absolutely positive for target shooting. Reising .22 Automatic Pistols are beautiful specimens of the best mechanical workmanship, perfectly balanced, of unequalled shooting quality—
Fully Guaranteed—

Send for Catalog

The **REISING MANUFACTURING CORP.**
41 Trinity Place \ New York City

The Hawkins Recoil Pad
IMPROVED

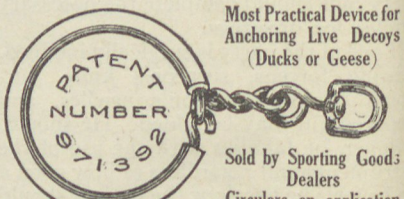


Pat'd 1919-1925.

Regardless of how well you shoot, you will improve your score if you attach a Hawkins Recoil Pad, the pad that has proved its superior merits the world over. The trusa formation between the two walls forces the gun to move straight back and not up or down when pressure is brought upon it. This is the reason the Hawkins Pad never bruises the cheek or irritates the shoulder. Sent postpaid for $3.25. Ask your dealer to show you the Hawkins Recoil Pad.

THE CUSHION PAD CORPORATION
F. D. HAWKINS, Mgr. P. O. Box 81, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

Patent Decoy Duck Collar



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PATENT DECOY DUCK COLLAR CO.
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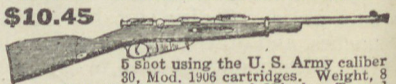
RUSSIAN SPRINGFIELD SPORTING RIFLE
$10.45



5 shot using the U. S. Army caliber 30, Mod. 1906 cartridges. Weight, 8 pounds. Length, 42⅝ inches; barrel, 22 inches. Turned down bolt handle. Special price, $10.45. Ball cartridges, hard nose, $3.50 per 100. Web cart. Belt, 40 cents. **Tents, cots, Meggans,** canteens, **Knapsacks,** haversacks, **Outing Suits,** hats, helmets, **Saddles,** bridles, **Bugles,** lariats, **Sandals,** etc. **15 Acres Army Goods. New Catalog 1925, 60th Anniversary** issue, 372 pgs., fully illustrated, contains pictures and historical information of all American Military guns and pistols (incl. Colts) since 1775, with all World War rifles Mailed 50c. Est. 1865. **Spec. New Circular** for 2c stamp. **Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York City**

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Makes old guns like new

Easily applied with a brush. No heating is necessary. Restore the finish on 5 guns in ten minutes for..... **$1.00**

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tional council, and that this national council be provided with power to nominate in turn a small executive committee for the management of the general policies of the organization; it being understood that sub-committees to cover the separate and distinct phases of the national wild life should be chosen with respect to fitness and regional needs.

Seventh: That the deliberations of this council and its recommendations be so formulated that not only the various organizations for conservation and protection of wild life will gladly concur; but that the policies developed may be broad enough to include Canada, Alaska and the other countries.

Municipal Forest

(Continued from page 28)

There are literally hundreds of such forests in Europe.

One such *foresta silva* was given by Charlemagne to his daughter. She in turn gave it to The Church; and it finally came into the possession of Zurich, Switzerland. It is now the famous Sihlwald, which keeps up the mountains' soil and keeps down the village taxes. It nets an average of $6.50 per acre per year for the village besides maintaining an old age pension system. It gives permanent employment to one man for each 33 acres and many temporary employees at other times.

The town forest of Forbach in the Black Forest of Germany has an annual net profit of $12.14 per acre.

The people of many of the small villages which own forests have no taxes to pay—the forest pays the taxes.

In the United States we cannot point to such municipal going forestry businesses. We are young, the need has only recently appeared before us. A number of New England towns have made a start. Brunswick, Maine, early in the past century, made a beginning, and it is said that now, in Massachusetts, seventy per cent of the communities have either actually obtained the forests or are studying the situation. Montpelier, Barre, Rutland and other towns of Vermont have sizeable town forests.

There are plenty of private forest plantations, however, that indicate what may be done in this country. The arboretum of Michigan Agricultural College, now scarcely 40 years old, is already a true forest. Recent figures from Vermont show a forest of size that was started only 35 years ago.

A town forest is an excellent memorial to soldiers and sailors or to other of the town heroes. Boy and Girl Scouts here find an ideal area for their activities; Arbor Day can be turned to good purpose.

The forest as an actuality is merely a communal will to get one. An aggressive civic body could do much. The foresters of the Izaak Walton League will be glad to answer questions.

Address all inquiries on forestry problems to Outdoor America's forestry advisers, Russell Watson, or George Banzhaf, care Banzhaf & Watson, Inc., Chamber of Commerce Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

They're Waiting for You up in NORTHERN WISCONSIN

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Fish that fight—speckled trout, bass, pike and the mighty "muskie"—eager to snap at your bait. Get out the tackle and the old kit bag and take a fishing holiday up in the pine and balsam of Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes.

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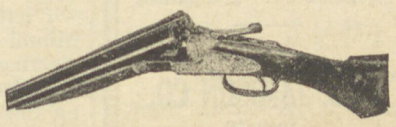
Game birds are preparing for the long flight South!

Will *your* gun bring them down CONSISTENTLY at 80 yards? The new L. C. SMITH LONG RANGE GUN *will!* It is specially chambered for the modern high-power 3 inch shell, and specially bored to a long, tapering choke.

Go to your dealer today. If he hasn't received his quota yet, write direct for catalog H396.



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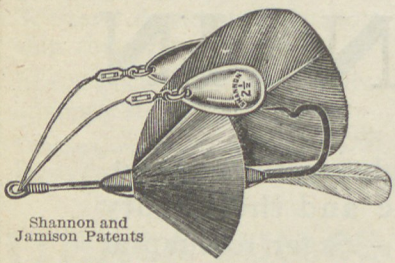

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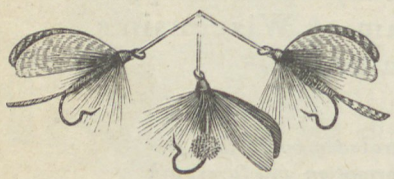
The Barbless Hook Shannon Twin Spinner. The greatest of all casting or trolling baits, Weedless but a sure fish getter. Red, Yellow or White Feather Fly. Price each 85 cents.

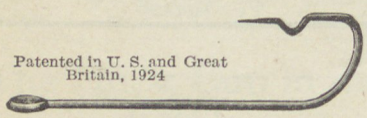


Barbless Hook Wet Trout and Bass Flies, Highest Quality. 24 patterns. No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, No. 10, and No. 12 hook. Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Dry Flies, no snell. Highest Quality. 12 patterns, No. 8, No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Spinner Flies, Highest Quality No. 4, No. 6 and No. 8 ringed hooks. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Inverted Bass Flies, No. 1/0 Ringed Hook, no Snell. Highest Quality. 14 patterns. Each 35 cents, $4.20 per dozen.



Patented in U. S. and Great Britain, 1924

Ringed Barbless Hooks (cut shows No. 1/0). Nos. 8 and 6, 20c doz. Nos. 4 and 2, 25c dozen. No. 1/0, 30c doz. No. 3/0, 35c doz. No. 4/0, 40c doz. No. 5/0, 50c doz.

Special Barbless Hooks for Al Foss and Stanley-Heddon Baits—35c 1/2 doz. 60c doz.

Turned-Down-Eye Barbless Hooks, for fly tying, Nos. 8, 10, 12 and 14, 25c doz. $1.75 per 100.

Same in Extra Light Wire and Tapered Eye, 30c doz., $2.00 per 100.

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Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Billy Pflueger with his first sail fish

My First Sailfish

by Wm. S. Pflueger

On April 19th last, I left Akron, Ohio, in my machine for Florida where I was going to gain what experience I could in salt water fishing.

It took me six days to drive through to Fort Meyers, my first stop in Florida, where I had intended to go tarpon fishing, but after meeting Captain Evans of the Heitman & Evans Company of that town, I concluded I was about a month ahead of the tarpon season. Captain Evans is one of the noted tarpon fishermen in that section of Florida, and I knew I could count on his word.

After spending a few days in Fort Meyers, I left for Sarasota where I met Captain J. T. Vick, a very prominent guide who took me out grouper fishing for an afternoon. We went out about four miles in the gulf in a twenty-five foot launch which had a small cabin on it. Fishing for groupers is very much like perch fishing as you anchor your boat and still fish.

I left Sarasota the following day for Miami where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Earl Sprankle who is considered one of the finest fishermen on the East Coast. Mr. Sprankle told me that the sail fishing was pretty good, and due to the fact that I had never caught a sail fish, I was more than pleased to have this opportunity of going out with Mr. Sprankle.

We left Miami the following day at noon which was May 19th, 1925, in Mr. Sprankle's forty-five foot cruiser. It took us about an hour to go out into the gulf stream which is about ten miles off shore. We trolled around for several hours, the only luck being a few dolphin. About four o'clock we decided we would call it a day and were about to pull in our lines when a sail fish struck at my hook which had a strip of chub on it. Being thoroughly instructed by Mr. Sprankle in just how to hook and bring the sail fish in, I at once let my bait sink to the bottom. This probably sounds rather queer, to let the bait sink but the reason is that a sail fish sees the bait for the first time, he uses his bill to kill the bait and then he will turn and start off in the opposite direction for a few yards and then he will come back to the same place where he first struck at the bait. If he finds he has killed the bait or in other words if you have let your bait sink to the bottom, he will pick the bait up and begin to swallow it. Just as soon as the slack line has all been taken up and there is a slight tension on the tip of your rod, you pull your rod just as hard as you can so as to set the hook in good.

Needless to say that when this operation has been performed, the fight is on and anyone who has caught a sail fish will admit with me you certainly have a job on your hands. The fish broke water at least a dozen times before I got him to the boat which was just forty-five minutes later. The fish was seven feet, three inches, and weighed seventy-five pounds. It being my first sail fish I decided to have it mounted so that I will always remember my first experience in sail fishing.

Leaving Miami several days later, I went to Jacksonville where I received word from Captain J. T. Vick at Sarasota that the tarpon were beginning to run good, and as I had my first tarpon yet to catch, I accepted his kind invitation and left for Sarasota the latter part of May. Tarpon fishing is very similar to sail fishing in that they strike at the bait practically the same, although in trolling for tarpon they will try to swallow the bait on the first strike.

The best time of all to go after tarpon is in the early morning just at daybreak, so of course Captain Vick and I were in the boat and ready for business just as soon as the sun came up. We started out looking for tarpon and it was not long before the Captain caught sight of a small school coming toward us. He slowed down his boat and went directly in front of the fish. We had gone only a few feet from them when a tarpon

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took hold of my hook. It felt just like I was dragging a ton and for a while it was all so new to me I really didn't mind it, but it didn't take long to find out what I was up against. It broke water about a dozen times like the sail fish and took me just as long to land as the sail fish, the time being forty-five minutes. The tarpon was a forty pounder and its length four feet, two inches.

My salt water fishing came to an end when I landed the tarpon. It was an experience I will never forget and one which I certainly hope to have again.

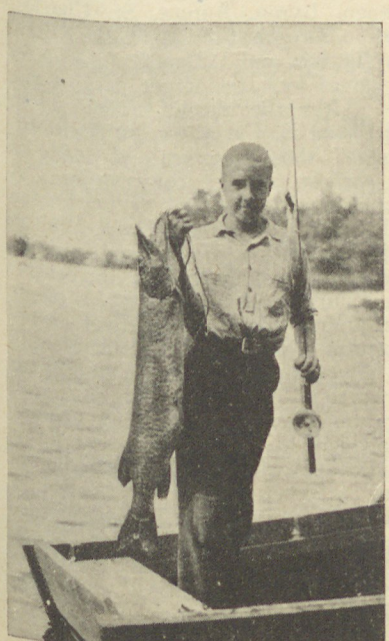
Trials of a Fisherman

By Syd Dewey

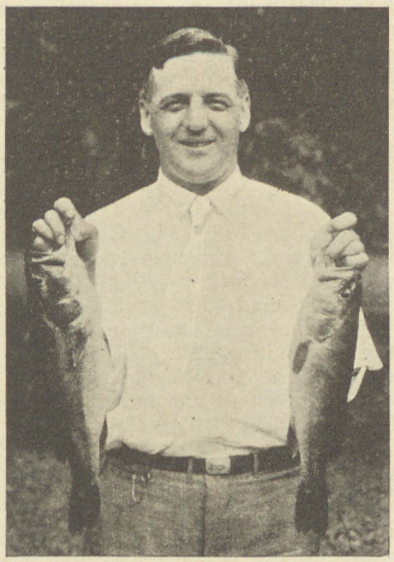
There are many industrious, hard working, and prosperous people who, beholding a fisherman going forth with his rod, his reel, and the thousand and one little indispensables of the Waltonian, laugh him to scorn, ridicule him, and cry shame upon him who forsakes the grimy toil of the cities for a few luxurious days in the woods. Little do such reck of the fisherman's life as it is. From out of their homes with its million small, but now important comforts, they bemoan their lot to see some lucky soul go to fish, to meet mosquitoes, wood-ticks, hard beds, cold nights, rain, fog, fish that will not bite, stoves that will not cook, lines that do naught but snarl, weeds, snags, and rocks that catch and keep one's hook.

A true fisherman takes a grim, fantastic pleasure in his tribulations, for he is a philosopher. When he catches dogfish instead of bass, suckers instead of trout, and eels instead of pickerel, he merely shrugs his shoulders—and eats bacon. Nothing may dismay him. A broken stringer, an opened creel, a punctured canoe, a favorite bait lost, a huge fish escaped,—it is all the same to him.

His philosophy is strange. It is not merely skin deep. Indeed, it does not show upon the surface. When aught happens unsavory, he curses, fumes, stamps about, and threatens to foreswear his pastime for bridge, but he does not really care. The outdoors, the open air, the woods, the birds, the many sounds of the forest, all touch strange, deep-buried chords in his soul and ring wild, beautiful music throughout his being. A fisherman's soul is a poet's soul. The beauty of nature, the poetry of color, sound, and motion of the wild-wood is his to keep and appreciate. The hardships of the fisherman do not exist to the real man.



Syd Dewey with his 24 pound musky.



Adolph Long, Springfield, Ohio, Secretary of the Ohio State Division, with his three and four pound bass caught on the opening day of the season at Brush Lake

Fisherman's Luck?

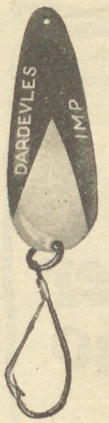
By Eugene Flescher

I was loitering about the shore of Lake Andes, S. D., one evening about half an hour before sunset when a gentleman and a lady drove into the resort where I was camping. I supposed that they had come to look over the lake. Getting out of their car they strolled down to the shore, where the gentleman spied a bamboo with line and everything, which was soon in his hands. He looked around and found a small frog which was dead. He baited his hook with this and went out on the little dock and started to cast. This happened, by the way, at the time of the season when we old anglers were not having much success. We had been fishing for four days and had our first to drop into the live box.

The visitor cast five or six times when, on the sixth or seventh cast, we saw the thing that we expected least of all. He had a nice black bass on his hook but the bass was the victor. Losing his bait he started to look for more. Finding a small bullhead he put it on his hook and began to cast into the pink waters. Suddenly as a streak of lightning his line tightened and the fight was on again.

Two minutes later this couple was clambering up the bank with a nice four or four and a half pound black bass for their trouble. Before this happened I had often doubted that there was anything to fisherman's luck. I don't any more.

"Dardevle Wins"



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Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir,

Please ship me as quickly as possible 2 Dardevles, red and white (the old boy himself).

I have had such wonderful luck with this particular bait that the boys around town have persuaded me to part with the two that I had. I always carry an extra Dardevle in my tackle box as I never like to take the chance of losing one and not having another to replace it.

With best wishes and thanking you for your prompt attention, I am,

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Guy E. Bissette

"Hundreds of folks write me such letters—no wonder Dardevle is the most popular lure in the world. You should have a supply in your kit."

Dardevle and Dardevlet with plain hooks 85c
With weedless hooks $1.00
Dardevles Imp with plain hooks 65c
With weedless hooks 75c

Success with NOTANGLE CASTING SPINNER

I get almost as many letters from fellows who like Notangle Casting Spinners. Seems like there isn't a stream anywhere in which fish can resist Notangle. You see Notangle never tangles in weeds—the hook never gets foul with the spinner. It's a great casting spinner to use—Notangle.

Standard of the World OSPREY LINE

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1925 catalog just out. Write for it.

Eighteen years a favorite Osprey Lines are braided so they won't snarl and are waterproofed so they won't rot. Made of silk so smooth that they shoot through the guides like greased lightning thus practically eliminating back lashing. Costs no more than ordinary line. Osprey is made in all tests from 9 to 35 lbs.

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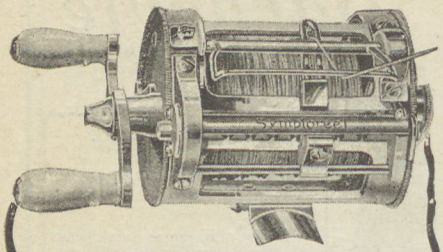

Tell the other fellow too

Don't keep it all to yourself. Let the other fellow know the joys of casting with a Symploreel.

The old hand at casting needs only to see the Symploreel, and he'll know in a minute what a superior reel the Symploreel is.

If you know a new angler, do him a favor and tell him how easy to handle, how neat, perfectly balanced, smooth and silent running, easy to take apart and put together, simple to clean, how durable are Symploreels. No loose parts—no tools needed. Every Symploreel packed in individual jeweler's anti-tarnish bag.

Symploreels are "Catucci-made". That means the result of 25 years of expert knowledge and scientific development in the manufacture of fishing reels. None better are made.

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"Symploreel"

"Symploreels" are guaranteed absolutely by us. Do not be misled by similar names. We have no connection with any other manufacturer of reels. Look for the name "Symploreel".

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The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

Edited by CARL E. SIMON

National Executive Secretary

Over 2000 Southern bullfrogs were planted by the Inman, Nebraska, Chapter in waters surrounding Inman. These will be large enough to use for food in two years, growing to a very large size, and are very much sought after wherever they are grown. The frogs were supplied by the Valentine Hatchery.

* * * *

The Joplin, Missouri, Chapter is taking strenuous measures to stop the dynamiting of fish in that district. They have offered $100 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone dynamiting fish. At least one arrest has already been made and Joplin "Ikes" are striking terror into the hearts of the dynamiters.

* * * *

September 28th, 29th, and 30th are the dates set for the perfecting of the Pennsylvania State Division. The meeting will be held at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. President A. P. Lodewick and Secretary W. E. Wolfe have promised to leave nothing undone to secure a record attendance at this Division meeting.

* * * *

The Fort Clark Chapter, of Peoria, Illinois, are proud of the fact that they have in their possession the pen that was used by Governor Small in signing Housebill 611, which allows the Sanitary District of Chicago more bonding power in order that it may complete, without further delay, the plants for reduction of their sewerage and stop pollution of the Illinois River. Hon. David McCluggage, who introduced the Bill and Hon. Robert Scholes, speaker of the Assembly, are both members of the Fort Clark Chapter and they secured and presented the pen to the Fort Clark Chapter. The pen will be held as a prized possession for the future "Ikes" to recall the time when the Illinois River was an open sewer and to remember these men, and the Fort Clark Chapter for its great fight.

* * * *

More than 200 members were secured by the Red Wing, Minnesota, Chapter in their Membership Drive which was just completed. Officials of this Chapter, however, are not satisfied and are bending every effort to increase their membership to 500 members.

* * * *

Headquarters is in receipt of a message from F. L. Sampson, Secretary of the Seattle, Washington, Chapter, inviting all Waltonians who have occasion to visit the Seattle district to be sure to call on them and they will arrange short trips to nearby trout streams and bass lakes. Anyone desiring to take advantage of this splendid offer should get in touch with Mr. Anderson at the Bank of California or with Mr. Sampson, 213 Pine St., Seattle.

* * * *

More than 700 members have already been secured by the Canton, Ohio, Chapter in their Membership Drive, which is now at its height. Splendid co-operation is being given the Canton Chapter by the merchants of the city, and the newspaper publicity that they get is almost unlimited.

* * * *

The Forrest City, Arkansas, Chapter No. 40 learned of a shallow lake of about fifty acres, near their city, which was to be drained for agricultural purposes and which would destroy many thousands of small fish. The Chapter immediately communicated with the State Game and Fish Commission and a warden was sent to them, under whose supervision Waltonians removed more than a million game fish and planted them in the St. Francis River and nearby lakes. Had it not been for the wide-awake Forrest City Chapter nearly all of these fish would have perished.

* * * *

Five thousand enthusiastic Waltonians and their friends enjoyed the Northern Illinois Izaak Walton League picnic held at Sycamore, June 21st. The picnic was sponsored by a dozen cities in the northern part of the State and the register showed that representatives in attendance were from Sycamore, Kingston, DeKalb, Rockford, Belvidere, Elgin, Marengo, Byron, Aurora, St. Charles, Mendota, Oregon, Sterling, Dixon, Freeport, Batavia and LaGrange. Contests and games took the larger part of the day. After the picnic dinner, Hon. Judge Fred E. Carpenter, of Rockford, addressed those present and made a very earnest plea for conservation. A permanent organization, to be known as the Northern Illinois Izaak Walton Picnic Association, was formed immediately after the talk by Mr. Carpenter, for the purpose of sponsoring this picnic as an annual affair and to effect an organization which may systematically plan any desirable functions of mutual interest to all Chapters in this section of the State. State's Attorney F. A. Oakley, of Belvidere, was elected President of this organization, with Ross M. Oleson, of Elgin, as Secretary and Earl Wetzel, of Sycamore, as Treasurer. It was agreed that each Chapter should elect one of its members to serve on the Board of Directors of the association. Sycamore musicians furnished music for this occasion and refreshment stands did a rushing business. The Kingston Chapter

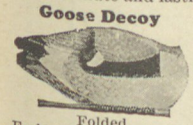
When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

Dewey's Metal Folding Decoys

The Best Shooting You Ever Had

Dewey's folding metal decoys are life-size and life-like. Fool the wise bird. Celluloid enamel coloring is accurate and lasting. The decoys fold flat but give full bodied view from any angle when open.

Goose Decoy



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Each.....$3.75

Folding Duck Decoy

Each.....$1.75

Spring Leg Action

Patented, gives perfect life-like motion. Adjustable for light or stiff winds.

Snipe decoy, Each $1.00
Great Horned Owl decoy, Each,.....$5.00
Crow decoy, Each $1.00
Dewey's Three-tone Crow Call, Each 75c

Dewey's Crow Killer Combination

Includes Great Horned Owl, Two Crow Decoys, and Three-tone Crow Call. Holds the crows till the shells run out. Complete in case $7.50.

Write for FREE catalog.

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The "Palakona," with strength, lightness, killing power and lifetime durability built into it by men who know how. Withal, they are moderately priced.

Fully described in our 400-page 1925 season Anglers' Guide, with fishing hints, colour plates, and details of rods, reels, flies, leaders, etc., as made by the world's leading angling specialists. A request on 2c postal will bring your copy free by return mail.

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Shakespeare Level Wind Reel $7.50
All Agate Steel Casting Rod... 3.00
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At the Special Price of

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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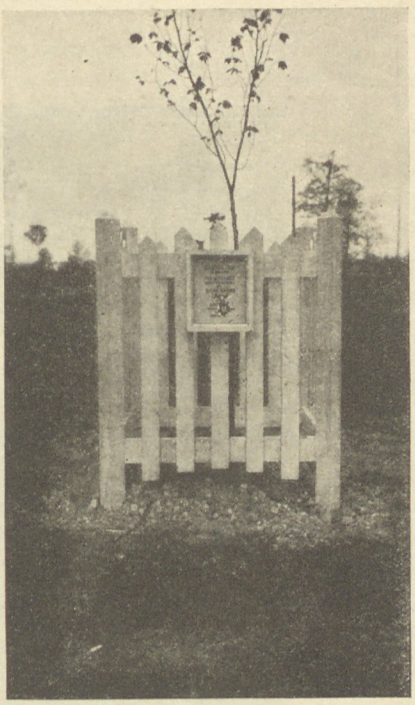
fishermen get this book

Fishing facts and hints. Tells how to compete in our annual $2,000 Fish-Photo contest. A postal gets it FREE!

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
1387 High Street South Bend, Ind.

had charge of the grounds and furnished free coffee to the thousands of visitors. The Izaak Walton members who sponsored this picnic were very much elated over the outcome and said that next year's gathering will be even greater than this.



The Crestline Chapter has hit upon a novel way of remembering as a Chapter those of their members who may be called by Death. A strip of land has been set aside for this purpose and a tree is planted and dedicated to the memory of those Waltonians who have passed Beyond. The above is a reproduction of a tree dedicated to the memory of M. J. Strauch, who signed the first application for membership in the Crestline Chapter.

Despite the fact that National Headquarters of the Izaak Walton League of America has published notices and written the state and chapter officers of this organization to the effect that J. L. Himrod, of Geneva, Illinois, has been discharged from the employ of the League, and is in no way connected with it, we find he has made several speaking engagements for which he demanded and received compensation.

On occasions, according to secretaries of local chapters, Himrod has failed to meet financial obligations incurred by him.

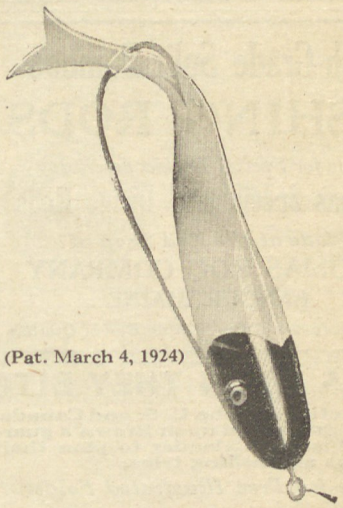
This announcement is to again advise the entire membership of this League, that J. L. Himrod is not connected with this organization officially or unofficially and that National Headquarters will not be responsible for his actions or for any debts incurred by him.

We would prefer that no local chapter have dealings of any kind with Mr. Himrod.

"IT CATCHES the BIG ONES"

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

The Artificial Bait With Live Minnow (Body and Tail.) Action



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

Metallic head and rubber body.

Equipped with swivel which prevents twisting of line.

Standard casting weight, weighs 5-8ths of an ounce and is equally efficient as a trolling bait.

Swims in one position only, right side up, being properly balanced and is practically weedless.

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Bait and Fly Casting Department

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by Frederick J. Lane

William Stanley, all around Champion of 1918-19-23-24

All members of affiliated clubs who are not members of Izaak Walton Chapter are earnestly urged to subscribe for OUTDOOR AMERICA in order to receive news as published by the official organ of the N. A. S. A. C. Subscription rate $1.00 per year. Address The Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

HIGHEST SCORES AT PREVIOUS NATIONAL TOURNAMENTS

Below are listed the highest scores made at the former National Tournaments in the events to be cast at the Seventeenth Annual National Tournament at Chicago, August 19th to 23rd, 1925. As many of these scores will without doubt be exceeded at this Tournament, a complete list of National records made by members of both Associations will be compiled and published later.

Event: ¼ oz. Accuracy Bait—High Score, 99.7; Made by W. C. Luebbert; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: ½ oz. Accuracy Bait—High Score, 99.8; Made by Wm. Stanley; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: ⅝ oz. Accuracy Bait—High Score, 99.8; Made by E. C. McFarland; Year, 1921; Place, Portland. Event: ⅝ oz. Accuracy Bait—High Score, 99.8; Made by A. A. Trimble; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: Accuracy Fly—High Score, 100; Made by G. G. Chatt; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: Dry Fly Accuracy—High Score, 99 10/15; Made by F. C. Kleinfeldt; Year, 1914; Place, Chicago. Event: Dry Fly Accuracy—High Score, 99 10/15; Made by Wm. Stanley; Year, 1918; Place, Chicago. Event: Dry Fly Accuracy—High Score, 99 10/15; Made by K. Y. James; Year, 1922; Place, Cleveland. Event: Dry Fly Accuracy—High Score, 99 10/15; Made by Wm. Stanley; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: Dry Fly Accuracy (Unknown)—High Score, 99.6; Made by W. F. Backus; Year, 1919; Place, Chicago.

AVERAGE

Event: ¼ oz. Distance Bait—High Score, 216 feet; Made by Wm. Stanley; Year, 1924; Place, Buffalo. Event: ½ oz. Distance Bait—High Score, 267.6 feet; Made by Fred Arbogast; Year, 1924; Place, Buffalo. Event: ⅝ oz. Distance Bait—High Score, 244.8 feet; Made by Fred Arbogast; Year, 1924; Place, Buf-

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with a metal body that's different [nickel or copper finish] red fly and two spinners—with or without weed-guard. The new, popular member of the Dowagiac family which, in 14 years of Field & Stream's Contests, has taken more prize bass than all other artificial minnows combined.

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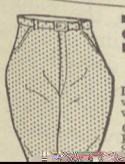

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falo. Event: 5¾ oz. Distance Fly—High Score, 123 feet; Made by G. G. Chatt; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: Salmon Fly Distance—High Score, 148.8 feet; Made by G. G. Chatt; Year, 1924; Place, Buffalo.

LONGEST CASTS

Event: ¼ oz. Distance Bait—High Score, 225 feet; Made by Fred Arbogast; Year, 1924; Place, Buffalo. Event: ½ oz. Distance Bait—284 feet; Made by Fred Arbogast; Year, 1924; Place, Buffalo. Event: ⅝ oz. Distance Bait—High Score, 250 feet; Made by Fred Arbogast; Year, 1924; Place, Buffalo. Event: 5¾ oz. Distance Fly—High Score, 125 feet; Made by G. G. Chatt; Year, 1923; Place, Denver. Event: Salmon Fly Distance—High Score, 162 feet; Made by Fred N. Peet; Year, 1915; Place, San Francisco.

WILLIAM STANLEY

All Around Champion of 1918-19-23-24

William Stanley is a veteran caster of long standing, having captured the ultimate honor sought by all casters at four different National Tournaments. He has held this enviable position oftener than any other man in this branch of sport and is generally the top man at the contests of his local club, the Illinois Casting Club. While Fred Arbogast of Akron has shown himself to be the champion of the Distance Bait Events and George Chatt of the Illinois Club ranks highest in the Distance Fly Events, Stanley's superior work in the Accuracy Events combined with excellent showing in the other events has brought him the All-Around Championship for four years.

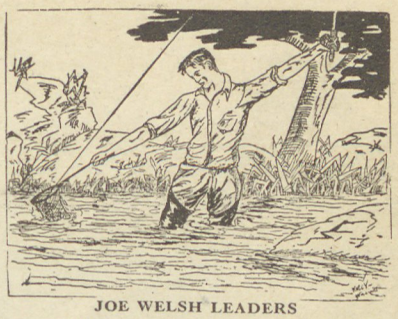
He has already entered the lists for 1925 and he has every chance for another championship.

TOURNAMENT NOTES

Mr. Wm. Ogden of the Illinois Casting Club has donated two Gold Medals for the Ladies' Events which with the other fine prizes will make these contests very attractive.

Entries are coming in gradually. This is to remind the contestants that early notice of entry will lighten the burden of the Secretary.

Your local secretary has all details of the hotel arrangements. Apply to him for rate cards and make your reservations direct to the Hotel Hayes, 64th Street and University Avenue, Chicago. This



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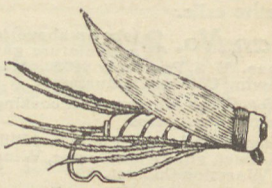
THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY
GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO



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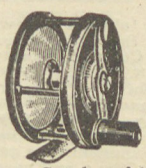

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PUT yourself in this picture. Your only job is just to tramp, hike, hunt, fish—rough it to your heart's content. Your Coleman Camp Stove is always ready to cook good "eats"—whenever your appetite calls.

Coleman No. 2 (shown above) is a miniature gas range de luxe. U. S. Price only $12.50. Has all the following Coleman features:

Quick Hot-Blast Starter—Full cooking heat in two minutes or less.

Everything Built-in—Air Pump and Filling Funnel, Oven and Drum Heater, Wind Baffle and Warming Cabinet.

Big Speedy-Heat Blue-Flame Burners with handy valve controls for any cooking heat desired; wide action flame-spreading burner caps of heavy gauge brass.

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Camp Stove

Coleman No. 9 (shown below) the new, moderate priced stove with Coleman quality through and through. U. S. Price only $9.00. Has Coleman patented ***Hot-Blast Starter, Built-in Pump and Funnel, Strap Steel Legs, Flame-Spreading Burner Caps, Folding Wind Baffle, Detachable Fuel Tank.*** Both stoves use common motor gas for fuel; fold up and carry like a suit case.

Ask your dealer to show you both models of Coleman Camp Stoves. If he is not yet supplied, write us for descriptive literature. Address Camping Dept. O.M.26.

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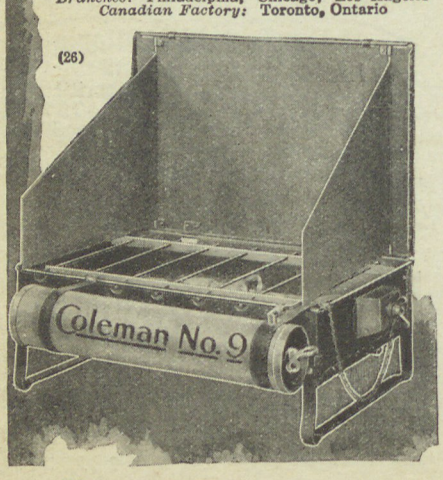

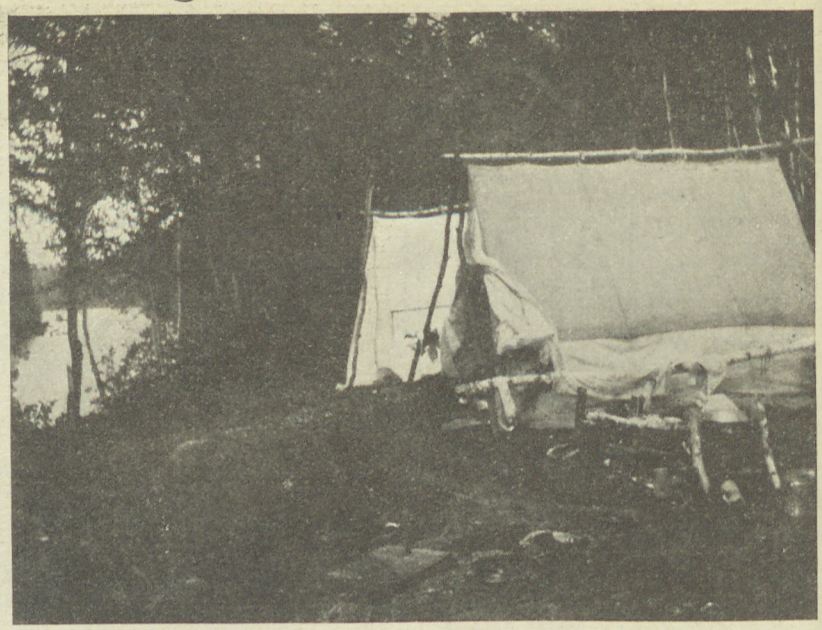

Real Camping

How it is done

Conducted by Murdo Gibson

Most of the large sporting goods dealers issue lists of camping equipment and supplies that contain almost everything ever inventoried by a Quartermaster General of the United States Army. A wise selection for any vacation camping trip depends not only upon the region to be visited, the transportation facilities and the season, but also upon individual fancies in the matter of amusements, experience in outdoor life and financial status. Articles of permanent equipment likely to be used season after season should be of the best quality obtainable. If first cost is prorated over a period of years, it will be found that the best is really the cheapest. This applies especially to such items as canoes, tents and bedding—upon which safety, health and comfort may depend.

On the other hand, it might not be advisable to buy, for use on a single short trip, expensive pails and dishes of enamel or aluminum, if cheap tinware would answer for the time being. A practical, temporary set of outdoor cooking utensils can be improvised from ordinary sloping sided lard tins. The various sizes nest into each other, so that all are contained in the largest one, while the "outside fitting" covers prevent dirt from getting into the food when the pails are buried in the hot sand of the beanhole. The lip of each pail ought to be slightly crimped, in order to permit the escape of some steam and prevent explosion. Lid-lifting rings, if desired, may be attached in such manner that they will lie flat and not interfere with nesting.

A serviceable double boiler can be arranged by cutting, in the cover of the largest pail, a circular hole large enough to admit one of the smaller sizes. This should fit snugly, when submerged to the bail lugs.

Many campers think that a heavy iron pot is necessary for successful cooking and baking in a beanhole. The writer remembers two lard pails and a one pound coffee can which served in that capacity almost daily during a cruising trip lasting from May until October. Even at the end of it they showed no sign of serious depreciation.

Numerous other economies can be practiced by prospective campers who have more time than money. Axe sheaths can be made from discarded boot-tops and grub sacks stitched on the family sewing machine. If skilled in using the latter, one can effect another considerable saving by making a tent and fly, which will afford absolute protection against rain and insects. These may be manufactured from cheap unbleached cotton cloth. The fly will break the force of the heaviest shower, so that what little water comes through will scarcely dampen the tent itself. In making a tent of this kind, all points of strain should be reinforced by double thicknesses of the cloth. A length of fisherman's cord should be firmly sewn along the under side of the peak and allowed to extend at least ten feet beyond each end of the tent. Tapes for tying it to an *outside* ridge-pole ought not to be more than eighteen inches apart and must be securely fastened to the ridge rope. It is desirable that a twelve-inch sod cloth be sewn all around the bottom edge; when weighted down with stones or poles it will exclude not only drafts, but the crawling creatures that are apt to disturb one's slumbers.

Properly made and set up, such a tent will withstand considerable wind, but is

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not recommended for use upon exposed hill trips. With reasonable care in handling and thorough drying before being stored away, it should last the average camper several seasons. Its life can be indefinitely lengthened by treatment with a good waterproofing preparation, which will prevent mildew and considerably increase the strength of the cotton fabric.

PITCHING A TENT

The first step in tent-pitching is the assembly of poles and stakes. These should be as slender and springy as due regard for safety will permit, in order to lessen danger of injury to fabric and seams. Absolute rigidity in tents is neither necessary nor desirable.

The ridge-pole should be at least two feet longer than the tent; the "shears," one-third longer than its height. A solid chopping-block is needful for efficient axe work and ought to be made or improvised as soon as the camp site is decided upon. Four strokes with a sharp axe or hatchet are sufficient to point an ordinary sized tent stake. Two well slanted strokes, on opposite sides, will make it wedge-shaped; two more, on the remaining sides, will perfect the point. Two slightly slanted strokes will form a good head that is not apt to be split in driving.

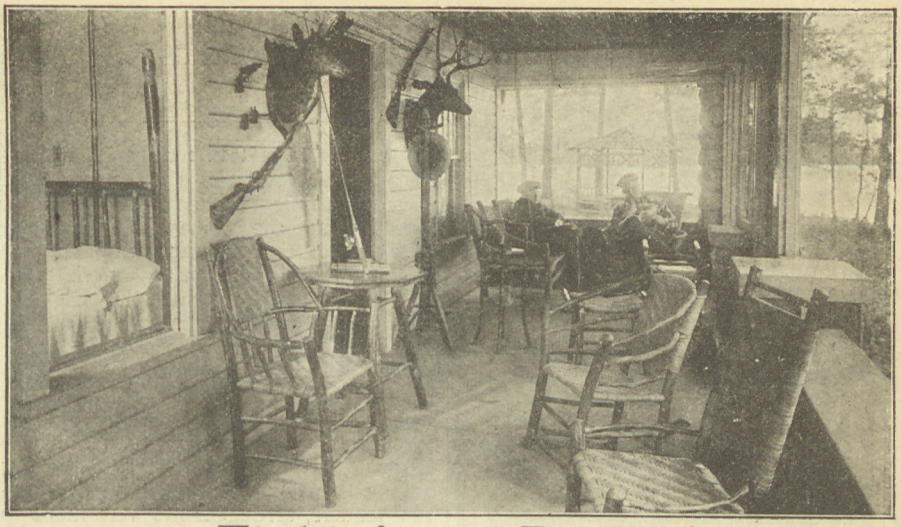
The two poles for each set of shears should be tied together about a foot from the tops and the longer poles so placed that their butts will rest on the lowest ground, if the ground is not exactly even of surface.

When the site has been cleared and leveled, unroll the tent and tie its door flaps snugly in place. Find loop of lower rear corner and stake firmly; next, find loop on opposite rear corner and, after pulling taut, stake it securely. Now find one of the lower front corners, make sure that lower edge of tent is well stretched, and stake at an exact right angle to the rear stakes. On the accuracy of this estimate depends the proper "set" of the raised tent. The spot for the remaining corner stake is found by drawing taut the front and side edges.

The ridge-pole should than be attached. Tie the front peak about a foot from one end of the pole, using an extra turn of the cord to prevent slipping. Tie the rear peak likewise, making sure that top of tent is stretched tightly. The intervening ties are made *after* both peaks have been secured and may consist of simple bow knots without turns around the pole.

The tent is now ready to be raised. Place a pair of shears under the ridge-pole, close up the rear peak, and lift *perpendicularly* to its full height. When butts of shear poles have been firmly planted, go to the front end and raise it in the same way. If all corner stakes have been properly placed, the tent should "set" without a wrinkle. If adjustment is necessary, it should be done at this time, and before the remaining loops have been staked down.

The preceding instructions are for pitching an A, or "wedge," tent, but are applicable also to a wall tent of medium size. In the latter instance, guy ropes must be fastened—corner guys first, and when tent is smoothly stretched, intermediate guys attached to any available anchorage.



Fishin' and Restin'

Fishin' is one thing; restin' is another, but after a big day with rod and reel, a good rest is mighty fittin'. Puts a feller in fightin' trim for the big day tomorrow.

After a day on the lake and a corkin' supper of fried fish, did you ever sit in a Rustic Hickory chair, an' smoke, an' talk, an' sort of fergit all the troubles you ever had? If you ain't, you ain't had a real fishin' trip.

An' after the pipes are out, an' the talk gits scarce, did you ever flop into a Rustic Hickory bed and go to sleep with the smell o' hickory bark in your nostrils? If you ain't, you've missed a million dollars worth of vacation comfort.

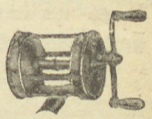
You can get any furniture you want in Rustic Hickory—for summer camp, cottage, lodge, or cabin—indoors or out. It's the last word in comfort, beauty, and durability. Made *for* nature lovers *by* nature lovers.

If you've never used Rustic Hickory Furniture, you've got a real treat comin' to you.

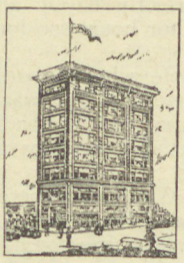
Write for our complete catalog with prices. Tell us what you wish to furnish and give us the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO. 410 State Street, LaPorte, Indiana

This Powerful Steel LUCKIE BAIT CASTING ROD $3.75 Postpaid



3 joints and butt, cork grip, detachable finger hook, agate first guide, agate casting tip, weight 8 oz., choice 5 or 5½ ft. length.



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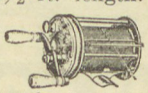

Meisselbach Takapart Reel $7.50 Holds 100 yds. line, quadruple multiplying, satin finish end plates, nickel silver spool, rigid one piece frame (no screws or rivets) steel pinions and pivots, takes apart in a jiffy, double grip. Prepaid.. **$7.50**

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Special Offer We will send Rod and Reel, total value if purchased separately $11.25, together for only **$10.00** Satisfaction or money back. You may substitute a Shakespeare Criterion Level Winder reel in place of the Takapart or Oreno reel in this special combination at same price.

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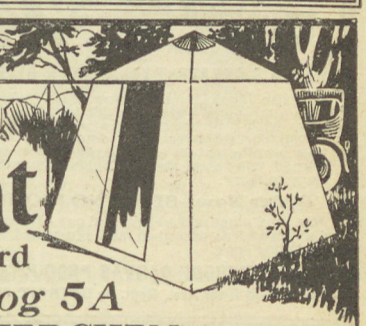
Go Camping in a

Red Top Tent



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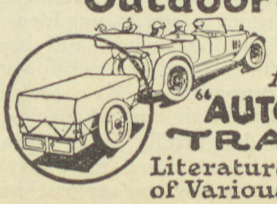

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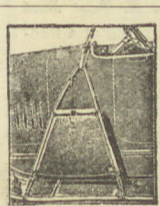

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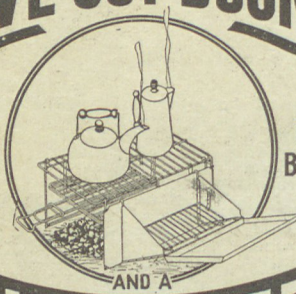

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TENTS Get Our Catalogue

AMERICAN AWNING & TENT CO., 236 State St., Boston, Mass.

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

(Continued from page 23)

Mr. Thornton told me an interesting and unusual story of the eagerness of these pathetic children of the Old World to become a part of this new one which is to bring to them the peace and opportunity for which they search.

It seems that during the frightful struggle of the Bolsheviki to kill off the rest of the world who might disagree with them, they drove down into Manchuria the remnant of an Anti-Bolsheviki army and their families. Eventually, not daring to return to Russia, without money, but having among them several well-known intellectual leaders, arrangements were made to have the entire colony brought to Canada.

With their priest they came here, were sent on to where their land was waiting for them. At the station they were met by the Rotary or Kiwanis Club, (I've forgotten which, perhaps it was both) with automobiles, given a good dinner and taken out to their land where the Canadian Colonization Department had tents, beds and necessary supplies for their use until their cabins were built. Within three weeks the land was being plowed, their community building plans well under way, logs cut for their homes, and every day as their priest prayed with them, a pledge of loyalty to their new home and government was given. They are perfectly happy and no work is too hard, nor hours too long for them now.

And so, these people who so badly needed a new country found a warm welcome in the country that so badly needs people, and let's hope they all live happily ever after!

It was hard to leave Winnipeg. There's something about the place with its thousands of trees (in a prairie country, too) and flowers everywhere one turns, indoors or out, its warm-hearted friendly and so interesting people, that makes even the most vagabondish person want to linger just a little longer! Nice unexpected little adventures were always popping out from some corner, too, like being taken bag and baggage out to a farm thirty miles from Winnipeg to help take a hand with the harvesting, by a lovely lady of whom I had never heard until the day before. I tried hard to earn my bed and board, and kept my ear open to find out how this farming thing was done so successfully. (Will tell that part of it in another letter.)

Then, meeting Mrs. Rogers, the only woman member of Parliament in Manitoba, a witty, clever woman, and awfully good scout was a bit larky. We had tea together and then she took me over to have a look at the $10,000,000 Parliament Building. (Wrigley's advertising ideas, has Winnipeg) and her office, and her children's pictures, and the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Mr. James Evans, a sturdy Welshman, who rolled his rrrr's most delightfully, and has a way with the ladies, bless his heart! With charming courtesy and remorseless energy he took up the burden of my education where Mrs. Rogers left off. I was taught how to tell good wheat from bad (I'm going to hound my baker to death when I get home), and was told of how Dr. Charles Gardner had produced Marquis wheat which because of its early ripening enlarged by fifty miles across Canada the wheat growing area. I was invited to attend the dinner at the Agricultural College in honor of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. "Rather interesting," said my nice Deputy Minister of Agriculture. My dears, at breakfast that morning I had read over a half page of Sir This and Sir That amongst those present, and had wished ever so devoutly that I could hear them cast their pearls, and not only did I see 'em and hear 'em but I called them by their first names! It was truly thrilling to hear the speeches by the great scientists but the one I liked best of all was given by Premier Bracken of Manitoba, and whom I had met before dinner, an enthusiastic, sincere, much-liked person, who spoke in gratitude of the help the United States had given Canada through her experimental farms. Then, too, there was a Doctor of Science from Calcutta, India, all bound round with a white turban and an English accent, who sat next to me, and Professor Barr, of the University of Glasgow, inventor of the Barr and Stroud naval range finder and other very scientific instruments. His very charming little wife whispered across to me that Canada seemed so big and endless that she didn't quite know how ever she would be able to squeeze herself back into Scotland again.

Furs? I saw, as they were being unpacked, thousands of prospective coats, just as they were received from the trappers in the faraway northland.

At last, however, I could no longer endure the way my time-tables turned on me, so dutifully I "went into conference with them all" (sounds like Chicago advertising men), with the result that I awakened one fine morning in Dauphin, the horn of plenty in the great mid-west. One speaks in respectful whispers of their wonderful grain and mixed crops produced in this territory, so thought I, I'll see for myself. At the Saturday morning market I find busy, alert, and smartly dressed farmers' wives, briskly trading their wares, baked goods, and such vegetables and flowers that I wished I could send baskets of them to you. It seems odd that the favorite hobby of these people up here in this real prairie country is flower-growing. And I wish you could see the result of their work and this wonderful soil. Among the farmers at the market, as I chat here and there, I find a man from Illinois, born and bred near Plainsfield, Mr. Walter Lockwood . . . I never saw or heard of him before, but we were awfully glad to see each other anyway, and he and his wife took me out to see how Illinois farming ideas have worked out in northern Manitoba. As we drove into the farmyard, I thought I was back home again, corn fields and

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prize winning Holsteins, just like Illinois. Mrs. Lockwood and I shelled peas for supper as she told me about the country.

Next morning a hurried scramble aboard a cattle train so that I could connect with the Canadian National Continental Express at Portage la Prairie a hundred and twenty-five miles away. The trainmen were ever so nice to me and let me help them cook dinner in the caboose. You get hungry anywhere up here, even on cattle trains, and you needn't turn your nose up either, for it was a VERY good dinner. After we washed the dishes a friendly game of rummy passed the time away until at last we reached Portage la Prairie, light of heart and smelling to high heaven. A trifling wait of seven hours, a hot windless day and I wondered if I hadn't better bury my clothes. Cattle trains are not flower gardens.

A young school teacher on her way up to Nelson House in the Hudson Bay country, eight days' travel, four of it by canoe, tells me of her work among the Indian children at the mission, the sunsets at ten o'clock at night, the dog-team taxis, the wonderful gardens of flowers and vegetables phenomenal in size, flavoring and coloring (somehow I always had a hazy idea the diet up there was nice fresh snow-balls every day).

She was a very conscientious little person and was greatly perturbed because of having danced an innocent fox-trot or two with one of the traders, and feared she had been a bad example to the Indians who were there to see the goings on. I tried to reassure her that her value to the community at large had probably been much increased by said fox-trot. We solemnly ate a chocolate soda and wished each other God-speed.

Awaiting my train at midnight, alone in the deserted, darkened station at Portage la Prairie, wondering if I'll be able to get a reservation when the station agent has gleefully informed me there isn't a chance, I remembered this bit of verse I picked up Heaven only knows where.

"Yonder the long horizon lies and there
by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the
young ships sail away.
And come, I may, but go, I must, and
if men ask you why—
You may put the blame on the stars
and the sun, and the white road and
the sky."

Au revoir until I get to Edmonton, Alta.

Faithfully yours,
THE LITTLE LADY VAGABOND.

The Fulfilment

(Continued from page 19)

In the laboratories on the river bank he had a corps of young and busy men who delved deeply into the secrets that hide below our line of vision.

With net and bucket they explored the hidden nooks of the Little River, dragging forth, with scant ceremony, such living forms as abided there and forthwith carried them off to the inquisition chamber where, with glass and scalpel, they laid bare the last unknown thing, the smallest detail of these lowly

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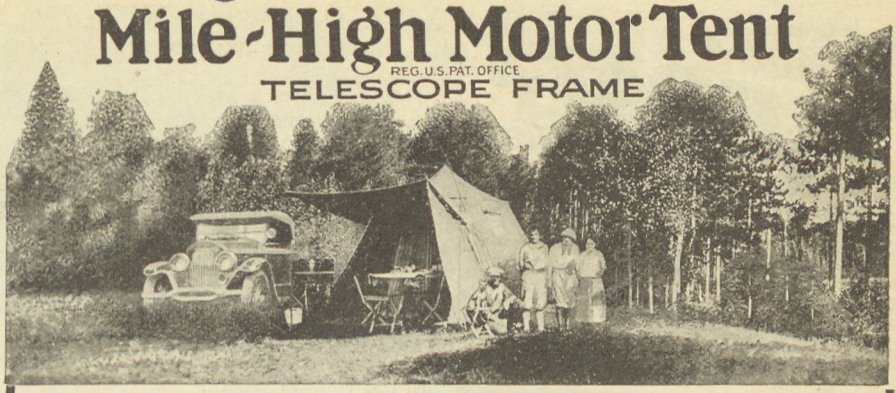

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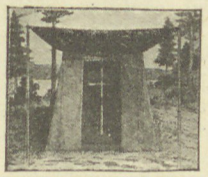

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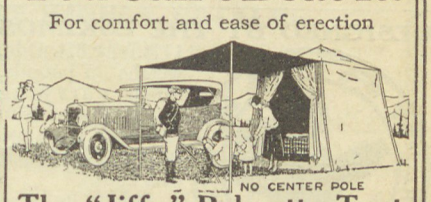

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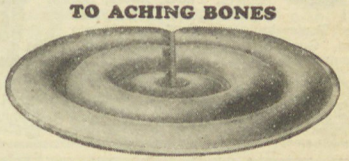

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lives—and told the world most astounding things; solemnly recorded in ponderous language.

David, in touch with all, gave advice and directed energy to the end that this laboratory became known to the ends of the world of men and, apace with it, the name David reached to the far places where students delve for truth.

McGregor, canny soul, granite hard outside and hearted to mother the world, came often from the University to be with his young friend for none knew better than the bristling old Scot those things that ran in David's mind and the void left there.

Among the silent places, the deserts, the giant forests, the peaceful mountains, the broad waters—all these and further, among the Many-things-unknown and companioning over half the world with strange men, McGregor had gathered wisdom as he ran, such wisdom as few men attain, and he came to David—a silent friend in need whose presence was company down along the desolate hours that June's going left behind.

Not often did McGregor talk, but when he did it was with the wisdom of the ages which David could so well understand for both read deeply into the riddles of the world and knew, without words.

Talk was mostly a jarring note—a discord to jangle the symphony of their dual thought.

"Mostly, David boy, the world ha' ta'en on the habbut o' self pity, and they call this mourning for the dead, not knowing that the dead do not die but just change form and carry on.

"'Tis a poor way to look at it; self pity sits ill on ony thinking mon for it begets nothing and is but a state of mind; ye miss June I know; 'tis natural; but also I know that mourning is not wi'in your ken for it ha' na place in memories.

"Memories, David, should be of the pleasant things, so let June live beside you now as she always did, smiling and with such woman's learning as was hers, unmarred by the deep truths of things beyond.

"It is not the province of womankind to carry a burden of heavy knowledge to worrah over; their job is to mother the race and live in the smiles of the sun, and that June did, this no man may deny—and she's left her love for you David, as you'll find down the years to come, when you see her live beside you again in yon upgrowing child."

And thus, in the twilight hours mayhap, when the bats looped cross the warm sky and nighthawks called softly from the heights, McGregor would unburden his mind a bit while David sat by. So the summer passed, frost came, muskrats combed their new fur and shortly the blue, hard ice spread across the deeps, locking the Little River fast till spring should come again.

The restless rapids alone voiced, sullenly, their war with obstructing rocks and hung their winter banners of floating mists against the colder air.

Spring came in due time and with it the new awakening of the world.

All this time Jule, the twin of June, was mothering the motherless babe, crooning to it such things as women know, guarding its every living movement, worshipping it with the love that had always gone to its mother, her beloved twin, and giving to David that sympathy and love that only she, of all the world, could give to him.

When the spring evenings brought the fragrance of the new year they passed much time together, Jule with the tiny little baby, June, in her arms, to croon to, to love, to call David's attention to, a thousand times each day.

Thus time flowed on into that dim place where time all goes, taking with its passing hours the woes and joys of men, sweeping clean, like the outgoing tide which carries all flotsam away into the vast desert of the lonely sea—there to vanish—to sink without a trace, leaving the next incoming tide clean again for each new day.

And so memories ripen, soften and become dim, like rich old paintings in a firelight where one sees only the pleasant things and loses harsh detail.

Nature has arranged matters so we can forget and thus ease the hurt of mighty sorrow, even heal the scars burned, living-deep, into the hearts of us and smooth them over with the universal balm of time wherein the cure to all heartaches is found.

David, no longer the boy who knew the wilderness from first hand information, as when I found him, was now known around the world for his writings on nature and natural science.

He had gone much farther than the merely tangible things which are to be seen and understood by any man who uses his eyes and learns how to think.

All these he had learned long ago and the laboratory situated on the bank of his beloved Little River had delved deeply into unknown things, bringing to light much knowledge and pushing the horizon of learning farther back all the time, bringing up, even as the sun rises, new mysteries to be surveyed and cataloged, delved into, picked to pieces and finally solved and given to the world.

This was David's work, to bring together all the loose ends of laboratory work, to co-ordinate, dovetail, and fit together known facts and then to theorize and project a line of future investigation to develop new things only hinted at in some suggestion or by the logic of sequence which pointed toward what one should likely find if he followed this or that faint trail or dug into mystery at the right place.

None but David seemed able to do this but his clear mind unerringly grasped the right clue which, when followed, gave entry to surprising things—to new knowledge undreamed of before.

From the ends of the earth, in all languages of the civilized world came letters in a stream asking for information—explanation—detail, to enable other scientists to carry on, to further the knowledge which David first laid bare and to elaborate it and so give further impulse to progress.

Nor were these requests denied by the grave and courteous man in charge of the laboratory facing the island in his Little River where the sullen rapids drowsed through summer days or roared

and fretted as floods swept down the little stream.

Beyond all these, deeper, more far reaching than all combined, David dreamed a dream and worked to solve a mighty mystery, older than the oldest man.

Hours he bided in silent watchful contemplation, his active mind alert, casting about for clues, grasping each small detail of fact or theory, cataloging it, working at the task of fitting these together, of fashioning a strange mosaic, woven from the silence of the unknown, a pattern of intricate design and many tiny threads.

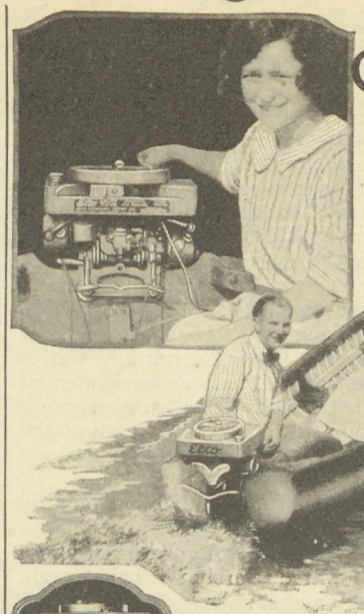
Slowly, ever so slowly, he carried on, advancing, retreating, annexing, discarding, selecting and always retaining a bit here, a bit there to weave together into a new fabric of astounding worth and so far reaching as to be revolutionary but nevertheless provable and sure.

This, David kept from the world, and none knew what passed in the mind of him save Jule, the twin, who mothered his child as her own and devoted herself to its welfare while she gave to it and to David the love she had even as June, her sister, had before her.

To her David opened his mind and together they journeyed far into the realms of mystery for Jule seemed to counter poise and give the needed balance when the mind of David went groping into the fog beyond the edge of logic where sanity elbows with unreal things.

There Jule with word, or touch or smile, restored reason and brought logic back again.

On her David learned to depend for that mental solace which gave contentment and companioned him even as June had



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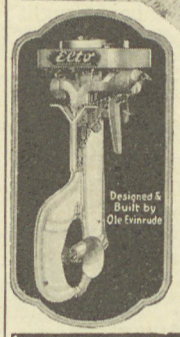

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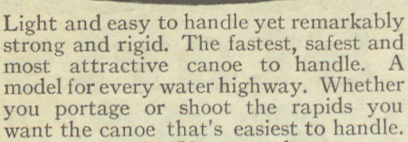

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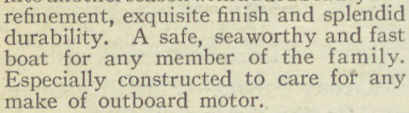

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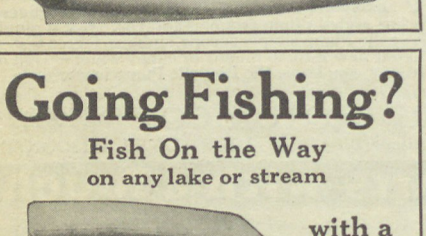

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"Well, Doc and I had a big musky on, but we had bad luck with it, and I caught one bass," answered Moreland half apologetically. "The cook said it was a dogfish, but I know better, because it gave me a good hard tussle. I hear a lot of talk in the hotel about the gameness of bass."

"Inch for inch, and ounce for ounce, the gamest fish that swims," declared Patterson. "What bait were you using?"

"A gob of worms and he swallowed them clean down to his tail. I couldn't get the hook out so I cut the line."

"The wrong way to fish. There isn't a bit of sense in permitting any fish to pouch the bait and only an inexperienced fisherman does it. You must learn to strike your fish at the proper time and hook it in the mouth, so that you need not torture it in removing the hook."

"Hell, I didn't know I had him on until he started to pull."

"That's bad, too. A good fisherman is always on watch. Surely you have caught some perch and sunnies?"

"No, I haven't. I couldn't hook them. I got plenty of bites, but they only nibbled my hook bare."

"What size hook did you use?"

"Oh, it was a good strong hook," and Moreland took out his pencil and made a drawing of the size.

"No wonder," exclaimed Patterson. "You were fishing with a hook just five sizes too large. Now, we have two days here before we start for St. Paul and suppose we spend them still fishing?"

"All right, go as far as you like, but let's not do it where the guests go. *I can't endure having people watch me while I'm fishing.*"

The next morning by the time Moreland was ready for breakfast, Patterson had properly rigged up two perch outfits. Patterson at the oars, they went to a quiet bay and dropped the anchor. In no time they had a fine lot of perch.

"You're getting on famously," said Patterson, when he noticed the old man admiringly looking at the perch which half filled the creel.

"I want to learn to throw out one of those red and white lures some of the fishermen here use, but I won't run the chance of learning here."

"Yes, I think you're right, we had better delay our bait-casting lessons until we get into the north woods," answered Patterson.

"Do you think before this trip is over I'll be as good a fisherman as Strong? He tells me you have been giving him lessons."

"I don't know about that. Mr. Strong has been fishing for a few years you know and really wants to learn."

"Look here, Robert, John Moreland can do anything Walter Strong can do—now you watch and see. Never failed to do anything I wanted to do very much. I'm beginning to get that fishing bug the doctor talks about and I'm going to learn to be a good fisherman if it takes all summer."

"Fishermen aren't often made in one summer," answered Patterson.

"Well, here's one who is going to be the real thing. I've made a good start already and don't forget I caught the biggest perch in that basket."

(To be continued)

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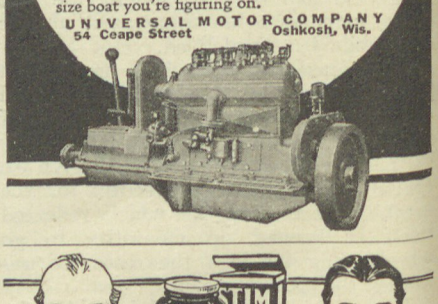

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Live and Learn

(Continued from page 14)

Did you see me get that last one after we got the others?" Poor stage-frightened dummy. He hadn't seen a thing but the birds that fell and he thought we got 'em all. He even thought he got some of them, and I don't think he knows yet that he didn't see a one of the bunch until it was dead. I thought that was bad but while I was out picking them up he got to looking around and saw that three of the birds had fallen a little to the right of the decoys. That made it look like he shot them as that was his end, and he didn't know that they had swung that way. He never saw them swing. He begun to order me around. "Get that one first—get that other—and get the one up there" until I thought he was fooling. When I got them back to the bar he was still at it, and I looked up and saw that he meant it. Then I frothed at the mouth and gave him all the nice things I knew. The big overgrown idiot—to think he killed anything he couldn't see. I got madder and madder until finally he picked up his gun and started for home. I couldn't allow that so I made him come back, and apologized. I told him he got 'em all, but he, generous soul, insisted that two of them fell on my side of the profiles and he was not going to rob any one of their just credit.

Still I stayed out and was still proud enough to think I could make a duck shooter out of him. We waited and talked and smoked too much and ate a little. Finally about the time I was all in the notion of going home I saw a lone widgeon drake coming down river like a shooting star, head down, wings set, coming down wind and right at us. I told the blind man to stand still, and when the bird was about fifty yards in front I let him have it. He hit the water about thirty yards in front of us and raised his head. I must have winged him although his breast showed some blood. Then before I could take a step the big ox beside me threw down his gun and plugged the widgeon, then turned to me and said "Another for me, and I wiped your eye, too." He thought I missed the bird and it had decoyed.

I was not long picking up the decoys, and we started home. He didn't want to go but I told him we had enough. Anyway, I explained that birds do not fly much later and there was not much chance to have anything more to do.

Now to settle it all, when we got home, he picked up two teal, three widgeon, and three pin-tails, started to go in to his house, and then turned back very generously and said "Say, crack-shot," and he threw me a teal, "I think maybe you better take one of mine. I guess the folks won't get much to eat off just those two." I threw the teal and the two mallards at him, and if my gun had been in the front seat I would have used it. Now he goes around town telling the gang that I not only can't shoot, but am too jealous of the men who can to be good company. I hope they prohibit duck shooting forever, or also issue licenses to kill beginners.

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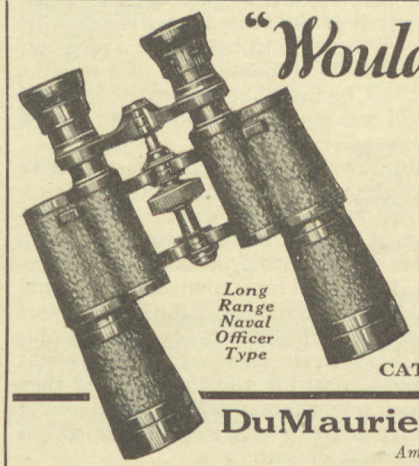

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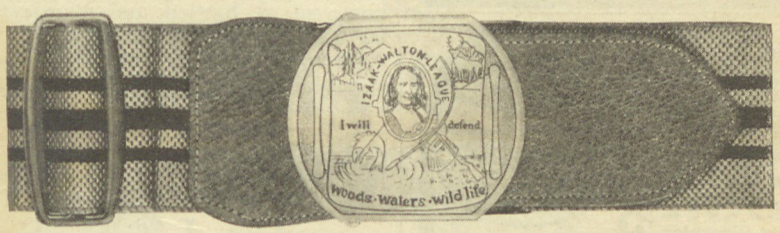

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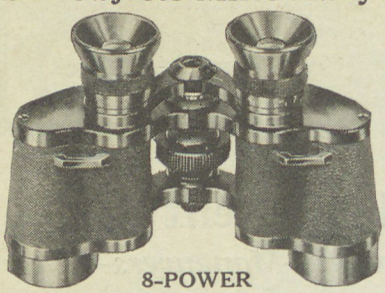

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On Insanity

(Continued from page 7)

had followed it, matching each argument in my own mind with one from out my own experience and I, too, felt that the last argument was unfair to me, as it was an argument I would not be able to use for my river, for, when I made camp along my own little river, and the fire commences to cast its shadows among the trees, no bootlegger comes to my campfire. I have been told that if I were a trifle more sociable and agreeable on certain occasions, I might be in much better standing with the members of the profession.

It may be that the absence of the genial bootlegger from my campfire may be explained by an incident which occurred when we were entertaining a convention here, and as I visited with some of the delegates in front of the hotel, a stranger came up, and asked if anyone could direct him to a good bootlegger. I told him to go a block west, turn to his right, and inquire at the second building in the block. He went away with a celerity which bespoke pleasant anticipation. He returned in a moment, said, disappointed, and disgusted, all of which he put into the sentence with which he greeted me. He looked at me a moment, and said, "You damn fool, that was the jail." I replied that I knew it was, and that I was equally certain it held a good bootlegger.

I was overjoyed to hear Ramsey's voice over the phone, late last October, and a trip to my little river was arranged. Important business was an excuse to adjourn court. Merely as a precautionary measure, I arranged for a companion. I could hardly believe the terms the little doctors used applied to Ramsey, even though his insistence on the claims of his river might bring him within the classification they made, but as one must be careful, I thought best to have someone along, lest he become violent.

I thought of Burr Lichty, with whom I had fished, camped, and hunted, thinking of course, it was because of the joy he had in my company, until one day, while hunting jacksnipe together, we drove into a farmer's yard. He was away from home, so we hunted, and upon returning, we saw the farmer in the yard. Burr went up to him with outstretched hand, gave him a cigar of the brand which he sells and advises you in his advertisement, to stick to, because it is mild, and puts a bathing girl on the advertisements. I have never been able to understand

this figures out. After the cigar, I was brought forward and introduced as *Judge* Wood with a great deal of ceremony. I then realized I was there as a sort of talisman. Neither the cigar nor I availed, for, after all, when Burr asked about our hunting, the supposed farmer drew a long puff of smoke, and remarked that he guessed it was all right; he was only there to fix the spouting.

I had no compunctions of conscience about coaxing Burr away, so I called him and asked if he had a copy of the new Code of Iowa. He did not, and after telling him how difficult it was to run a wholesale grocery house without a Code, I told him of the new provision, just in effect, which authorized any Judge of the District Court, to appoint one or more persons to accompany him on a fishing trip, and compel their attendance. I notified him of his appointment for the day, and asked whether he would come peaceably, or whether I should send for the sheriff. He came. We were off to our favorite place at the foot of a high bluff, so beautiful with the autumn foliage.

I watched Ramsey cast with some apprehension, for I wanted my river to be at her best. When I saw the clear cold water trickle into Ramsey's boot top, I knew she had taken him in as a favored son, and adopted him as her own. Soon the fun began. We had found the place Thomas Ambrose had written me he was seeking, where the bass were so hungry you had to climb a tree to keep them from taking the flies out of your fly book. They took your flies, they tried to take the rods, they performed as only our bass can. I went home happy and proud of our little river, and quite sure that Ramsey must have realized that his argument in Chicago, for any river but ours, was enough to class him as one the doctors described as being a bit wrong.

I am now looking forward to meeting Ramsey at the next Convention, for if he is not convinced of the wonders, delights and excellence of our little river above all others, I will know that the doctors were right, and someone will have to take care of him. Who will it be? Among the hundreds of delegates, most of whom will be bragging about their own river, where can we get any help? For among them all, there will be only Burr Lichty and I who will be unaffected by any hallucinations and really know as a fact that our river is really the best of all.

Life in Sagebrush Center

(Continued from page 31)

up on the river bank. Approaching a native he asked if he might use the boat to cross the rapid stream.

The native lolling picturesquely in the shade and filled with the local moonshine and hospitality in equal parts, could refuse the stranger nothing and assured him with the utmost politeness that the boat was entirely at his disposal as was everything else in sight.

The stranger eagerly shoved out into the stream and began rowing. But when he reached the middle of the swiftly flowing and deep river the boat unfortunately sank and the visitor was drowned. The kind-hearted native in speaking of the affair later said:

"He asked permission to use the boat and of course I couldn't find it in my heart of hearts to be so impolite as to refuse.

This little incident is positive proof of the politeness which passeth understanding that obtains in Sagebrush Center.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

The Phantom Herd

(Continued from page 26)

the top of the plateau. As we climbed gradually into the heavy forest of pine, snow banks began to appear, and by noon snow was all around us. The north slopes of the hills were white; big drifts lay across our path; water trickled everywhere. We saw no deer; even the newly uncovered ground was bare of deer tracks. We consoled ourselves, however, with the thought that we were travelling in the same direction that the deer were and naturally would not see very many.

Late in the afternoon we emerged suddenly from the forest, wallowed through a few more snowdrifts at the edge, and came out on a level park or field, some five miles long and about half a mile wide. It was surrounded by spruce and quaking aspen, and was as clean as though shorn by a lawn mower. We moved across it, and camped near an old cabin. We had seen one lone doe during the day, and now we sat by our camp and waited for the deer to come out on the flat—known as Dry Park—if any were to come. We saw no deer, nor could we find any tracks. We had evidently passed the main deer movement, and they were now between us and the winter range. Having reached the summer range, on the backbone of the plateau, we were ready to move down again until we met the deer coming up.

We didn't tarry long at Dry Park. It was cold, snow-drifted and barren of life. In the morning we packed up again and pulled back, taking the trail toward a ranger station known as Quaking Asp. This trail angled across the deer drift, and would take us over a favorite passage from the winter to the summer range.

From morning until early afternoon we followed the trail, but saw not one deer; and no more than a dozen tracks crossed the damp surface of it.

We did see some mustang horses. We came on four at a sharp turn of the trail, and were within a few yards of them before they saw us. We stopped. The wild leader stallion advanced a few paces, ears forward and head up. He was a beautiful big black. Suddenly he stopped, wheeled, and led the others away at a full gallop.

A few miles farther we sighted no less than a dozen mustangs on a hillside in front of us. When we were within a quarter of a mile of them, the stallion saw us and came directly at us, with his head high and a quivering, questioning neigh on his lips. We had stopped, and were motionless.

He approached to within a hundred yards of us, stopped, pranced nervously, then suddenly turned, wheeled and was away like the wind. Judd thundered past me with a wild shout, urging his horse forward. But he was no match for the mustangs.

We made an early camp at Quaking Asp. Late in the afternoon a small car came along the trail we had followed. Ben Swapp got out and began to make polite inquiries about food, then introduced his companion, S. B. Locke, from

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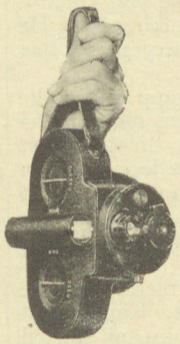

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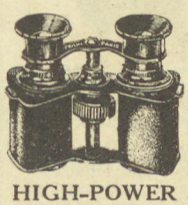

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Ogden, in charge of recreational and wild life surveys of the Intermountain District. They had left Ryan station early that morning, and had spent the day bucking snowdrifts and plying shovels.

The following day Swapp, Locke and I set out for a short ride through the woods. I rode one of the pack mules and liked him better than I had liked my horse. At the end of a three hour ride we had counted 81 deer. On the way back to camp we were surprised to see three small deer running toward us through the woods. We stopped. The deer came on. They were loping weakly, and showed evidence of a long, hard run. They swerved a little as they approached us, and passed a few yards to our right. They did not see us.

"Coyotes," said Swapp as we continued. Swapp and Locke had killed a coyote on their way to Quaking Asp. He was feeding on a deer carcass and Ben had got him with his rifle.

In camp that night Swapp told us he had counted 307 deer the morning he left us at Saddle Camp. "You've just missed 'em some place," he declared when we explained our tactics and the lack of deer, "It looks to me now they're farther up—or down." Which was as good a guess as any.

The two Forest Service men left us the next morning to return to Kanab, and Judd and I packed our mules and started off through the woods. We planned to work along the line of melting snow.

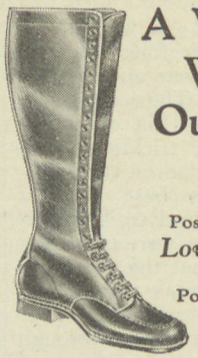
For three days now we worked across the range of the deer. We saw in all 23 animals, of which one was a yearling. Riding through this forest was a wonderful experience. Never have I seen such magnificent woodland. We rode on a carpet of pine needles and could see for half a mile among the big trunks, while the branches met high over our heads. Now and then a buck or a doe would flit through the dappled shadows with the peculiar, four footed spring of the mule deer. We saw five of the big white tailed squirrels that are found only in the Kaibab. We saw and chased a slim little mustang stallion.

The nights were cold, the days sunny and warm. We put pails of tea in snowbanks near camp to chill, that we might have cooling drinks during the mid-day sun. Now and then we climbed high places to search with our glasses and we caught glimpses of the Trumbull mountains, a hundred and fifty miles away on the horizon; and we could see the vast hot deserts that surround the Kaibab. Toward the south we saw the great open space that marked the Grand Canyon, and now and then we caught a glimpse of the purple and red mists in the great valley of it. It was a delightful experience to ride and camp in this great cool forest—a breath of fresh air on the desert.

The discordant harmony of coyote packs rose over the hush of the evenings, and one night a large pack of them broadcasted from a hilltop little more than a stone's throw from camp. It was the morning after that concert that I woke up and looked square into the inquisitive faces of two big bucks, not ten paces from my bed. They watched me tensely as I got up, then they whirled and leaped back into the heavier forest.

Doublewear

Hi-Cut Sport-Pac



A Wonderful Woman's Outing Boot

16 in. high.

$6.95

Post paid Direct to you

Low-Cut Sport-Pac

$4.95

Post paid Direct to you

Here is the ideal outing boot. Distinctive. Attractive. Practical. Has a special soft, pliable upper that conforms to the calf, and flexible sole that is easy on feet accustomed to the lightest, daintiest shoes.

The Doublewear Sport-Pac will make your vacation more enjoyable through the true foot-comfort it brings. Order a pair of these better sportswoman's boots today. Made in half widths. State size and width. Send draft or post office money order. Specify Hi-Cut or Low-Cut Sport Pac.

Doublewear Hi-Cut Sport-Pac for men $9.90 direct to buyer.

APPROVAL GUARANTEE

We guarantee to refund every cent paid for shoes if after examination you feel you would rather have the money than the shoes.

AGENTS—Write for our special proposition.

DOUBLEWEAR SHOE COMPANY
446 East Lake St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Only $39.00

For This Highest Grade Auto Camping Trailer

Money Back Guarantee

You can load all your baggage, bedding, cots, tents, cooking utensils, etc., in this light weight auto trailer and hitch it to any automobile and never notice any extra pull on the car. Why? Because it is scientifically built, weighing only 275 pounds with a guaranteed carrying capacity at automobile speed of 1,000 pounds. We are ready to prove this, hitch it behind your own car, and you be the judge. If you are planning an outing, don't fail to write us at once for complete details. Act, at once.

THE BOWER MANUFACTURING CO.
Box 18 Fowler, Indiana

TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale prices. List to Dealers free.

41st year

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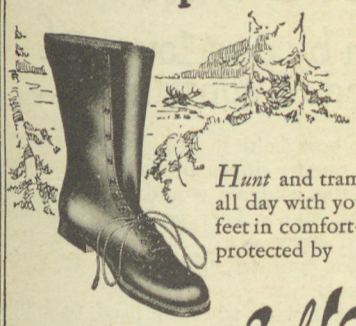
Hunting Boots

~sturdy and long wearing, yet soft and pliant



Hunt and tramp all day with your feet in comfort—protected by

Witch Elk
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

FAMOUS HUNTING BOOTS

Both men's and women's, in a wide variety of styles, lasts and heights. Bellows tongue, oak soles, low, broad heels.

This most comfortable boot can be had at your dealers, or write direct to factory for complete details.

WITCHELL-SHEILL COMPANY
1254-90 Labrosse Street
DETROIT MICHIGAN

MILLE LACS INDIAN TRADING POST
H. D. AYER, TRADER

Onamia, Minn.,
June 3, 1925.

Mr. M. A. Bergfeld,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Inclosed please find my check for $29.40, covering my last advertising in your magazine.

I wish to congratulate you upon the phenomenal success of OUTDOOR AMERICA. I am well pleased with the advertising results and may be with you again later on but feel that the season is past for further advertising along this particular line.

Very truly yours,
Mille Lacs Indian
Trading Post
(Signed) H. D. Ayer.

But so far as finding any number of deer was concerned, these days were failures. Now we decided to move over to the rim of the Grand Canyon, and to work along the points and breaks for a couple of days. We saw only occasional deer there, but those we did see were in the most impressive setting in America. Along the north rim of the Canyon the great forest grows to the very edge, and from the shade of the big trees you can toss pebbles into the supreme spectacle of the West. The clean floor of the forest, the deer that moved now and then among the big trees, made a picture in which the Grand Canyon became merely a background.

Surely, I thought to myself, these deer must be kept here. Virtually unknown to tourists, yet readily accessible by car, the Kaibab forest along the Canyon is destined to become a recreational jewel of our outdoors. Any one of the three—the deer herd, the forest, the Canyon—is an attraction in itself worth travelling far to see. The three together are unbeatable.

We followed a little grassy road the Park Service has constructed from Bright Angel point to Point Sublime, a peninsula of land jutting out almost to the middle of the Canyon. We stopped often and searched the lower levels of the Canyon for deer, but saw only two.

"Certainly," I said to Judd in camp that night, "these deer must be preserved primarily as a part of this great display of nature. Everything must be second to that."

The following day we worked along the rim of the Canyon to Bright Angle ranger station, the headquarters of the Park Service on the north rim. Working east from this station we went out on a big plateau, an offshoot of the Kaibab, which extends several miles into the Canyon. We were again on the summer range of the deer. The summer range is supposed to be in worse shape than the winter range. The deer were in poorer condition when they left the summer range last Fall than when they came out of the winter range this spring. The summer range is the one that is giving most worry to the friends of the deer.

On this plateau, called Greenland, we found 25,000 acres of the finest kind of grass, and a good deal of browse. But we saw no more than a dozen deer. Judd said the deer seldom went out on Greenland.

Greenland is perhaps the most strikingly beautiful part of the Kaibab plateau. The forest is at its best, and the views of the Canyon and of the Painted Desert beyond it fail of description. The panorama from the eastern rim of Greenland is so magnificent that the Grand Canyon, at your feet, is only a part of the view, its colors drab beside the reds and yellows of the Painted Desert that stretches so far to the horizon.

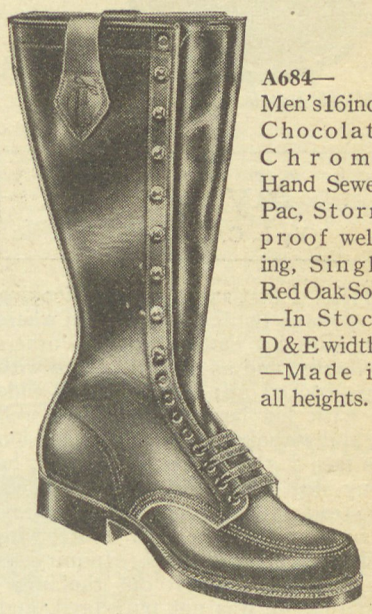
Leaving Greenland we returned to the main plateau and went down under the rim of the Canyon. We followed the Bright Angel trail down, and I was amazed at the great wealth of deer feed. Wild peas, oak brush, flowers, vines, grasses and weeds of all descriptions grew in rank profusion. Here, too, was water, thousands of gallons of it, spurting out

(Continued on page 76)

"Kunkidori"
TRADE MARK

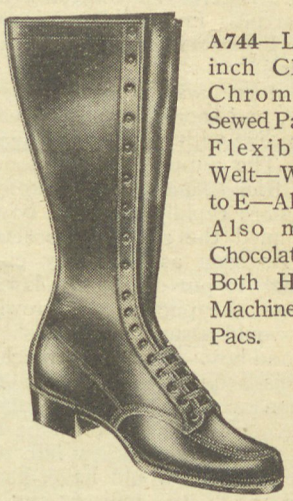
Sporting Boots

for Men



A684—Men's 16 inch Chocolate Chrome Hand Sewed Pac, Storm proof welting, Single Red Oak Sole—In Stock D&E widths—Made in all heights.

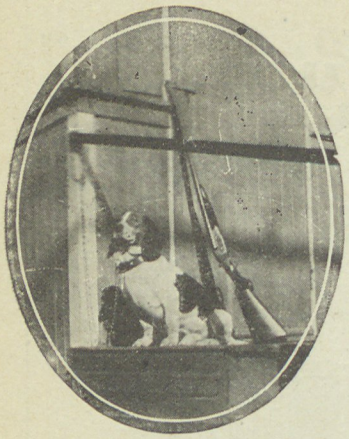
and Women



A744—Ladies' 14 inch Chocolate Chrome Hand Sewed Pac, Single Flexible Sole, Welt—Widths A to E—All heights. Also made in Chocolate Elk—Both Hand and Machine sewed Pacs.

Made in all heights with or without flexible soles.

QUALITY BOOTS
Manufactured by
Hand Made Shoe Co.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.



Joe Beagle, himself

When Your Dog Made his Bid for Fame

Memories and anecdotes written by dog lovers of the I.W.L.A. to which all are urged to contribute ..

My Dog

By L. C. KNIGHT

WHEN I first saw him I was looking through the fence of his pen where he was with his mother and the others of his family, and as he stood there with his ears cocked up; with his eyes wide open; with his large clumsy feet well apart, and withal such an alert expression on his face I thought at once that he was my dog. He was nicely marked, but instead of being black and white,

that I have, when I think of the dog, is of that picture I often saw of a summer evening as I returned from my work—the little fair-haired girl, and the dark-eyed boy, guarded by the big solemn setter dog.

As he grew he readily learned the tricks that are usually taught to setter dogs, such as finding lost and hidden articles, and when he was finally taken afield he seemed intuitively to know what was expected of him and where to find the birds. He never was a fast rangy dog of the field trial type, but was slow

---

These are the first of the fine little human interest dog yarns submitted by readers of Outdoor America. They're great, read 'em and see for yourself.

Here's the big news! WE ARE GOING TO OFFER PRIZES FOR THESE STORIES THAT WILL APPEAL TO EVERY DOG LOVER

matter how cold it was. I have seen him go out for ducks and when he would return the cold air would freeze icicles all over him. This practice was not repeated very often as we cared too much for him to subject him to such treatment.

A friend with whom I used to hunt declared that he knew when the open season on Quail began, for while he would seldom call at his home during the year he always went there at the opening of the season, and seemed to want to go for a hunt. About this time we moved to another town about sixteen miles distant from our old home. For awhile we would miss the old dog for a few days and he could not be found anywhere, but finally he would come in tired and hungry. We later learned that he would go to the old town and visit about the old home and haunts for a few

muscle tense, and with only nostrils quivering. The boy and I walked up and flushed a single bird. I raised my gun and fired and missed, but before I could shoot again I heard the rifle-like report of the small gun of the boy at my side and down tumbled the quail, his first kill on the wing. The old dog galloped ahead to retrieve the dead bird. It was his custom to bring the dead birds to me and drop them in my hand, but on this occasion for some reason known only to himself—perhaps because he knew the young master had killed it, if you want to believe he had that much intelligence, or because he wanted to please the boy—he brought the bird and dropped it at his feet.

He was not a fighing dog, but he did have rare courage. I have seen him come out victorious in several fights that were forced upon him. Setters are usually very quiet mannered and not given to fighting, and some of them are a bit cowardly. Perhaps the Irish blood in his veins accounted for his prowess in this field. I remember one incident that was rather amusing that happened at a Negro camp meeting. The Negroes had adjourned to a creek to baptize their converts, and as this was quite a ceremony several white men from the neighboring town had gone out to see the show. Accompanying the negroes was the usual collection of hounds and dogs of all degree. When the baptism was at its height these dogs chased a coon up a nearby tree. Their barking and baying almost broke up the meeting and many of the Negroes left the baptism to take care of itself and came to look at the coon tree, as all of them are fond of a coon fight and love the coon meat. Someone climbed the tree and shook the coon out, and when he hit the ground there was the usual scuffle and fighting. He proved to be a very large coon; in fact, he was so large that there was danger, that he would whip the dogs and get away; especially was this true as none of the dogs were of any size. Our old dog was there with me and had taken no part in the affair until the howling and snapping had grown very intense, and then he went over with me to see what it was all about. As he approached the crowd of fighting dogs, the coon by one mighty effort freed himself from his tormentors and started for the tree. The old dog arrived at the opportune moment, for just as the coon reached the foot of the tree the dog pounced upon him and seized him by the back of the neck and like a terrier shaking a rat he shook that coon until life had departed, and he lay a limp, lifeless mass. He had never fought a coon before, and I do not believe he had ever seen one before, but he had plenty of courage and thought it time to get in the fight and save the day I suppose.

This old fellow has long since gone the way that all good dogs go eventually, and it is my hope that he is in dog heaven. I hope his spirit is basking in the smiles of a good master; that his bed is kept fresh and clean; that the weather is ever warm; and that there is a liberal supply of bones and unlimited birds in the fields.

Strongheart Training School for Police Dogs

In charge of well known German Trainer

Your Police Dog must be *properly* trained, just as your child must be educated, if you expect to bring out and develop those fine inherent qualities that make a *well-trained* Police Dog the ideal Companion and Protector.

Champion Bero of Elmview

Strongheart Police Dogs

Character plus Appearance

Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elmview, and other noted Dogs at stud.

Puppies for sale at reasonable prices, shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. "You can pay more, but you can't get a better Dog."

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Eastern Road
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

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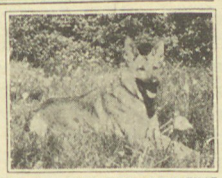
Northern farm-raised hardy working Spaniels. Three young vigorous sons of champions at stud. Puppies and grown stock usually available.

GREYSOLON KENNELS 5731 East Superior Street DULUTH, MINN.

POLICE DOGS

Sturdy Northern stock sired by a brother of "Strongheart" with over thirty Champions in pedigree.



RAPPO VON DER KRIMINAL POLIZEI AKC334026 SZ72782

Van Den Norden Kennels
Ashland, Wisconsin

Trained English Springer Spaniels supplied ready to work on all game, $350 to $500. Puppies $65 to $150. *Send for Booklet*

AVANDALE KENNELS
E. Chevrier Winnipeg, Canada
Largest Kennels of this Breed in America
65 Prizes won at New York
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Ch. Springbok of Ware

Boarding and Training Bird Dogs

Our kennels are large and roomy, the best of feed, water and shade; your dogs properly taken care of and sent home fit for their work.

Terms on request. Satisfaction Guaranteed

C. C. HERRON, HOPE, IND.

Lou Holliday's Super-Airedales
(Original Lionheart Strain)
Spring Sale—Nine Litters
—Big Western Type

Parentage known all over this continent as workers with courage and brains. Pedigreed. Guaranteed. Males $20.00 during sale. References in 48 States, Canada, Mexico.

LOU HOLLIDAY, Victor, Mont.

Springer Spaniel Pups

Ready for delivery. Farm bred, wormed and inoculated against distemper. These pups are from the Laverstoke x Springbok strain. I will ship anywhere upon satisfactory guarantee. If you are not satisfied, return the pup to me at my expense. Females, $50.00 up; males, $65.00 and up.

H. E. CLEVELAND, Hotel Duluth, ST. PAUL, MINN.

You can raise **POLICE DOGS**

An extremely profitable side line on a country place, farm or suburb.

Full Information and Outline Free

Palisade Kennels, 147 W. 42, New York

Sporting Spaniels Springers, Cockers

Our summer supply of Sporting Spaniels will be more than adequate to supply the reserve orders, and we can give immediate delivery of puppies and occasionally have grown trained stock for disposal.

We have four noted Springer Sires at service: Int. Ch. Horsford Harbour, Fee $100.00; Ch. Winnebago Whirlwind, Fee $75.00; Southwick Don, Fee $35.00; and Birchwood Ranger, Fee $50.00.

The great Black Cocker, Bonny-Moor Prince, has been imported from England, a winner of over 60 prizes on the bench and a wonderful worker in the field; is at the service of Cocker matrons and should improve the hunting instinct as well as the type of Cockers in America. He will be limited in his services, and reservations must be made in advance. Fee $25.

WINNEBAGO KENNELS, Reg., Box A153, Oshkosh, Wis.
DR. and MRS. A. C. GIFFORD, Owners

German Police Puppies

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VON HOCHSTEIN KENNELS
ALVA - OKLAHOMA

Russian Wolfhound Puppies

Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.

PRICES REASONABLE
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Pure-Bred Chesapeake Retrievers

There is a reason why I never have a raft of dogs to sell. My stock must suit in all ways or I pay all the bills. Beaver Don and Beverly's Golden Buster at stud. I am feeding duck dogs, not show stock. Glad to tell you about them.

DR. A. L. BEVERLY, Dayton, Iowa

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Safest dog for children.

Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.

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"A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type"

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Beagle Hounds

SAM PATCH GRIT has defeated over one hundred hounds at recognized A. K. C. FIELD TRIALS. We have puppies sired by this great hound, and out of crack bitches that know their stuff on rabbits; bred to produce FIELDERS for the HUNTER or FIELD TRIAL FAN. Also trained and partly trained stock for sale. Send for free sales list and literature.

E. A. KOPP, Masterly Beagles, Reg.
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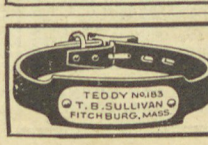

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(Your name in Gold) $1
SEND NO MONEY
Pay postman, plus postage on arrival.
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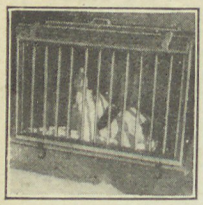
The BIRD DOG'S PALACE



Clamps on the running board of any car. Has waterproof top, built like the tops on closed cars, storm curtain, linoleum on the floor, nickel plated trimmings throughout and tapered back that does not touch the body of car. A regular palace for the dog, handsomely finished and a splendid value at $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15 for the two-dog size. Immediate shipment. Manufactured by

THE DWIGHT McBRIDE YELLOW PINE SALES CO.
Golden City, Mo.

SPRINGER SPANIEL PUPPIES

Grandchildren of Little Brand and Horsford Hazard. Ready to ship June 15th. Fine healthy youngsters.

Price $50.

H. P. HALLADAY, Onaway, Mich.

We Offer For Sale **Eight English Setter Pups** wormed and ready to ship. Lamberlon's Mack-Phil's Speed Ben breeding, priced $35.00. Also one four-year pointer thoroughly broken on quail and grouse, $125.00. 10 days' trial. Also twelve splendid Rabbit Hounds, ready for fall shooting. Also we will board a few extra dogs for the summer. Good Kennels—Good Food—Fresh Spring Water.

Address **Chas. Beckman, R. D.**
Cambridge Spring, Pa.

FOR SALE SPRINGER SPANIELS

Puppies by Dash of Ruan: Champ. Horsford Hetman by a daughter of Hetman. Coleland Blackie: Banchory Bride: Champ. Little Brand.
Puppies by Dash of Ruan, Banchory Bride.

Booking for September Delivery

COLELAND KENNELS The home of correct type Springers
OAKLAND, N. J. Box 84

Pointer Futurities whelped January and February. Sired by Tip of Joyouse—Ferris Proctors Franf—Whitteds Dusky Bimkins. Dams by Comanche Frank—Kanawha Gilt Edge—Ferris Manitoba Rap. Pups extra fine, weighing 25 to 35 lbs., guaranteed to please. Send for list.

J. ROLAND DEAN
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Trainers

While we specialize in training the grouse shooting dog and grouse trial dog, we also train on Ringnecks—Woodcock and quail, producing when desired the all-around bird dog. Take string south around January 1st. Modern Kennels, balanced food cooked fresh daily. Qualified by long successful experience to properly develop your dog. Investigation solicited. Filling string now.

R. J. Reese, Mgr., Mountain View Kennels, Pittsfield, Pa.

For Sale—Springer Spaniel

Northern bred quality puppies. Ready for delivery. Typical specimens from champion bred dams and imported sires of finest blood lines. Best ones not reserved for own use. Champion Port of Avondale at stud.

B. E. JONES, Box 634, BISMARCK, N. DAK.

ANNOUNCING two litters springer spaniels. Liver and White and Black and White, one sired by Chadakoin Springbok, dam Devonshire Sweep, the other sired by Ch. Winnebago Whirlwind, dam Skein of Sedkirk. Skein is from the celebrated "Chancefield" kennels in England. Ready for immediate delivery, details on request.

CHADAKOIN KENNELS,
Forestville, N. Y.

SPRINGER SPANIELS!

Now ready for delivery, both male and female puppies and young dogs. Also a fine Brood Matron, well trained. Our Springers have the best of blood lines, with such as Ch. Laverstoke powderhorn, Ch. Springbok of Ware, Beechgrove Traveller, Beechgrove Trouncer, Horsford Hazard, etc. Write us what you want and about what you expect to pay.

Good Springer Stud

L. A. WELLS WELLSWAY KENNELS NEVADA, IOWA

Black Powder

By Will Belshaw

Jack joined our circle, which circle had all the points of a triangle—Jack, the Other Fellow and myself—before Kodaks were invented, consequently the only picture we have of him is the one hanging on the walls of memory. These walls have sagged considerably of late, but the picture of that little dog is so clearly and vividly portrayed upon them that it will remain after they have vanished completely, I fancy, just as the burned holes in a blanket outlast the blanket itself.

Jack was of the genus Nondescript, a thoroughbred, in a class all by himself. We always insisted that it was for this reason he refused to hunt in company with any other dog. He could drive a rabbit as surely as a colored lad drives a mule on the tow path, and his "yike" was so different from the bay of the ordinary hound that we kids were not much annoyed by pot hunters and snipers.

In speaking of him we always boast of what he could do, rather than what he was, because all we knew about his ancestry was that his mother was shot for robbing hen's nests and the pups had to be gotten rid of, so instead of drowning them they were brought to school and passed around among the boys. We brought ours home in the lunch basket and poured him out on the kitchen floor to be inspected by the ruler of our universe, and really, judging from the things he said about the pup, he thought very little of him. He thought even less of him next morning.

Jack's training was left entirely to us, and we brought him by easy stages (not to the dog) from one trick to another until we considered his training complete. This happened many years ago. During that time we have shot over everything from water spaniels to Barnagat bay and can truly say that we have never met his equal.

Jack never showed any inclination to be gun-shy, because the guns which he heard in his puppyhood were the kind that made the welkin ring—and smoke, and if he had been desirous of getting away from the sound of them it would have been necessary for him to make a considerable journey in order to do so. These guns were two in number, a double and single barrel. The double was of an ancient pattern, with a wonderful broadcasting tendency, built on the lines of the pipes of Pan. It had been in use so long that the barrels were rusted through where the charges rest, and it frequently happened that pulling either trigger would discharge both barrels simultaneously, thereby greatly increasing the muzzle velocity, also the breech velocity.

It seems strange to contemplate the fact that newspapers were so scarce in these days that it was necessary for us to lay in a supply of last year's hornet nests for wadding. There are few men alive today, perhaps, who have used this most perfect article in the line of gunwadding. There was just enough wax in its composition to neutralize the effect of the saltpeter on the gun barrel, and it would never set woods and other things aflame

FEED YOUR DOGS KEN-L-RATION

(IN CANS)

This meat and cereal food, combined with Norwegian cod liver oil, fed regularly, increases the animal's resistance to disease. This applies especially to distemper. This product is the only BALANCED FOOD for dogs that is put up in this convenient form—ready to feed, no cooking, no trouble. All meat used in this food is inspected and passed by United States Department of Agriculture (Est. E67). Ask your dealer. Pound sample will be gladly furnished free upon request.

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Your Dogs

KEEP their coats glossy and prevent infection. Keep their skin clean and healthful. Drive out worms. Restore them to full health. Keep them cheerful.

There is a Glover's Imperial Dog Medicine for every dog affection at all Drug Stores, Pet Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers.

Our book, a fully illustrated treatise on dogs, will be sent FREE on request. Write for it. Address Dept. DY7.

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MEDICINES

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog KEEP HIM HEALTHY and CURE DOG DISEASES How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
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FOR **YOUR DOGS and PUPS**
Feed the BEST—That's
Perfection Dog Food

Insist upon Perfection at your Pet Shop, Sporting Goods or Feed Stores or order our Special Introductory Offer of 5 lbs. at 75c or 10 lbs. at $1.25 Shipped, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Literature FREE

PERFECTION FOODS CO.
Post Bldg., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

DELCREO DOG REMEDIES

Each a specific in the treatment of MANGE, ECZEMA and other skin diseases. Kill fleas and other vermin

FREE KENNEL MANUAL

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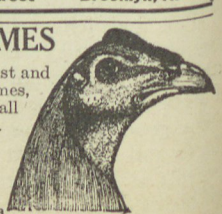
RED CUBAN GAMES

They are the gamest, fastest and best fighting of all pit games, and the most beautiful of all fowls. Send for catalogue.

Finest young trios $10.00 per trio.



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275 S. Union St., Concord, N. Carolina

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

POLICE DOGS
Sired by a Son of Dolf and a half brother to Strongheart. This represents the best blood of the breed.
THE RICE KENNELS
SPENCER, INDIANA L. B. 35

SPRINGER SPANIELS PUPPIES
by Prince of Scadbury Imp. ex Horsford Dove Imp. *At Stud* Hetman and Avendale dogs. Fees $35 & $50.
DR. W. H. FOX
Cobleskill, N. Y.

"Vermont" Highest—Quality Registered
"SILVER FOXES"
PRIZE WINNING STRAIN
Descriptive Catalog
Vermont Silver Fox Co., Inc.
Chittenden, Vt.

Satisfaction hangs up its hat for a long stay when you put our foxes to housekeeping on your own ranch, on our ranch, or on our 20% dividend investment plan. $50. Unit Shares and up, 20% guaranteed for 10 years. (Reg. P. E. I. Silver Foxes bred for points.) Free details.
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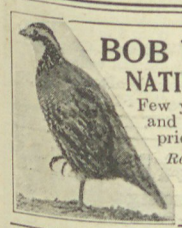
SILVER FOXES
of the highest quality for sale at reasonable prices. We will ranch your animals and guarantee results if so desired. Get into this wonderful business through us and be assured of success.
Minnesota Silver Fox Co., Chisago City, Minn.



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NATIVE and MEXICAN bobs
Few young birds for late summer and fall delivery, subject to prior sale.
Reserve quick for propagation only.
M. E. BOGLE,
Pascagoula, Miss.

AIREDALE TERRIERS OF RANK
Every Desired Quality That Gives Satisfaction to the Purchaser. Dr. Knox, Box 50, Danbury, Conn.

ROB'T C. PROCTOR, UNION CITY, IND.

July 3, 1925.

The Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I received your telegram asking me to repeat my advertisement in the August number of Outdoor America, but I have had such splendid results from my ad in your magazine that I have sold the most of my Springer puppies and do not think that I will need to advertise again. When I need to advertise again, it will surely be in Outdoor America.

I thank you for your interest taken in the matter.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Robert C. Proctor

as newspapers frequently did—and do to this day, unfortunately.

I have said that Jack's training was left to us, but we in turn left most of it to Jack. His training for speed, however, was taken well in hand. The method of training consisted in an older brother holding the dog while we ran in an opposite direction, calling "Here Jack, here Jack!" until the dog was frantic. When the brother could hold him no longer he gave the dog a parting slap as he got away, and he speedily made up the handicap.

Similar methods were used in training him to dehole game. After we had convinced ourselves that the game had taken to hole we tried to convince Jack also. He was taken to the hole in question and by moral suasion induced to enter; if he refused to go further we "druve" him into the ground like a tether stake, and he frequently came backing out bringing the quarry with him.

Jack had one love affair, and if he was of the opinion that it is "better to have loved and lost than not to love at all" he failed in his attempt to make it known to us. We had missed him from the farm for several days, and finally met him on his way to his amour. He didn't seem especially glad to see us, successfully evading the barrage of stones we put down for him, and for the first time in his life seemed anxious to be rid of us. When he arrived at the trysting place he found that his rivals were so many and so large that he was forced to make love by proxy. This must have been very unsatisfactory, for after numerous fights, in which most of his legs were put out of action, he came limping home and never went back.

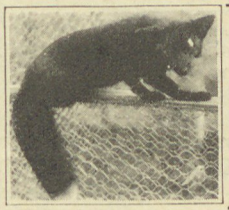
We have often wondered how he contrived to pack so much knowledge into so small a head in so short a time. He could divine the coming of the Other Fellow, from his home in the city, hours before we were due, and if the reception which he gave us when we finally drove up in the old democrat shall be repeated in that Happy Hunting Ground our joy will indeed be complete.

Jack seemed to be convinced that he was not cast for the role of Lothario, and after his wounds were healed he took up the trail where he had left it. But it was toward evening with him, and the grade was steeper; he did not respond to our overtures as he had heretofore, and the shaking of the old powder horn failed to arouse his enthusiasm. One day after jumping rabbit after rabbit, and wasting our precious loads on chance shots, we returned home to find that our little chum had deserted us. We found him lying on the porch, crestfallen and penitent. He seemed to feel keenly the disgrace he had brought upon himself, and in that pathetic appeal quoted Scripture to us as plainly as the preacher ever did: "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak."

This was the parting of the ways. In a short time he lost his hearing, then his sight became greatly impaired. He spent most of his time journeying between the porch and his kennel; one day he concluded that even this was too much trouble. In the morning we sought to comfort him in his lowly bed, but Jack was running the longest trail he had ever taken.

"TARNEDGE FOXES"
ESTABLISHED 1910
Oldest Ranch in the U. S.
49 Prize Winners
74 Breeders
Highest ratio of prize winners in the world.
Two Grand Show Champions; Eight Sweepstakes Champions; Twenty-Two Blue Ribbons.
Breeding ordinary stock is profitable. Breeding this grade is several times more profitable.
Descriptive Catalog
SABATTIS, NEW YORK

SILVER FOXES
This industry is making rapid strides in North America. It holds unlimited opportunities for fine profits for many years to come for those who purchase high-class breeding stock. The foxes we sell are registered in Canadian National Live Stock Records, and are direct descendants of the old original pure strains of Prince Edward Island foxes, which were the foundation of the industry as it is today, and undoubtedly were the best Silver Foxes the world has ever seen, and have so proven themselves on the fur markets and on the live fox shows held in Canada and the U.S. *Our prices are right and quality superb.*
We can ranch the animals for you in our own ranch, which is under Canadian National Live Stock Record supervision. Foxes so registered are tattooed in the ears for identification purposes by Government inspectors. Two-thirds of our business annually is repeat orders from old customers.
Send for our illustrated booklet, which will be mailed free to your address.
"The Old Reliable" B. GRAHAM ROGERS
Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada
C. R. Rogers George A. Callbeck B. Graham Rogers



BIG PROFITS
in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of pups from our advanced registry stock and make big money. We have one pair in our ranch that is four years old that has had 20 pups and made their owners thousands of dollars. Write for prices and terms. We can ranch them for you.
Cass Lake Silver Black Fox Co.
Cass Lake, Minn.

Make Big Profits!
with Silver Foxes. We will help you get started with our superbly beautiful pedigreed foxes. Silver Foxes are excellent breeders and easy to raise. We help sell the increase at good prices. Prime pelts bring $100 to $600 each, if you raise our sturdy, handsome north Wisconsin stock.
More Details by Mail. Write to
ISLAND FOX FARM, Box A, Cumberland, Wis.

SILVER FOXES
BEFORE YOU BUY
WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
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Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 24 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.
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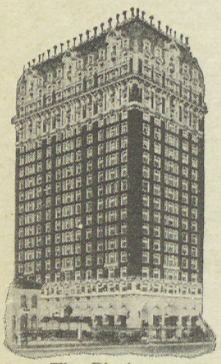
RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park
or at
THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



The Blackstone

These two magnificent world famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City's Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers Chicago

There is no resort in the
FRENCH RIVER DISTRICT
to compare with the elaborate detail provided for pleasure and comfort as will be found at the

KAGAMAGA CLUB

An ultra modern Lodge in the Wilds, on the picturesque Pickerel River. Private 1-2-3 Room Sleeping Bungalows. Motor Skiffs, Fine Fishing, Bathing, Canoeing, Music and Radio.

Reservations limited to 20 guests.
Wire or write D. A. DODGE, Mgr.
Open the entire year. PICKEREL, ONT.

Fly and Bait Fishing

Wonderful fly and bait fishing

25,000 acres of water and fish, boating, bathing. Illinois River.

Write **W. T. Boyd, Sheldon's Grove, Ill.**

"Rough it" in Canada!

At The Lodge, Baldwin's Mills, Quebec

A small camp in the woods at the end of the trail. Fishing, Hunting, Boating, Bathing, Good Food, Rest, Comfort.

Number of guests limited to ten. For details address

M. S. MITCHELL
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NAGAGAMI HUNTING LODGE

Situated on the Main Line of C. N. Ry., fifty miles west of the Town of Hearst, Ont., trout fishing and moose hunting. Good rooms and good table. Write for further information and terms. House situated on the little Nagagami River, close to Ry. station. In the heart of Northern Ontario.

SAM McCANN, Prop.
Hearst P. O. Ontario, Can.

FISH IN NIPISSING
CANADA'S WONDER LAKE

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A country of unsurpassed scenic beauty and marvelous fishing, thirty-two miles, by auto and launch, from the nearest piece of rail, and as primitive as the day Champlain first paddled its waters

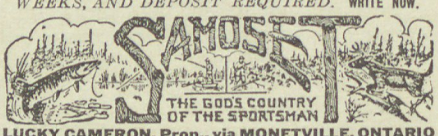
SMALL MOUTH BASS up to 5 lbs.; WALL-EYES up to 10 lbs., and GIANT GREAT NORTHERN PIKE up to 30 lbs. "You Get 'Em Or You Get Your Money Back." Picture proofs from 1924's Prize Catch, and a world of close-to-home references gladly furnished.

FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF REGULAR GUESTS, comfortable quarters with washroom, flush-toilet and bath conveniences; solid comfort beds, and a table second to none in the North Country, at $8.50 per day, per guest, including guide and boat.

FOR THE CAMPER, ideal "shack" and "canvas" quarters, completely furnished and ready for occupancy in every detail, at $2.00 per day, per guest. Rowboats $1.00; canoes $1.50 per day.

FIFTEEN DAY CANOE TRIPS, through the headwaters and tributary lakes and streams, with guides, tents, canoes and complete equipment, at special rates.

NO RESERVATIONS FOR LESS THAN TWO WEEKS, AND DEPOSIT REQUIRED. **WRITE NOW.**



LUCKY CAMERON, Prop., via MONETVILLE, ONTARIO

BROOKS LAKE CAMP
Lake of the Woods District, Ontario, Canada

A real sportsman's camp where the best of fishing may be had in lakes that are still in the virgin state and which abound in Black Bass, Musky, Wall Eyed, and Northern Pike.

ENJOY A WONDERFUL VACATION AT THIS NEW CAMP—
Moose, Deer, Bear hunting in season

Make reservations now, as only a limited number can be accommodated.

A card will bring an illustrated circular giving full information, rates, etc. *Mail address:*

KENDALL HANSON
RAINY RIVER ONTARIO, CANADA

SUMMER HOMES IN THE NORTH WOODS

on beautiful lakes affording good muskellonge and bass fishing. Will sell you the frontage and build your place to suit you.

H. A. SCOTFORD, Glidden, Wis.

For Sale

A Sportsmen's Property, consisting of one large 18 room frame house (new), two large log camps; caretaker's lodge, guide's camp, garage, stable, ice house, electric light plant. About two hundred acres land with large lake frontage, twelve miles private telephone line. Trout fishing, moose, deer, partridge, and woodcock shooting in season. Great opportunity for gentlemen's club and can be purchased at an attractive price. For full particulars and price address

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Big Game of Colorado
PINE RIVER RANCH

Summer camping headquarters, pack train service, virgin hunting, trout stream and lake fishing. Bear and lion dogs. Mesa Verde, etc., scenery.

H. SCHUTZ - BAYFIELD, COLO.

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Furnished cottages for rent on Long Lake. Muskie, Bass and Pike fishing. Write for Information.

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On Beautiful LAKE OWEN

A camp run to meet the taste of discriminating out-of-door-folks. A strictly moral, high grade vacation paradise for the entire family. Best Bass and Great Northern Pike fishing in Wisconsin's forest country.

Send for booklet. Reservation required.

WALTER H. REED, Cable, Wis.
Member of Izaak Walton League of America

Through sleeper with special rates daily over C. & N. W. R. R. to Lake Owen station, May 15 to Sept. 30.

COME TO IDAHO

for that big game hunt. We have opened up a new hunting country where there are elk, deer, goats, black and brown and grizzly bears and cougars. Our outfit is the best in the West and our dogs are first class.

STONEBRAKER BROS., OROFINO, IDAHO

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AT THEIR BEST

A completely equipped little lodge, on river and gulf, at the edge of the great Gulf Hammock. Black Bass and Sea Fishing. Wild Turkey, Deer, Duck and Quail Hunting. Wild Cat, Otter and Fox Trapping. For full information write

EUGENE KNOTTS, Izaak Walton Lodge
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WALTONIAN INN
Lake Nipissing

New buildings, new boats, new fishing grounds. The best to be found anywhere. Pickerel, bass, pike and trout in abundance.

Make reservations early. Only a limited number of rooms to let this season.

J. A. LECHLITNER, Prop. **Callander, Ont.**

COME TO WEL-A-WIBEN

Aitkin County's most beautiful summer hotel. Located in virgin timber on Long Lake. Excellent bass fishing, bathing, dancing, etc. New log cabins. Fine meals.

Send for descriptive booklet.

L. R. HATCH, KIMBERLY, MINN.

CAMP PIMBINA
Province of Quebec, Canada

Is situated in the midst of the best natural Trout Fishing in the Laurentians. The end of the road, yet accessible by rail and auto. Comfortable quarters, good food, boats, canoes, guides, etc.

Write for Booklet

W. J. JACOMB, Proprietor, St. Donat de Montcalm P. Q, Canada

We Never Close

The Only Resort in the Glorious Woods of Wisconsin You Can Visit Any Day of the Year

In a radius of 4 miles we have 5 TROUT STREAMS and 4 Good Bass Lakes—NO better in Wisconsin. Enjoy LIFE IN THE OPEN! GET A GOOD REST. DINE ON WELL COOKED GRUB, SLEEP IN COMFORTABLE BEDS IN INDIVIDUAL LOG CABINS, ALL FOR $3.00 A DAY. **Write for reservations.**

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LAKEWOOD, WIS., OCONTO CO.
On County Trunk F, 4 miles off State Highway 32 or Chicago & N. W. Ry.

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HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

In the Land of Lakes

Black Oak Lake Resort

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Wisconsin and Michigan Chain of Lakes

Salmon Trout, Brook Trout, Bass, Muskie and Pike Fishing.

Private Cabins for Your Family.

G. J. ST. CLAIR, Land O'Lakes, Wis.

Formerly Stateline, Wis.

Make reservations now.

Special rates over C. N. W. R. R.

FISHING, BOATING, SURF BATHING

Ideal Outdoor Life, Sportsman, Families. Weaks, Croakers, Kings, etc. 4/20 to 10/15. Channel Bass 5/20 to 10/15. A-1 Hotel. Best Va. Cooking. Booklets.

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LET'S GO FISHIN'

and take the wife along.

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Separate sleeping cabins and good eats in the woods.

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A real North Woods **BUNGALOW CAMP** with every comfort, in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest—**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto or Montreal. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**

Address MISS S. ORR, TIMAGAMI P. O., ONT.

Good Fishing for Black Bass

McGregor Lake District, Quebec

Parties arranged throughout the summer.

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Bar One Bar Ranch

Make arrangements now for your fall hunt in best game country in Southwest. Bear, Lion, Black and White Tail Deer and Wild Turkey. Summer pack trip. Good trout fishing.

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185 acres most unique island and mainland grove proposition; money-maker; cannot be duplicated. 14,000 young bearing trees of best varieties. The present crop should sell for Twelve to Fifteen Thousand Dollars on the trees, and increase indefinitely. About two miles lake frontage. Splendid site for hotel, clubhouse, sanitarium, private home or subdivision. Good hunting and fishing. Price $250,000.00, subject to change.

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E. H. MOTE, Owner

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COLD SPRING CAMPS

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All Season Fishing—"QUIMBY'S OWN" over 25 years. Five Lakes—Many Streams in Unbroken Wilderness. Salmon! Lakers. Bass! Trout! Tennis! Bathing! Riding! Canoeing! Miles of Trails. Cabins, open fires and baths! Excellent Roads. Fishing all through September. Partridge Shooting in October.

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Reliable Guides Open May 1st to Nov. 1st.

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CAMP EUCAROMA

"where the family spirit prevails"

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Would you make this vacation one to remember? Come to Timagami, the Gem of the North Land. FISH, SWIM, CANOE. Spend lazy evenings around the camp fire and let the soothing pines lull you to sleep in beds as comfortable as you have at home.

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Up-to-date sporting camps, where the fishing is good. Clean, cozy, comfortable cabins; the best of food. An ideal camp for your fishing or vacation trip. 1,200 ft. above sea level. No hay fever. Everything you are looking for. Write for reservation. *Circular on request.*

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In Mantrap Valley and Itasca Park Region. Located on Mantrap Lake at head of chain of sixteen lakes in Mantrap Valley. Muskallonge, large and small mouth bass fishing. Pike fishing nearby. Cottage plan with main dining room. Good meals, an excellent bathing beach and a real "Outdoor Camp" for Outdoor Americans. Write for booklet.

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The Beautiful

On Big Lake CHETAC

The Fisherman's paradise—Combines all the advantages of an ideal fishing club with every requiremement for a real outing. Modern attractive cottages overlooking lake. Waters abound in game fish. Private Trout pools. Conveniently reached via C. & N. W. to Birchwood, Sawyer Co., Wis. All accommodations. Gentiles. Season opens June 1st.

Write for descriptive literature.

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BUCKHORN LODGE

If you want something out of the ordinary, come to Buckhorn Lodge, a small, high class, restricted summer resort. The log cabins in connection with the main lodge are artistically furnished and have every convenience. The Lodge is situated on the banks of the Colorado River in the heart of the Rockies, 100 miles west of Denver, on the Victory Highway, and the Denver and Salt Lake R. R. Good trout fishing, saddle horses and sports. Camp-fire at night.

Altitude 7500 feet *Write for booklet*

E. M. MESSITER

BUCKHORN LODGE PARSHALL, COLO.

The North Woods of Wisconsin Are Calling You

Bass, Muskies, Pike, Pickerel

Wonderful fishing, boating, bathing. Wawona Lodge on beautiful BIG ST. GERMAIN LAKE invites you to write for a folder describing this wonderful vacation land. *Address*

WAWONA LODGE

Route 8. Woodruff, Wis.

THE REAL NORTH WOODS!

Looking for a quiet place away from the heat of the city, and the "jazz" and noise of "summer hotels?" Come to Metagama in the real North Woods. One night on C. P. R. sleeper from Toronto. Cozy log cabins, each apart by itself, on the shores of quiet, Northern Lakes and amongst nature as unspoiled as at the dawn of Creation! Bathing, boating, canoeing, biking, lake trout and big battling Northern Pike; many unfished lakes; photograph moose and other big game right from cabin doors; moose shown snapped 300 yds. from door; best moose rounds in Canada; fresh ripe blueberries just for the picking; summer rates $1 a day up. Finest references.

M. U. BATES, Box W, **Metagama, (via Cartier) Nor. Ont.**

Big Game!—Big Fish!

Guarantee shots at bear and elk. Cabin on shore of beautiful lake and stream. Saddle and pack horses. A country to yourself. Guides furnished.

BILL MARTZEL, West Yellowstone, Montana

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35% Discount

OUTDOOR AMERICA

has acquired a limited number of

Tragic Fishing Moments

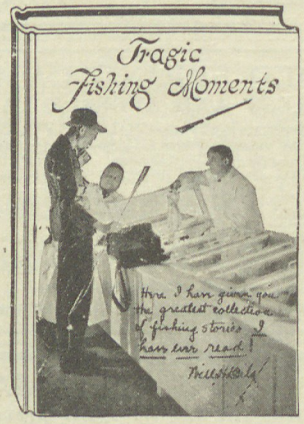
published at $2.00. These are offered at the remarkable price of **$1.30 postpaid.**

Tragic Fishing Moments

contains

Fifty delightful, red-blooded stories by real, sure 'nuf fishermen.

The song of the reel, the swish of the line, the splash of the fish, the blue of the sky, the wild note of the Kingfisher, the dew on the grass, the flowers by the trail—all these and much more, painted by writers who penned their stories "from the heart out"—as lovers of the out-of-doors.



"Tragic Fishing Moments" is a book that will warm the cockles of your heart and incidentally afford many a joyous chuckle.

The foreword by ***Will H. Dilg,*** founder of the ***Izaak Walton League of America,*** is a message that should be read by every disciple of the father of angling literature.

Attractive illustrations and decorations by E. E. Lowry

Large 12 mo. Handsomely bound in linen weave cloth, stamped in gold.

Here's your chance to put in your library a* two-dollar *book for only

$1.30

Send check and order to

OUTDOOR AMERICA

536 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO

(Continued from page 69)

of the wall of the Canyon. I had entered a deer Paradise, yet saw not a sign to indicate that there were any deer there, or that any had been there.

When we returned to Bright Angel I was in something of a quandary about the deer. We had tried hard, but had failed to find deer in any numbers. We had ridden through the areas of heavy concentration, and had tried to follow the deer to the summer range under the direction of men who knew where the deer would move. We had tried to go around the deer and meet them coming up. But not at any time had we seen enough deer to justify the estimates of from 30,000 to 100,000.

We had seen places where the browse was utterly destroyed. But in other places it had been comparatively good. As for the summer range, we had seen little of it, but we had seen a grass covered area of 25,000 acres and we had seen luxuriant browse just under the rim of the Canyon.

I referred to my printed reports and found that the deer would not eat grass, and that, even if they did, they would not go out on Greenland plateau because of the narrow neck, a mile wide, that connected it to the main plateau of the Kaibab.

Would deer starve rather than eat grass? Why didn't they go down under the rim of the Canyon after the browse? Wouldn't deer eat grass and hunt out the last of the browse before starving? Were the deer actually starving? How many deer are there on the Kaibab, anyway?

These were some of the questions that occurred to me over and over again as I reviewed in my mind the happenings and observations of the past two weeks.

But I had not finished my trip. I had yet to see the range conditions on the east side of the plateau, where they had tried to hold the deer drive last fall. But we were unavoidably delayed in resuming our trip because of the fact—I guess I haven't mentioned it before—that Judd was engaged to be married.

I had observed a certain uneasiness in Judd during the past few days, and at times had seriously considered the expedient of hobbling him every evening when we hobbled the horses just to be sure he would be on hand the following morning. This uneasiness of his had greatly increased when we reached Bright Angel and the road, and his face was oft turned southward.

When we returned to Bright Angel he made the alarming discovery that we were short of oats. "I guess it's up to me to go to town in McAllister's car and get some more," he remarked casually, and as I hesitated in replying he added eagerly—all too eagerly—"I could be back by tomorrow night and we could start for the east side the next morning."

"All right," I said, but he heard only the first word, and in less than ten seconds was disappearing in a cloud of dust down the road in the Park ranger's car.

So I sat down to wait for him and the oats, and of course the mere fact that when he appeared the following night he had no oats has nothing to do with this story.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

Automobile Supplies

CLOSE Tite your open car for comfort. Longdin-Brugger Company, Mfrs., Fond du Lac, Wis. (3-9)

Boats and Engines

FREE transportation and life preserver with every outboard motor bought this month. Waltonian Grossmann, 1630 Pine, Saint Louis, U. S. A. (3-9)

BOAT Building Plans for amateurs. Rowing, sailing, speed, cruising. Free catalog. The Rudder, 15 Murray Street, New York. (3-9)

ROWBOATS—Easily made. Literature free. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

Books and Publications

PROFITABLE books. Mink Farming, $1.00. Raccoon Raising, $1.50. Muskrat Farming, $2.25. Fur Farms Publishing Co., Dept. A, Utica, New York. (3-8)

ARE you familiar with the United National Field Trials? If not, write for free literature. Bloodline Journal, Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-9)

"OUTDOOR REVERIES." Illustrated, cover in colors. Outers Hymnal, $1.50. Postpaid. E. P. Jaques, Aitkin, Minn. (3-9)

Business Opportunities

OPPORTUNITY. Live on my property free. Grow ginseng—golden seal on shares. Ozarks. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

Camping Equipment

SLEEP in your Ford Sedan. Beds, Tudor, $9.00. Two-door, $7.00. Postpaid. Particulars. Milligan & Chrey, Bremerton, Wash.

TENTS and real camp equipment direct from factory. Write for free booklet. E. W. Klos Mfg. Co., Muskogee, Okla. (3-8)

Camps and Cottages

WHITE'S Game Preserve, Waterlily P. O., Currituck Sound, N. C. One of the best places in North America for Ducks, Geese, Quail and Snipe. Especially canvasbacks. Write for reservations now, November, December or January. (3-10)

Coins and Curios

INDIAN Curios. Stone Age Specimens. Antique Guns, Pistols and Daggers from all parts of the world. Illustrated list, 10c. N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (6-9)

50,000 COINS, medals, paper money, old pistols, swords, daggers, Indian relics. Catalog free. Nagy, 33D South 18th St., Philadelphia.

Dogs

Airedales

OORANG Airedale Terriers are a special strain of pedigreed dogs highly developed for the all-round purposes of house-guards, automobile companions, children's playmates, women's protectors and men's pals; hunters and retrievers of all wild game; also stock drivers of cattle and sheep. Exclusively bred and sold by the world's largest dog kennels whose complete illustrated catalog will be mailed to your address for ten cents postage. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (6-9)

THOROUGHBRED Airedale puppies and brood matrons. All ages. Real guards. Satisfaction guaranteed and all papers for registration in A. K. C. Floral Hill Kennels, Manawa, Wis. (3-8)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-9)

Dogs

Chesapeakes and Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels—Keen nose, leg length and weight, make this breed the superior of any spaniel now on the market. Fast, powerful swimmers, rapid ground workers. Not a new discovery. "Old Patsey" made good here years ago. Retrieve duck, grouse, chicken, pheasant. Wonderful intelligence, easy trained, easy handled. Largest, finest kennel in America. Genuine curly-coated, rat-tail strain. Eight prize winners imported in three years (a record). Puppies from experienced workers, also youngsters and trained dogs on hand always. Little long in distance, mighty long on quality. Percy K. Swan, Chico, Calif. (3-10)

CHESAPEAKES and springer puppies and young stock for sale. Chesapeake female due in season soon. Best of breeding. Prices reasonable. Pedigree furnished. Champion Carney's Water King at Stud. Cash fee, $25.00. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-9)

FOR SALE. Two thoroughly broken Springer Spaniel bitches. Young stock and puppies always for sale. At Stud, Ch 'Port of Avandale and Rivington Valentine. Write for Stud Cards. John Stewart, Minot Spaniel Kennels, Minot, N. D.

REGISTERED CHESAPEAKE—female, age three, good condition, fine stock. Excellent for retrieving and breeding. Price $150. John E. Newell, Mentor, Ohio.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies—Liver and white, best of breeding. Satisfaction guaranteed. For complete information write Northwestern Kennels, Nora Springs, Iowa.

INCOMPARABLE Labrador Retrievers. Importers, breeders, trainers. Puppies and broken dogs. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Montana. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Three litters of Springer puppies. Cornwallis' Spey (Imp.) at Stud. Four grown Chesapeake pups. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Iowa. (3-8)

FOR SALE—American dark brown Water Spaniels, pups, three months old. H. Frens, R. R. 9, Laporte, Ind.

CHESAPEAKE retrievers, exceptional quality, sensibly priced. Charles Colby, R. F. D. No. 1, Des Moines, Iowa.

IRISH Water Spaniel and Pups, hunters and retrievers. John Resheske, Redgranite, Wis. (3-9)

WATER Spaniel Puppies. Hunters and Retrievers. S. Zelinske, Redgranite, Wisc. (3-10)

Collies

COLLIES—The dogs with human brains. Prize winning imported and American-breds at stud and for sale. Brood matrons by champions. All stock must satisfy or money refunded. Established fifteen years. Egyptian Farm, Marion, Ill. (6-10)

COLLIES for Sale. Training Book 35c. Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-10)

Hounds

HIGH CLASS Coon and Possum Hounds, $65.00 each. 10 days' trial. 3 to 6 years old. A few silent trailers. Try one of my hounds. Hunt him where there are coons and possums, and let him pay for himself. For reference, State Bank of Anglum, Mo., or any business man in Pattonville, Mo. D. J. Wright, Pattonville, Mo. (3-10)

OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers high class coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at $15 each. High class Pointers and Setters. 60 days' trial. Descriptive price list, 10 cents. (4x)

THE SOUTHERN Farm Coonhound Kennels, Selmer, Tennessee, the oldest and largest institution of its kind on earth, offers coonhounds and combination night hunters, squirrel and rabbit hounds on ten days' free trial before you buy. Large, new, illustrated catalog 10c. (8X)

BLACK, tan, blue ticked, red bone coonhounds, $50.00. Best rabbit hounds in the south, $20.00. All dogs sold on ten days' trial. H. B. Bates, Mena, Ark. Box 654. (3-10)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

FOR SALE—Two litters dandy Beagle pups, eligible to register, field trial strains, fifteen dollars each. Also grown stock, three good stud dogs. A. Q. Dornan, Frazeysburg, Ohio.

FOR SALE: The famous Ozark Range coonhounds and combination hunters, $37.50 up. Champion rabbit hounds, $12.50 to $25.00. Trial. LePelley Bros., Mena, Ark.

RUSSIAN Wolfhound Puppies. Front beautiful, silkycoated, curly, extremely large; registered trained parents. Prices reasonable. E. B. Kulbeck, Box 477, Havre, Mont.

CLOSING out seven litters of beautiful pedigreed Russian Wolf-hound Puppies, fifty dollar value for $25.00 each. Idlehour Kennel Co., Guymon, Okla. (3-9)

FOR SALE: Coon, opossum, skunk and squirrel dogs; fox, and rabbit hounds. Trial allowed. Special summer price list free. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (3-9)

OLD fashion coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat. Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Littles Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

SPORTSMEN—We send our coon, opossum or rabbit hounds anywhere on trial. Purchaser to be own judge. List, 10c. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tenn. (3-8)

BLOODHOUND puppies, half grown, healthy, husky youngsters. Papers come with these dogs. Males $35.00. W. Dangers, Neillsville, Wisc. (3-10)

FOR SALE—Four Eligible Walker puppies. Blood of Liberty Bond, Big Stride, Champion Scrape. J. L. Turner, Nicholasville, Ky.

TRAINED rabbit hounds. Cheap. C. O. D. Trial. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price list free. Grady Boggs Kennels, Pendergrass, Georgia.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur Catchers, Catalogue. Kaskas Kennels, R. 92, Herrick, Ill.

BEAGLES—All ages. Pedigreed. $10.00 up. Enclose stamp. L. A. Turner, Aldie, Va. (3-10)

HUNTING Hounds cheap; trial. Dixie Kennels, F. 2, Herrick, Ill.

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for any breed of hounds. Farmers Bank for reference. (3-8)

FOR quality, buy your coonhounds from Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (9-12)

Miscellaneous Dogs

THE O. K. Kennels of Marydel, Maryland, have for sale broken setters that will please any sportsman; also Maryland bred rabbit hounds on trial. Pamphlets free. (6-1)

ST. BERNARD pups—Big, sturdy fellows. Pedigreed. Dependable property and body guards. Children's Pal. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Indiana.

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthiana, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered Mammoth Great Dane Dogs. N. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Indiana. (3-8)

FOR SALE—Eligible St. Bernard pups, $50 each. Eligible English Bloodhounds, $25 each. Dr. Wayne Alter, St. Paul, Ind.

BROKEN Pointers, Setters, and Hounds. We also train dogs. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

ENGLISH Bull Puppies by our imported matings. Triangle Kennels, Jackson Center, Ohio. Box 9. (3-10)

FOX Terriers. Spitz. Hounds. $8.00 up. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisc. (2-9)

BULLDOGS—Trained fighters or pups. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-1)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 77.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters

REGISTERED Pointer bitch. Murray's Kate No. 106467. Whelped July 10, 1923. Does good work. Not spoiled or gun shy. White, Liver and Ticked. Good looker. Good brood bitch. Whelped seven in May. Grand Sire Cincinnati Nat. Pick up at $60.00. Offer seven of her puppies at $10.00 each. White and Liver spotted. Whelped May 14, 1925. Ready to ship. All papers. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

GOOD looking registered 100% Llewellyn bitch 3 years, extra good every way, $75. Registered English setter dog, broken beauty, $50. Registered Brace Pointers, dog and bitch, do it all, $75 each. C. C. Howard, Hurlburt, Ark.

FOR SALE—Pointers, English and Irish Setters, some broke dogs, pups and young dogs. Registered stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for full description and prices. Send stamps. L. A. Welden, Gilman City, Mo.

CHAMPION Jersey Prince, female, 16 months, real shooting and brood matron, $100. Male pup by "Rodney's Joe," a dandy for fall starting, $25. 10 days' approval on both. Amos Fletcher, Trenton, Tenn.

ENGLISH Pointer puppies—bred from finest shooting stock. Sire and dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa. (4-11)

NINE beautiful marked setter puppies whelped May 18 by Wisconsin kid son of Champion John E. dame Lady Murray daughter of McAdoo Don. Priced right. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis. (3-9)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

NORTHERN farm raised hard working Labrador Retriever at stud. Also strong, vigorous puppies for sale and one Irish setter bitch two years old. Louis Seavy, Waupaca, Wis.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-10)

LLEWELLYN and English setters, both sexes. One and two years old. Excellent dogs priced right. Carl K. Bixler, Corning, Iowa.

DESIRABLE registered Pointers and Setters. Pups, eight months. $25.00. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

REGISTERED bred setter and pointer bitch, best blood, $75 each. Papers on pups. C. C. Howard, Hurlburt, Ark.

CHOICE Registered Pointers, Setters, and pups. Trial, Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Illinois. (3-10)

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

FOR Sale: Registered Gordon Setter puppies from my private shooting bitch. L. T. Embree, Hobart, Okla.

ONE broken Setter dog, three years old, $20. Chas. Farrell, Lancaster, Mo.

Police Dogs

FOR SALE—Thirty beautiful light and dark police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kremenalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups $30 and $35; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 10 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Police pups and grown dogs. Bitches open and bred. Pedigreed. From imported prize winners. $30.00 up. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-8)

POLICE Dog pups for sale. Best of breeding. Thirty dollars up. Shipped on approval. Safe delivery guaranteed. Eligible. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. D.

POLICE Pups. Grown, eligible. $25 up. Mrs. Wm. McCulloch, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

Terriers

IRISH Terriers: Protection for Home, Auto, Family, playfellow for kids; gamest dog on earth. Dare Devils are only one-man dog. Pups for sale, not cheap, but the best Imported and American Breeding. Red Top Kennels, O. L., Teague, Texas. (3-9)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

DOG COLLARS. Send us one dollar and get a nice Round Fair Leather Collar for your dog. You will be pleased. State length. Nashville Saddlery Co., Nashville, Tenn. (3-10)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-8)

Firearms

Sauer Guns and Rifles

YOUR safety lies in dealing direct with J. P. Sauer & Sons, only authorized agent in America. We carry only new latest Sauer models. We handle no discarded models nor second hand or rebuilt goods. The factory guarantee as well as our own is back of every transaction. Pre-War Quality at Pre-War prices. Address. (6-8)
The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

SELL—410 Double Hammerless, $29. Winchester 12 Ga. Lever repeater, $30. Firearms List, 100 Guns, 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn.

NEW and Used Guns always on hand. Buy, sell or exchange. Ed. C. Hill, 5580 Etzel, St. Louis, Mo. (3-10)

ITHACA FIELD 16 gauge, fine condition, $27.50. F. H. Miser, Amsterdam, Ohio.

SELL: 125 guns, firearms list 10c. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fish and Game Attractions

BRING Ducks to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 29 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 28 L. Block, Oshkosh, Wis. (4-11)

PLANT NOW. Wild Celery, Sago Pond Plant, Wapato Duck Potato, Musk Grass and other attractive foods for waterfowl and fishes. Wild Rice for fall planting ready after Sept. 1st. Write for literature. Geo. D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minn.

MINNESOTA Hardy Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price on orders for September delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-9)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs. $1. Doughbait guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., $1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., $1. Angleworms, ½ pint, $1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

"THE Baits without a Fault." Catch more fish. "Kato" for catfish. "Karpo" for carp. Ready to use. At your dealers or direct, 50c per can. Hawkeye Products Co., Ottumwa, Iowa.

For Sale or Exchange

GUNS, Pistols, Field Glasses, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Cameras, Watches and everything bought, sold and exchanged. Trade what you have for what you want. Write us. Everton & Sons Hardware Co., Logan, Utah. (3-9)

GUNS, largest stock, lowest prices. Sell and exchange. Write for list. F. C. Carver, The Gun Man, 302 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa. (3-9)

AIREDALES, Spaniels, and cross breeds for guns, tent or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn. (3-9)

GOT something to swap? Write me, enclosing reply postage. Vitalis Malloy, Dept. 92, Johnsonburg, Pa. (3-9)

Food Products

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, $2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (5-12)

BEVERAGES—Your favorite; formula for making; many processes; free information. Write S. A. Lloyd, Box 277, Mishawaka, Ind.

For Smokers

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing $1.80; 5 smoking, $1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-9)

Game Birds and Animals

WINDSWEPT Silver Foxes—Prices based on points scored by Brackett's Bureau, now owned by the American Fox Institute. All Advance Registered. $600.00 the pair up for pups and young adults. Prices of single males and females, proved breeders and foxes with 85% perfection of fur based on record and quality. Immediate or Fall delivery from American ranches only. 250 pairs choice breeders. Write us your requirements. The Silver Fox Sales Company, Dept. G, Unionville, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. (3-9)

FOR SALE: Pure bred English Call Ducks, Canvas Backs, Red Heads, Teals, Pintails and Widgeons, raised in captivity. Geese, Canada, Hutchins, Cackling, White Fronts, Snows, Ross, and Blue. Brants and Pheasants. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

CHINESE Ring-Neck and Fancy Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Water-Fowl and Deer. Eggs for Spring delivery. Stamp for Price List. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (4-10)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

SALE—Wild mallards, four fifty a pair, also "Screw-Bugs," three fifty each, better than Ferrets. Stamp for particulars. Al Grabow, Byron, Ill. (3-10)

WILD MALLARDS, $4.50 pr. Blackie Mallards, $8 pr. English Calls, $8 pr. Wild Geese, $20 pr. Highland Park Wild Fowl Preserve, Washington, Iowa. (3-10)

SALE—Canadian Geese, Mallards, English caller decoys. Red, grey foxes, raccoons, coyotes, skunks. Wild turkeys, peafowls, pheasants. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill.

RELIABLE, dependable Rabbitry, pedigreed. Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Belgian Hares. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

FOR Sale—Blue Foxes. Send ten cents coin, prices, photos, literature. Grove's Blue Fox Ranch, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dept. B. (7-8)

FOR SALE: Yearling Moose, Yearling Brown Bear cub, badger, coyote and wolf pups, lynx, kittens, etc. C. Forge, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada. (3-9)

MUSKRATS for Breeders—We are now booking orders for fall delivery. Selected northern Michigan stock. Write for prices. Saugatuck Fur Farms Co., Saugatuck, Mich. (3-9)

SPORTSMEN Attention: If you wish for better Decoys, better Duck and Goose calls, send for our catalog of new goods. C. W. Grubbs, 230 River Front St., Pascagoula, Miss. (3-9)

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Wood Ducks, Japanese Silkie Bantams. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-8)

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other government positions, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, Dept. B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (3-10)

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 77.

Indian Goods

GENUINE Indian Relics. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Beaded watch fobs, $1.00. Moccasins, $4.50 pair. Dozen selected arrowheads, $1.50. War clubs, belts, necklaces, $3.75 each. Indian beaded rabbits' feet, good luck charms, $1.00. Beaded hatbands and headbands, $2.75 each. Everything in ancient and modern Indian handicraft. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (3X)

FLINT arrow points from southwest Arkansas, six for $1.00 postpaid. E. S. Byington, DeQueen, Arkansas.

GENUINE Iroquois Indian Handiwork. Seneca Indian Traders, Collins, N. Y. (3-8)

INDIAN made Baskets, Blankets, Beads. Catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Calif. (12-12)

Miscellaneous

HAVE you the physical vigor and vitality that you would like to have? If not, write at once for interesting health secrets sent free. Eugene S. Eaton, 44 Gibson Bldg., Bandon, Ore. (3-8)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (8X)

SOMETHING new—Quick selling articles that net big profits. Write immediately or send 25c for sample. Premium Products Co., Dept. 20, Jefferson City, Mo.

A WILD Ginseng Plant and Root; and instructions about hunting and drying. Postpaid $1. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

HIGH blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-8)

PLEASANT, profitable vacations. Twelve descriptive medicinal plants, $1.00. C. H. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (3-8)

Photography

KODAK Finishing for the Amateur Photographer. Films developed 3c. Prints, 2c each. Any size. Your price, double this amount. Quick and guaranteed service. Johnson Studio, Brownsville, Tenn. (3-8)

BEAUTIFUL solid oil painting from your snapshot from $2.50 up. Particulars, W. Taylor, 173 Spencer St., Vancouver, Canada. (3-10)

BETTER Photo Finishing. Send one roll film and 15c for trial offer. Moore's Photo Shop, Alstead, N. H. (3-10)

KODAK finishing on Velox samples and prices on request. Bairstow Studio, Warren, Pa. (5-10)

Printing and Typewriting

$3 DELIVERED, 500 Watermarked Bond Letterheads, 8½x11, and 250 envelopes, money with order. Job Printing Specialty. National Printing Company, Goshen, Ind. (7x)

$2.00 for 125 Letter Heads 8½x11 and 125 Envelopes. Bond paper. Delivered for cash. Pershong & Co., South Bend, Ind. (3-9)

250 LETTERHEADS, 250 white envelopes printed and mailed, $3.00. Samples printing free. Sunco, Mohawk, New York. (3-8)

500 THREE line gummed labels, three dimes. Wasp Moore, Martinsville, Ind. (3-10)

Real Estate

LAKE Shore Lots about acre size, best speckled and lake trout fishing in northern Michigan, good bathing beach, splendid summer climate, only $100 each. Or would sell some 1,400 acres. Good deer and grouse hunting, good soil, considerable hard-wood timber, about 2¼ miles lake shore frontage, very reasonable. J. M. Grosvenor, Strongs, Mich. (2-9)

FOR SALE—24 acres unimproved land with 80 rods frontage on large lake in upper peninsula Michigan, railway station on lake shore six miles distant. Terms. Oscar Hendrick, R. 8, Box 20, Battle Creek, Mich.

NORTHERN Wisconsin Lakeshore lands, Lake Owen, Namakagon, Diamond and other good lakes. Wilderness timbered country off main auto trail if desired. Write for folder. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-9)

NORTH Woods calling you: Write us for descriptions and prices of camp sites, lots and all other kinds of lake shore property in the great North Woods. Ames & Ames, Owners, Minocqua, Wis. (3-8)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

FOR SALE: 40 acres or more of land containing small lake, excellent for resort, on M-14 near Houghton Lake. John R. Bowman, Houghton Lake, Mich. (3-9)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Neb. (3-9)

TEN ACRES wooded lake shore property, fine boating and bathing. Will subdivide if necessary. J. E. Sager, Coleman, Wis. (3-10)

Taxidermy

SPORTSMEN Attention! Grizzly Bear skin, large size, tanned, splendid trophy for den. First $54.00 check gets it. Other skins. Write today. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

MOUNTED Trout: Choice Rainbows. Eastern Brook, Cutthroat, $10.00 up. Your Trophies mounted artistically. Theodore Langguth (Fish Specialist), Boise, Idaho. (3-9)

Wanted

WANTED: Cage birds, water fowl, game birds, ravens, crows, magpies, tame foxes, raccoons, badgers, squirrels, rabbits, guinea pigs, prairie dogs, fancy poultry, bantams. A good home for pets. Emerson School Park, Gary, Ind. (12-6)

WANTED—Red or grey foxes, young or old. State price in first letter. Dr. D. B. Patton, Tuscaloosa, Ala. (3-8)

WANTED: Live Bait Frogs. Highest prices bait. Write us immediately. Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash, Chicago.

WANTED, Wooden Decoys, Mallards & Pintail, also Geese Profiles. State Particulars. Charles Einfeldt, Box 65, Forest Park, Ill. (3-9)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS and Shetland Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland; the "real thing" for distinctive Sports Suits; hand-woven and wonderfully good-looking. Booklet and latest exclusive patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-9)

REAL Harris Tweed, direct from the makers by post, $2 per yard, carriage paid; patterns free on request. S. A. Newall & Sons, 162 Stornaway, Scotland. (5-12)

Classified Results

Terriers

IRISH Terriers: Protection for Home, Auto, Family, playfellow for kids; gamest dog on earth. Dare Devils are only one-man dog. Pups for sale, not cheap, but the best Imported and American Breeding. Red Top Kennels, O. L., Teague, Texas. (3-9)

Teague, Texas
6/12/25

Dear Sirs:

We take pleasure in sending you this check. Don't know how we overlooked the ad as we evidently did, because we had sure and certain proof before we had your letter, viz. seventeen enquiries in one mail and each one with key letters, showing they were from your magazine, some proof wasn't it?

We find sales easy to readers of Outdoor America. People of means buy what they want; not many trifling letters.

When our present ad has run in its last issue we would like to be notified as we don't want to miss an issue.

We are having some cuts made and will want some display space when we get them.

It might interest your readers to know that we have just bought the best known pair of Irish Terriers in America, Ch. Thorncraft Redlight, said to be the best show Irish living and Blarney Blighter. This dog was winners dog at the following shows in '24, Austin, Dallas, Sherman, Wichita Falls, Sherman, Abeline and San Antonio. Best Irish Terrier—Abeline—Best in show all breeds—Abeline.

Beside these wins he was good winner in '23. He lacks only one more win to complete his Championship, and will be sent to handler in the North, where competition is keen to finish. This pair will help to keep the Red Tops on the TOP.

With best wishes, we are

Yours truly,

Red Top Kennels, (Reg.)

(signed)

Chas. M. Stamps, D. V. M.

Johnson said

"Dependability First- in an Outboard Motor"

WHEN L. J. Johnson turned his attention to the outboard motor in 1920, "Dependability first" was his ideal. Absolute dependability—and nothing short of it.

That Johnson foresaw what people expect today of their outboard motors is shown by the fact that dealers sold more Johnson Motors during 1924 than any other make.

Johnson succeeded because he approached the outboard motor from the marine engineering viewpoint.

The simple, sturdy construction of the Johnson Motor is a triumph of marine engineering.

Portability was a natural result of simplification and correct design. Unceasing research in the field of scientific metallurgy enabled Johnson to produce his ideal motor and still keep the weight down to—

Only 35 Pounds

The Johnson drives rowboats from 7 to 9 miles per hour, canoes from 9 to 12.

Owing to the combination of construction and light weight, the owner of a Johnson has a real advantage in attaching to all types of boats, particularly double-pointed canoes.

1925 Model 25-30% More Powerful

The 1925 Johnson is 25-30% more powerful than previous models.

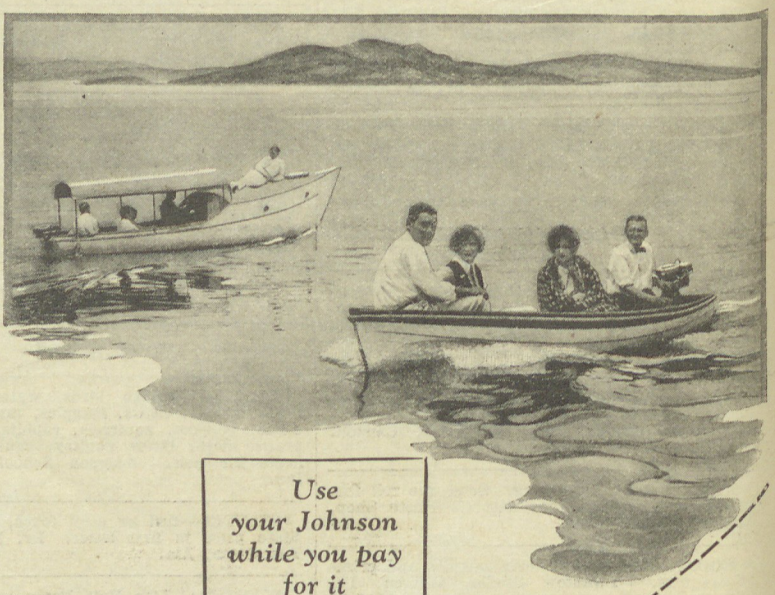
Improved Super-Quick Action Magneto makes starting still easier than before.

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive (Patent applied for)—standard equipment this year—permits running over submerged obstructions without injury to motor or propeller.

Yet the ready-to-run weight of 35 pounds is retained.

* * *

There's a Johnson dealer near you who will be glad to give you a free demonstration. If you don't know his name, mail us the coupon below and we will send it to you, together with the 1925 Johnson catalog.



Use your Johnson while you pay for it

Get details of our Deferred Payment Plan from your dealer—or direct from us.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
912 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.
Eastern Distributor and Export: New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.
4 West 61st Street, New York City, N. Y.
Canadian Distributor: Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
912 Sample Street
South Bend, Ind.

Gentlemen:
Kindly send me the name of the nearest Johnson dealer, your FREE catalog and details of the Deferred Payment Plan

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

"Make Your Game, Gentlemen"

said the lookout in a bored voice...

Bets were placed. Martin did not catch just what was the reason, but Dawes, placing aside his deck, moved his hand slightly toward the derringer at his elbow and said quietly to the Spaniard:

"Change your bet."

"Pardon, senor, my bet eet was down firs'."

"I said, '*Change your bet!*'" and the edge of Dawes' voice grew sharper, his hand moving nearer his gun.

The next instant he was looking into the muzzle of a heavy Colt's revolver.

Onlookers to right and left ducked, some going so far as the floor. Colonel Nevinson pressed back, but did not dodge. Only Stewart Dawes remained indifferently motionless as the smile on the face of the young Spaniard deepened, and his voice, softly as a girl's, said:

"Pardon, senor, I have not the wish to change the bet. You will please deal!"

Dawes smiled coolly, and with a movement of wrist only turned his hand up, beaten. He had made a bad play; but he was gambler enough to lose coolly.—From "Days of '49," by Gordon Young, in Adventure.

★ ★ ★ ★

THOSE were the days — of gold and gambling; when life was a thrilling adventure. Those were the stirring times about which Gordon Young writes in his great new story, "Days of '49" in Adventure.

And Mr. Young is only one of the many noted writers who contributes to Adventure. Talbot Mundy, Hugh Pendexter, T. S. Stribling, Bill Adams, Captain Dingle, Leonard H. Nason, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, W. C. Tuttle, Robert Simpson, and many others are Adventure writers.

Serials, complete novelettes, and many short stories, all written by experts, by men who know their subjects and who know how to write entertainingly—you will find them all in one issue of Adventure.

Find out about Adventure. Learn why it is so popular with alert men and women everywhere. Presidents of railroads, colleges, banks, corporations, business executives, doctors, lawyers, and other professional men; men in all walks and stations of life read Adventure, and *prefer* it.

Do you like the great out-of-doors; do you want clean, well-written stories of men who do things? Are you planning a camping or hunting trip? Do you enjoy learning about distant lands, strange customs, little known places? If so, sign and send the coupon below. We will mail you a sample copy of Adventure free. There is no obligation. Get acquainted with Adventure. Just use the coupon—but do it *now!*

Adventure

Sign on That Dotted Line
Clip This Coupon and Mail

Adventure Dept. N.
The Ridgway Co.,
Spring and Macdougal Sts.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send me a sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Remington Sheath Knives for Sportsmen — Beautifully finished and perfectly balanced, with extra heavy-gauge blades, correctly shaped for practical service in camp. Supplied in various styles and lengths.

R1123
One of Remington's popular knives designed for Hunters and Trappers. Sticking and skinning blades. Brass linings. Nickel Silver bolster and shield. Hole in the end for thong or lanyard. Length, open, 8⅛ inches—closed, 4¼ inches.

R3843
Camper's and Tourist's Knife—stag handle, brass linings. Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield. Has one large spear blade, one small clip blade, a corkscrew, a leather punch or reamer blade, a can opener and a combination screw-driver and bottle opener. Length, closed, 3½ inches.

The New Remington Sportsmen's Knives with Sheaths

GET your fingers around the generous well-proportioned handle of one of the new Remington Sheath Knives. Feel how it fills the palm, invites a good grip, and insures a firm one. Note the perfect balance and the attractive color design. Put your thumb on the knurled back of that extra heavy-gauge blade and see what a strong purchase that gives you.

Once you have done these things, you will realize that attention to detail and excellence of workmanship have been carried several steps farther in these knives for sportsmen than in any knife of this type you ever saw before.

Sportsmen demanded this addition to the Remington line. Months of preliminary work and study were required to produce this perfection of design and finish.

The blades are correctly shaped for practical service in camp—everything from slicing bacon to dressing deer—and Remington's method of hardening and tempering produces blades with durable, uniform, and keen cutting edges.

See these new knives at your dealer's—look at his Remington Pocket Knives for sportsmen. Two popular patterns are shown here; there are many others with various combinations of blades and handles.

Remington Arms Company, Inc.
25 Broadway *Established 1816* New York City

Remington

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